

PART  
419

THE

PRICE  
6d.

# LEISURE HOUR

NOVEMBER, 1886.

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### ALMANACK FOR

### NOVEMBER, 1886.

1 M	☾ rises 6.56 A.M.	9 T	P. of Wales b. 1841	17 T	☾ rises 7.22 A.M.	24 W	☾ rises 7.35 A.M.
2 T	Venus ris. 6.9 A.M.	10 W	[Ld. Mayor's D.	18 W	Pisces S. 9.0 P.M.	25 T	New M. 7.18 P.M.
3 W	☾ 1 Quar. 5.5 P.M.	11 T	☾ rises 7.12 A.M.	19 T	☾ 1 Quar. 10.40 P.M.	26 F	Aries S. 9.50 P.M.
4 T	☾ Clk. af. ☾ 16m. 18s.	12 F	Full ☾ 7.6 P.M.	20 F	Daybreak 5.38 A.M.	27 S	☾ Clk. af. ☾ 12m. 10s.
5 F	☾ grst. dist. from ☾	13 S	Jupiter a morn. star	21 S	☾ least dis. from ☾	28 S	ADVENT SUNDAY
6 S	Mars sets 6.17 P.M.	14 S	Saturn ris. 8.2 P.M.	22 M	22 SUN. APT. TRIN.	29 M	Taurus S. midnigh.
7 S	20 SUN. APT. TRIN.	15 S	☾ 21 SUN. APT. TRIN.	23 M	Twil. ends 6.0 P.M.	30 T	☾ sets 3.53 P.M.
8 M	☾ sets 4.20 P.M.	16 M	Cetus S. 11 P.M.	24 T	☾ sets 3.59 P.M.		

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## BARBER AND COMPANY'S RICH SIRUPY ONFA CONGO.

"This Season's Growth," One Shilling and Sixpence per lb.

Compare it with that sold by others at 2s. or 2s. 6d.

A TEA ABOUNDING IN STRENGTH AND QUALITY.

2½ lbs. free by Parcels Post for 4s. 3d.; 4½ lbs. for 7s. 6d.; 6½ lbs. for 10s.; 8½ lbs. for 14s.; 10½ lbs. for 17s.

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TWO POUNDS SENT FREE "DAILY" WITHIN A RADIUS OF THREE MILES.

GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.

# EPPS'S COCOA.

ONLY BOILING WATER OR BOILING MILK NEEDED.

## PEPPER'S TONIC

For giving great Bodily, Nerve, Mental, and Digestive Strength.

2/6 SOLD EVERYWHERE. 2/6

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Removes all  
DISFIGUREMENTS,  
DISCOLORATIONS,

### LOTION.

IRRITATING  
APPEARANCES,  
leaving a clear, smooth  
skin.

For Clearing the Skin of Spots, Eruptions, Blisters, &c.

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Gold Medal,  
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Irritate the skin.

Use no other for Washing Woollens and Flannels.

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Soap Works—  
Bradford.

Saves  
Labour.

OF PLEASANT  
SMELL.

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AND FIRST MANU-  
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TO HER  
MAJESTY THE  
QUEEN.

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## DARLINGTON GOLD MEDAL DRESS FABRICS.

ALL PARCELS CARRIAGE PAID.  
[ESTABLISHED 1752.]



The union of warmth to lightness, so necessary to health, is, in these materials, brought to perfection. . . . The fineness of the wool of which they are composed imparts the admirable quality of draping in those soft folds now so essential from the point of view of fashion—*Daily News*.

SPECIAL ATTENTION is directed to our celebrated CROSS-WAY SERGES, which alike resist the effects of weather and sea, 10½d. to 3s. per yard. Our GOLD MEDAL CASHMERES, in all the new colourings, from 1s. 9d. to 4s. 6d. per yard. NEW and FASHIONABLE COSTUME CLOTHS in great variety, from 6½d. to 5s. per yard, including "The LOWSTOCK," "The ASHEHURST," "The DAMIETTA," "The KHAIBER," "The SHUMLA," "The TARAPACA," "The PANAMA," "The HOLSTEIN," "The ZEELAND," &c.

CHARMING NOVELTIES IN SKIRTINGS, including "The YESSO," "The NINGPO," "The FOO-CHOO," etc.

ANY ARTICLE CHANGED WITHIN 7 DAYS. PATTERNS POST FREE.

HY. PEASE & CO.'S SUCCESSORS, Spinners and Manufacturers, DARLINGTON.

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38, CORN

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MANUFACTURERS  
TO HER  
MAJESTY THE  
QUEEN.  
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RST," "The  
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FREE.  
INGTON.

LADIES, PATRONISE HOME MANUFACTURES,  
AND PURCHASE YOUR DRESS FABRICS AT FIRST COST.  
WRITE FOR PATTERNS, POST FREE, to the

# BRADFORD

LATEST NOVELTIES.

LOWEST PRICES.

MANUFACTURING COMPANY,  
BRADFORD, YORKSHIRE,

AND ENSURE OBTAINING THE LATEST NOVELTIES AND CHEAPEST PRICES.  
AUTUMN AND WINTER NOVELTIES NOW READY. Before purchasing elsewhere, Ladies are requested to see our new  
patterns and combinations in Striped All-Wool Costume Cloths, Soft All-Wool Vicuna Checks, Fancy Cheriots, Heavy All-Wool  
Cable-Cords, Striped Costume Cloths, Diagonal Costume Cloths, All-Wool Mingled Cheriots, All-Wool Knicker Stripes, New  
Twill Winceys, Fancy Weave Camel's-Hair Cloths, New Velourses Mutton Dress Cloths, and an almost endless variety of others  
too numerous to mention in this space; prices varying from 24d. to 6s. per yard.

WHICH ARE UNEQUALLED IN CHEAPNESS OF PRICE AND SUPERIOR QUALITY.  
ANY LENGTH CUT AT MILL PRICES. HIGHEST AWARDS WHEREVER EXHIBITED.  
CARRIAGE PAID on all Orders over £1 in value.

Manufacturers to HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN, and other Members of the Royal Family.  
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Irish Linen Pillow Slips,  
made up ready for use,  
from 8s. 9d. per dozen  
to finest quality Linen  
Sheets, twilled or plain,  
made up ready for use,  
all sizes and qualities,  
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Napkins, Diapers,  
Sheetings, Towellings,  
Glass Cloths, Shirtings,  
Pillow Linens, &c.

Samples  
and Price  
Lists Post  
Free.

### POCKET HANDKERCHIEFS.

Hemmed Ready for Use. Direct from the Factory.  
Children's Bordered, from 1s. 4½d. per doz. Hemstitched, from 3s. 9d. per doz.  
Ladies Bordered, from 1s. 11½d. per doz. Gentlemen's do., from 5s. 11d. per doz.  
Gentlemen's Bordered, from 3s. 9d. per doz. Embroidered and Col. Bordered.

JAMES LINDSAY & CO., Ld., BELFAST.  
LINEN MANUFACTURERS TO THE QUEEN.

## BEETHAM'S Glycerine & Cucumber.

Is the most perfect Emollient Milk for Preserving and Beautifying the  
Skin ever produced. It keeps the Skin Soft, Smooth, and White, during  
the COLDEST WEATHER. Entirely Removes and Prevents all ROUGH-  
NESS, REDNESS, CHAPS, IRRITATION, etc., and  
PRESERVES the SKIN from the effects of FROST, COLD  
WINDS, and HARD WATER, more Effectively than any other  
Preparation. If applied after visiting Heated Apartments, it will be found  
Delightfully Cooling and Refreshing. Bottles, 1s. and 2s. 6d., of  
all Chemists. Free for 3d. extra, by the Sole Makers, M.  
BEETHAM & SON, Chemists, Cheltenham.

# Fry's Cocoa

## Pure Concentrated Cocoa

Prepared by a new and special scientific process securing  
extreme solubility, and developing the finest flavour of the Cocoa.  
FROM SIR CHAS. A. CAMERON, M.D., President of the Royal College  
of Surgeons, Ireland. "I have never tasted Cocoa that I like so well. It is  
especially adapted to those whose digestive organs are weak."

THIRTY-ONE PRIZE MEDALS AWARDED TO J. S. FRY & SONS.



## MARSHALLS' FAROLA,

A DELICIOUS PREPARATION FROM  
"THE FINEST OF THE WHEAT."

Much cheaper and better than the best Arrowroot.  
A most Valuable Food for Old and Young; Light,  
Nourishing, Digestible. All should know of it.  
An interesting Treatise on WHEAT as FOOD, with useful Cooking Recipes,  
will be sent post free on mentioning name of this Paper.

Sample One Pound Packet free for Six Stamps.

JAS. & THOS. MARSHALL,  
Prox Flour Mills, Glasgow, or 15, New Broad  
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Easy of  
Preparation.  
REQUIRES ONLY  
THE ADDITION OF WATER.  
THE ONLY  
Perfect Substitute  
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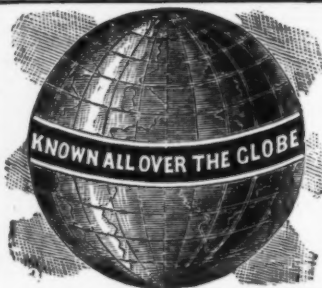


## MILK FOOD

FOR INFANTS.  
Recommended by the  
Highest Medical Authorities  
in England and all parts of  
the world.

PREPARED AT VEVEY, SWITZERLAND. SOLD EVERYWHERE.





## 7 CHOICE AND CHEAP PARCELS.

YOU HAVE ONLY TO BUY A SAMPLE PARCEL FROM

**THE MIDLAND DRAPERY STORES, 59 & 60, High St., Birmingham,**

**KENNETH WILSON & Co., Proprietors, Wholesale, Retail, and Shipping Stores,**

To be assured that Goods can be bought cheaper than they can be procured elsewhere.

Short lengths cut at wholesale rates. All patterns sent Free by Post. This will enable the ladies of Great Britain to select their goods from all the most Fashionable Materials of the period at wholesale prices.

Write for Patterns of beautiful Dress Materials, for winter wear, 6d. to 5s. per yard; the grandest lot we have ever had to offer. Black and Coloured Silks, Satins, Duchesses, Merve, Faile Francaise Silks, Satins de Lyon, "the Silk of the Olden Times," Imperial silks, Ottoman and Secilian Silks, Brocade Silks, &c. Mourning Materials.—Owing to many ladies wearing Black Materials from which we have a grand selection of new goods to choose from. Black and Coloured French Merinoes; a splendid range to select from, at 30 per cent. under value. Seal Cloths, Black French Ottoman Cloths, Kyrle and Astrachan Cloths, and a lovely lot of new Mantle and Jacket Cloths. Ulster Cloths, and a sample case of the Stores' Black and Coloured Velveteens. Winter Striped Skirtings. Silk Plushes, a grand assortment for this season to select from. Calicoes, Sheetings, Linens, Scarlet and White Flannels (all makes), Gents' Shirts, Flannels, &c. Cretonnes, Carpets, &c.

Gentlemen are requested to write for the Stores' Celebrated Suits, Tweeds, Trouserings, Serges, Black Diagonal Coatings, &c. The finest selection of these in the kingdom to choose from at wholesale rates.

All goods amounting to 10s. and upwards Carriage Paid to any part of England or Scotland, and to Cork, Dublin, or Belfast for Ireland. Goods for Abroad packed securely and delivered free to any port in the British Isles. P. O. O. and Cheques payable to KENNETH WILSON & Co., Birmingham. Cash or Notes can be sent in Registered Letters.

We are so convinced that the following Parcels are such extraordinary value, that KENNETH WILSON & Co. will take all goods back and return the money in full, should any lady not be satisfied with what she gets; therefore ladies will see there is no risk in buying a Parcel without seeing patterns, but ladies preferring to order from samples can have a full range of any goods to select from, at the Stores' wholesale rates.

**Parcel No. 7.—The Stores' leading BLACK SATIN MERVEILLEUX PARCEL** contains—

- 12 yards rich quality Satin Merveilleux, wear guaranteed.
- 3 yards superb quality Black Pekin Stripe to match, for trimmings.
- 1 Lady's very stylish Striped Winter Underskirt.
- 1 pair very choice Lady's lined Kid Gloves, four clasps, all dark shades and black.
- 3 dozen superior quality new design Buttons for trimming dress.
- 1 Lady's pocket leather Needle Case, lined satin, containing 200 best gold-eyed needles, and a quantity of rug, crewel, darning, and chenille needles.

Note the price. The dress alone is worth the money, without the other goods.

All dress parcels we can do in these shades, dark, mid or light navy, gendarme blue, electric blue, sapphire, peacock blue, dark light or mid brown, tabac, nut brown, London smoke, claret, burgundy, ruby, grenat, maroon, crimson, cardinal, olive, sage, myrtle, bronze, dead leaf, coffee, dark, mid or light grey, dark fawn, drab, and dark light or mid heliotrope.

**Parcel No. 23.—The Stores' leading DRESS PARCEL for the million contains—**

- 14 yards of fine Melton Cloth, suitable for Lady's kneecap dresses, black, navy, brown and drab.
- 12 yards choice quality velvet finished Velour Cloth, all shades.
- 3 yards rich Pekin Striped Satin to match Velour cloth.
- 1 pair Lady's real Ringwood Gloves, any size and colour.
- 1 Lady's rich striped Winter Underskirt.

The whole lot sent carriage paid for £2 18. 9d. This parcel it will be noticed contains 2 beautiful dresses, mention shade required. This parcel will challenge all competition, it cannot be equalled anywhere under 30s.

**Parcel No. 29.—The Stores' leading FRENCH MERINOE DRESS PARCEL** contains:—

- 8 yards lovely quality All-wool French Merinoe, all shades and black, 44 inches wide.
- 5½ yards beautiful quality rich Striped Satin to match, for trimmings.
- 1 Lady's fashionable winter Striped Underskirt.
- 1 lovely coffee or cream-coloured Canvas Lace Plastron.
- 1 pair Lady's fancy Wool Striped Gloves, all shades.
- 1 real White Maltese Lace Collar.
- 1 pair Lady's fine quality Black Cashmere Ribbed Hose.

£1 5s. the whole lot, carriage paid. This will make ladies wonder how it is possible for this firm to supply such a parcel for this money. Mention shade required.

**Parcel No. 30.—Another leading FRENCH MERINOE DRESS PARCEL contains—**

- 8 yards lovely quality French Merinoe, all shades and black.
- 2½ yards of rich quality Lister's Celebrated Silk Flush to match for trimmings.
- 1 Lady's Wool Wrap, black, fawn, grey, crimson or shaded, deep fringe.
- 1 pair Lady's 4-button Kid Gloves, any shade and black, all sizes.
- 1 very stylish 5 o'clock Tea Apron, richly trimmed with lace.
- 1 rich quality Lady's Black French Satin Muff, nicely made and richly trimmed, with silk cord to go round neck.

£1 12s. 6d. the whole lot, sent carriage paid.

### THE STORES' LEADING HOUSEHOLD PARCELS.

Ladies do not require patterns to decide upon any of the following, as the nature of the goods is quite understood, and we can assure all ladies who are in want of any household goods that they will find the following parcels an economical way of purchasing them.

**Parcel No. 72.—The Stores' leading BLANKET AND FLANNEL PARCEL contains—**

- 1 pair real Witney Blankets, 2½ yards long, good width.
- 1 pair real half-bleached Bolton Twill Sheets, nearly 3 yards long.
- 1 real White Honeycomb Bed Quilt, with handsome deep fringe, 3 yards long.
- 1 White Honeycomb Toilet Covers.
- 1 set of the new Turkish Toilet Mats, 5 pieces.

£1 1s. 6d. this parcel.

Notice all the contents. Ladies will wonder how it can be sold for the money.

**Parcel No. 73.—The Stores' special FLANNEL and CALICO PARCEL contains—**

- 6 yards real Welsh Flannel, heavy make.
- 6 yards fine Scarlet Saxony Flannel.
- 6 yards choice quality White Saxony Welsh Flannel, suitable for Ladies' or Gents' wear.

£1 1s. 6d. this parcel.

**Parcel No. 74.—The Stores' leading VELVETEEN DRESS PARCEL contains—**

- 13 yards very choice quality Fast Fawn Velveteen, all shades, and black; same as given at head of dress department.
- 1 Lady's beautiful Flush Companion, nicely fitted.
- 1 choice quality Lady's Striped Underskirt.
- 3 dozen suitable Buttons for trimming velveteen.
- 1 beautiful pocket leather Needle Case, containing 100 best steel needles, bodkins, &c. Folds like a purse.

The whole lot sent carriage paid for £1 12s. This parcel will be found a marvel of cheapness.

## BRITISH EQUITABLE ASSURANCE COMPANY,

4, QUEEN STREET PLACE, E.C.

CAPITAL A QUARTER OF A MILLION STERLING.

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ASSISTANT ACTUARY.

Frederic Field Gover, Esq.

SUB-MANAGER.

John Wilkinson Fairry, Esq.

## THIRTY-FIRST ANNUAL REPORT, MAY, 1886.

### NEW BUSINESS.

1,972 Policies issued for.. .. £402,862  
New Premium Income .. .. 211,344

### BUSINESS IN FORCE.

27,768 Policies, assuring .. .. £5,215,556

### REVENUE OF THE YEAR.

Premiums .. .. £152,036  
Interest, &c. .. .. 43,107

### ACCUMULATED FUND.

Laid by in the year .. .. £72,453  
Accumulated Fund on 31st January, 1886 .. .. 1,083,415

Claims and Bonuses paid under Company's Policies .. .. £946,340  
Average Reversionary Bonus for 30 years, about 1½ per cent. per annum.

Sixpence Monthly. One Penny Weekly.

THE

## SUNDAY AT HOME

FOR NOVEMBER CONTAINS:—

The Children's Carnival. By

RICHARD HEATH.

Voices by the Way. NIGHTS AND

DAVS. By the Rev. HARRY

JONES, M.A.

An Artist's Jottings in the Holy

Land. By HENRY HARPER.

VIII.—Jacob's Well to Samaria.

Comfortable Mrs. Crook. By

RUTH LAMB. Chaps. i.—vi.

The Old Folks. By Mrs. MAYO.

The History of the Modern Jews.

By the Rev. H. C. ADAMS, M.A.

XXI.—The Jews in England.

XXII.—Jews in France, Italy,

and Germany.

The Bonfire of Vanities. By

RICHARD HEATH.

German Hymn-Writers in the

Nineteenth Century. ANNETTE

BARONESS VON DROSTE-HÜLS-

HOFF. By the Rev. JOHN KELLY.

The Hot Lakes of New Zealand. By C. F. GORDON CUMMING.

Part II.

A Good Word for Bad Health. By JAMES MASON.

Livingstone Anecdotes.

Sabbath Thoughts. Ages to Come.

Poetry:—"What, Could Ye not Watch with Me One Hour?"

Climbing. Knots.

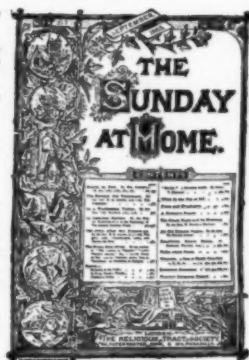
A Sunday Song. By C. A. MACRONE. "My Spirit Longs for Thee."

"Unscattered." By the Rev. P. B. POWER, M.A. Chaps. i.—vi.

Talks About Texts.

Scripture Exercises.

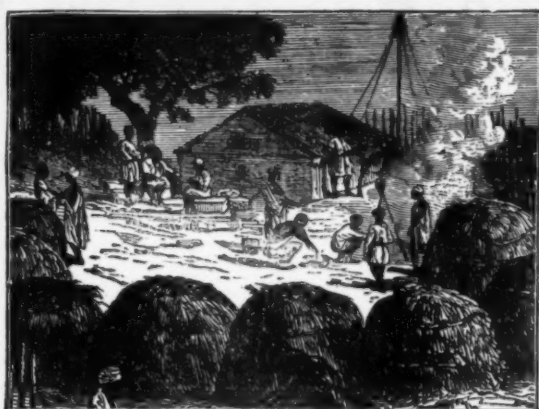
Monthly Religious Record.



Frontispiece:  
RECRUITING FOR SAVONAROLA.

THE RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY,  
56, PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON.





## HEALTH MAXIMS!

Dyspepsia can be uniformly cured—and always avoided—by the following rules:—

1. Eat thrice a day.
2. Not an atom between meals.
3. Nothing after noon-day dinner but some old bread-and-butter and one cup of hot drink.
4. Spend at least half an hour at each meal.
5. Cut up all animal food into pea-sized pieces (also well chewed).
6. Never eat so much as to cause the slightest uncomfortable sensation afterwards.
7. Never work or study hard within half an hour of eating.

**THE DIET GENERALLY SUITABLE** to the dyspeptic is that which combines most nutriment with least bulk—raw native oysters (chewed) with fresh lemon-juice, they enrich the blood with the least effort.—J. C. E.

**CAUTION.**—Legal rights are protected in every civilised Country. Examine each Bottle, and see that the CAPSULE is marked "ENO'S FRUIT SALT." Without it you have been imposed on by worthless imitations. Sold by all Chemists.

PREPARED ONLY AT ENO'S FRUIT SALT WORKS, HATCHAM, LONDON, S.E., BY J. C. ENO'S PATENT.



**C. A. RICKARDS,**  
MANUFACTURER OF PURE DYE  
**SEWING & MACHINE SILK TWISTS,**  
Also "Imperial Knitting Silk." Shade-Cards  
and Agents' Names given on application at the Works,  
BELL-BUSK MILLS, via LEEDS.

Original Maker of the 12yds. Penny Buttonhole Silk Twist  
on reels, and the new 30yds. "BELL" Reel of BLACK  
MACHINE SILK, three sizes, Stout, Medium, and Fine, all  
same price per gross.

London Warehouse—6, LOVE LANE, WOOD STREET, E.C.

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Deposits not necessary. Commends itself to all. Real economy on sound commercial principles, with strictly private arrangements. Free from all the objectionable formalities of dealers and others. 1, 2 or 3 years. 60 wholesale firms to select goods from, at ordinary selling prices. Call or write.

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commence NEW VOLUMES.  
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Now Ready of all Newsagents.

## IMPORTANT TO ALL.

### A WHITE MEDICINE-MAN ON THIRST TRIALS IN MASAI LAND.

"A medicine also had to be prepared for the disease, which I did by laying out a small medicine-bowl, with the lid open, showing all the array of phials, etc. Taking out my sextant, and putting on a pair of kid gloves—which accidentally I happened to have, and which impressed the natives enormously—I intently examined the contents. Discovering the proper *dosis*, I prepared a mixture, and then getting ready some ENO'S FRUIT SALT, I sang an incantation—generally something about 'Three bluebottles'—over it. My voice not being astonishingly mellifluous, it did duty capably for a wizard's. My preparations complete, and Braham being ready with a gun, I dropped the Salt into the mixture; simultaneously the gun was fired, and, lo! up fizzed and sparkled the carbonic acid, causing the natives to shrink with intense dismay. The chiefs, with fear and trembling, taste as it fizzes away."

"Through Masai Land." By JOSEPH THOMSON, F.R.G.S.

### FOR ACCIDENTAL INDIGESTION USE ENO'S FRUIT SALT.

Every travelling trunk and household in the world ought to contain a bottle of ENO'S FRUIT SALT. Prepared from sound ripe food, as a health-giving, cooling, sparkling, and invigorating beverage for any season. It is the best Preventive and Cure for Biliousness, Sick Headache, Skin Eruptions, Impure Blood, Fevers, Pimples on the Face, Giddiness, Feverishness, Mental Depression, Want of Appetite, Sourness of Stomach, Constipation, Vomiting, Thirst, etc., and to remove the effects of Errors in Eating and Drinking.

### THE ART OF CONQUEST IS LOST

without the art of eating.—A gentleman writes:—"When I feel out of sorts I take a dose of ENO'S FRUIT SALT one hour before dinner. The effect is all I could wish." How to enjoy good food, that would otherwise cause biliousness, headache, or disordered stomach—use ENO'S FRUIT SALT.

### FAGGED, WEARY, AND WORN

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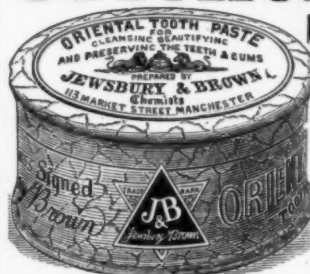
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Grosvener Gallery Exhibition, 1885.

FROM THE FERRY.

*After E. A. Waterhouse, by permission.*



## THE STORY OF THE ENGLISH SHIRES.

BY THE REV. M. CREIGHTON, PROFESSOR OF ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY IN THE UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE.

### VI.—WESTMORELAND.



WORDSWORTH'S HOUSE, RYDAL MOUNT.

THE district now called Westmoreland lay in early days in that part of the British kingdom of Strathclyde which bore the name of Cumbria, which is now inherited by the neighbouring county of Cumberland. In fact, Westmoreland, the *land of the western moors*, is a slice of that portion of the old Cumbrian kingdom which fell to the share of England, and which was for some time a troublesome and profitless possession to the Norman kings. In dealing with Cumberland we saw that William II, by his conquest of Carlisle, fixed the boundary of the English border on the west. The circumstances of the formation of Westmoreland into a shire may serve to illustrate the growth of the system of administration under the Norman kings.

William II kept Carlisle in his own hands; but Henry I formed it into an earldom and gave it to one of his barons, Ranulph de Meschines. Ranulph was apparently a careful man, and married a lady who was a great heiress, being possessed of all the district known as Amounderness, which took in the south-western corner of modern Cumberland, the south of Westmoreland, all Lancashire north of the Ribble, and a piece of Yorkshire as well. But vast as was the extent of these lands, they were not very profitable, and in 1118 Ranulph exchanged them with the Crown for the earldom of Chester. After this exchange the king resolved to have no Earl of Carlisle in the future, but to manage these lands by means of the sheriffs. Accordingly he gave the southern

portions of them to smaller barons, and divided the rest into two counties, Cumberland and Westmoreland. The county of Westmoreland was formed out of the barony of Appleby, which had belonged to the earldom of Carlisle, and the barony of Kendal, which had formed part of Amounderness. It is because these divisions of existing baronies were followed that the boundaries of Westmoreland seem so arbitrary; thus the district of Furness is not included in it, as would seem natural, but forms part of Lancashire.

It is unnecessary to dwell on the baronial history of Westmoreland, though the ruined castles at Appleby and Kendal still tell us how these towns grew up under their shelter. The position of the county and its physical features prevented it from playing any very distinct part in the affairs of England, nor did its barons rise to great importance. The barony of Kendal was divided in the reign of Henry III; the barony of Appleby, especially in the days of the Clifford lords, was more distinguished. But the district was poor and inaccessible; there were few monasteries, that of Shap being the only one of any size: and the poverty of the country in mediæval times is still further shown by the rarity of ancient churches. Moreover, poor as the county was, it was not free from the raids of the Scots, who passed through it on their way to richer spoils beyond. Yet in spite of these disadvantages it was not devoid of enterprise; for in the southern part of the county, where the hills began to slope into the plain and the land was more fertile, Kendal became the centre of a manufacture of woollen homespun, the memory of which survives in the "knaves in Kendal green," whose exploits Shakespeare has immortalised in the mouth of Falstaff.

The interest of Westmoreland, however, does not lie in the great events which there took place, nor in the prominent part which its inhabitants played in the political or industrial history of England, but in the character and lives of its people themselves. The "dalesmen," as they are called, have a history of their own; and though many of their characteristics belong also to the men who lived amongst the hills of Cumberland, Northumberland, and Yorkshire, yet Westmoreland may be considered as the dalesmen's special home. The nature of the country, with its rough wooded hills and narrow valleys, shut it off from much communication with the outer world; agriculture was carried on with difficulty, and the pursuits of the people were almost entirely pastoral. In these remote parts the power of the feudal lord was little felt, and there was nothing which made it worth his while to interfere. Provided that men were furnished for military service he was content; and it was the interest of the peasants themselves that some of their number should be always in readiness to drive back the Scottish plunderers and intercept them in their devastating track. The obligations of vassalage were slight, and serfdom early ceased to have any definite meaning. The little communities distributed tenements amongst themselves; and the name "dalesmen" comes

from the old word "delen," to divide, not from the dells in which men dwelt.

Each man had his pasture ground marked out, and fenced it round with the rough stones which the hillside plentifully supplied. The hills are now mostly cleared of their forests; but it is probable that the stone walls which still run along them were erected in old days to prevent the flocks from straying, and protect them in some measure against wild beasts.

These scattered peasants lived an isolated life, which fostered habits of sturdy independence. They performed their military service, and otherwise were left to themselves. In the broad expanses below the hills were a few manor-houses, of which Kentmere may be taken as a sample; but even these were few. The county as a whole was left to the industrious peasant, and offered few attractions for the class of smaller gentry who gathered round the great barons. Yet Westmoreland was not wholly neglected, and the chief of its benefactors was Robert of Eaglesfield, rector of Brough-under-Stainmore, who was made chaplain to Philippa, Queen of Edward III. He did not forget his county when things prospered with him, but founded, in the University of Oxford, Queen's College, named after his patroness, with special endowments for the natives of Westmoreland and Cumberland. The link thus formed grew stronger as years went on, and a traditional connection was established between the northern counties and the universities, so that for several centuries they supplied a number of students far beyond the average of their population.

The stirring times of English history did not much affect Westmoreland, though Catharine Parr, the last wife of Henry VIII, was lady of Kendal Castle. Moreover, one who has a greater claim on our respect, Bernard Gilpin, the Apostle of the North, as he was called, was born at Kentmere Hall, and testifies to the religious fervour as well as the sturdy character which Westmoreland could send forth. It may be doubted if Westmoreland was benefited by the peace between England and Scotland which followed on the union of the two crowns. The cessation of border warfare only completed its isolation, and removed one of the causes which broke the monotony of a sluggish pastoral life. What the need of military organisation had done for the men of Westmoreland is shown by their resolute action against James I. The needy king thought that his good services in pacifying the borders by his accession to the English Crown deserved some recognition from those who were benefited. His lawyers were perplexed by the anomalous tenure of land by the small owners of the border country; and James I claimed to be lord of these estates, on the ground that the *statesmen* (as the dalesmen were also called) were vassals of the Crown. The menaced *statesmen* took prompt measures in their own defence: they met to the number of two thousand near Kendal, and resolved "that they had kept their lands by the sword, and were able to defend them by the same." The royal claims were withdrawn before this resolute opposition.

In the troubles of the Great Rebellion Westmoreland did not escape its share of disquiet. The Clifford Castle of Appleby was taken by the Parliamentary forces, and was dismantled like its Yorkshire neighbours. In 1745 the listlessness of Westmoreland was again disturbed by the march of the Pretender, and the Westmoreland militia did not show the spirit of former days in checking his advance. The county, however, was little moved by his apparent successes; and on his retreat in a brief time a sober native watched the Scottish troops march by with the caustic remark, "Yes, there they go, and never a wise man among them."

It was during this period of quiet which followed upon the union of England and Scotland that the dalesmen, or statesmen, developed those characteristics which still partly remain, and which constitute the chief historic interest of the shire. They lived an industrious and independent life, supporting themselves and their families according to a traditional fashion, contented with their own ways, and seeking nothing beyond what they themselves could supply. Each little farm grew a small quantity of barley, oats, and flax; the sheep pastured on the hills; the pigs were fed on mast, or acorns, and a few cows supplied milk. The ordinary food of the family was oatmeal-porridge and milk, with bacon, and occasionally meat, which was generally cooked in slices under a covering of potatoes, and was known as a *potato-pot*. A story is told in recent days of a traveller who was invited to share the midday meal in a statesman's household. All, including servants, sat down together at the table, and the potato-pot was passed round, each helping himself on the way. Seeing that the guest looked somewhat perplexed, his host encouraged him by exclaiming, "Now help yersel and howk (dig) in; there's plenty of meat at bottom, but it's reyther het."

The houses of the statesmen were mostly

built of a rough framework of wood and stone filled in with wickerwork, daubed with clay, and smeared with cowdung. The chief room served as kitchen, dining-room, and sitting-room for the family; the chief object which it contained was a huge oaken closet, or press, with panels adorned with simple carving, which made a handsome piece of furniture, and passed on from one generation to another. On one side of this room was the pantry, on the other the *bower*, or bedroom, where the master and mistress slept. The upper storey was a loft, without ceiling, where slept the children and servants; it was divided by a compartment between males and females. The arrangements of life were thrifty even to niggardliness; and there was, as a rule, nothing save the firelight to cheer the family through the long winter evenings. It is recorded of one careful housewife that when it was time for supper she lit a candle to enable her to put the food on the table, and when all were seated round the bowls of porridge and milk, armed with spoons and ready to attack the common store, the candle was extinguished with the remark, "Now you can see wi' the fireleet to hit yer own mouths." This parsimony seemed excessive to the servant-man, who, taking a spoonful of hot porridge, not cooled in milk, slipped it into his master's mouth, and then cried out, "Oh, mistress, bring a leet. I miss'd my oon mooth and hi' t' maister's wid a speunful o' het poddish, an' I doubt I've scoudit him."

In this simple fashion the household lived and laboured. It was self-supporting, and its wants were few. Every one was busy in some work upon the little farm, and the manufacture of the wool into rough homespuns afforded an occupation for all spare time. The clothes of the family, even the linen, were made at home, and whatever could be woven in excess of the needs of the household was carried at intervals to market and sold. Except on the rare occasions of these market days the dalesmen seldom wandered far



FARM ON THE KIRKSTONE PASS, THE HIGHEST HOUSE IN ENGLAND.



from home. The only visitant from the outer world who penetrated their valleys was the "butter-badger," who came to relieve them of their superfluous stock of butter, for which he paid a small price and made a considerable profit by retailing it in the towns. The life was monotonous and isolated, and the dalesmen rather prided themselves on not having many acquaintances. A traveller who asked for direction about his way was directed by a dalesman standing at his own door to cross the hill, at the other side of which he would find a house; "I don't know the man," he said, "but our sheep meet on

of twelve children, and at his death had saved £2,000. It is true that he married a heiress, a lady possessed of £40 a year of her own. Their household was an example of thrift and hospitality. The little chapel of Seathwaite was on week days used as a school; and there Walker sat, with

one foot turning a spinning-wheel which gave employment to his hands, with the other rocking a cradle, an occupation from which the rapid increase of his family rarely gave him much relief. Round him were grouped the school children, who came from many miles around. Besides these occupations Walker had a few fields of his own, and was always ready to help a neighbour



THE UPPER FALLS, RYDAL.

the hilltop, and I dare say he is a canny man."

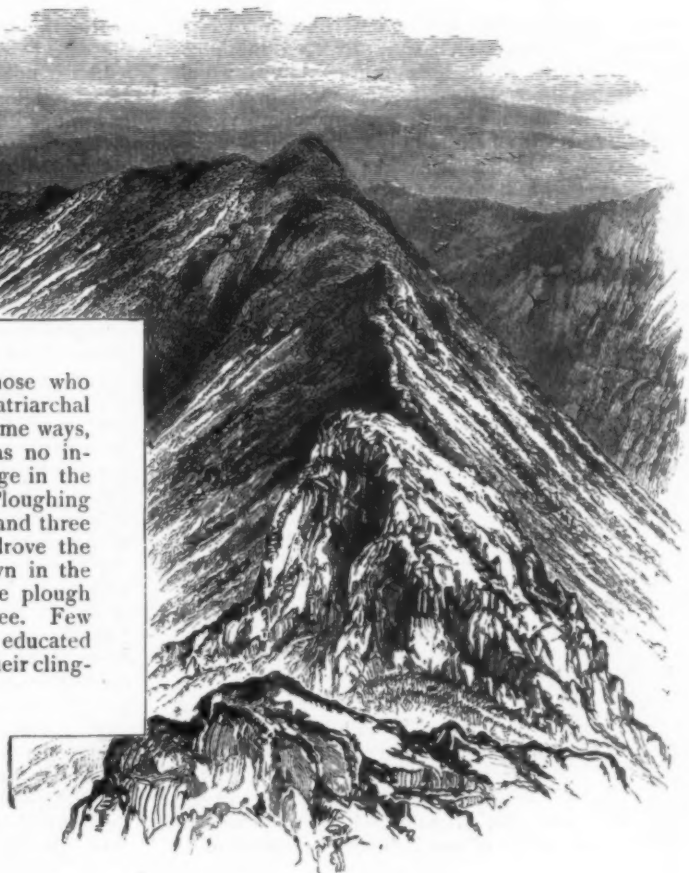
These conditions of life produced a sturdy character, whose characteristic virtues are well represented by the Rev. Robert Walker, often known by the epithet of "the wonderful." The son of a dalesman, he left his home in search of learning, and returned to hold the little living or Seathwaite. His benefice was at first of the yearly value of £5, and never exceeded £50. On this Robert Walker lived, brought up a family

who needed an extra hand. He was, moreover, the lawyer and doctor of the neighbourhood, and transacted all its business. On Sundays his congregation were invited to join his midday meal, and on that day only was there any sign of luxury on his table. For sixty-seven years did Walker afford this admirable example of a simple Christian life to his parishioners, till he died, a few months after his wife, at the age of ninety-two, in 1802.

Walker shows the good qualities engendered by this simple life; but the course of events gradually

rendered this life impossible to those who had not Walker's virtues. This patriarchal fashion, attractive as it seems in some ways, was sadly unprogressive. There was no increase in agricultural skill, no change in the traditional methods of cultivation. Ploughing was still carried on by three horses and three men to every plough: one man drove the team, another held the plough down in the ground, the third guided it. The plough itself was roughly hewn from a tree. Few of the dalesmen cared to be better educated than their great-grandfathers, and their clinging to old habits tended to make them surly; they scorned to be courteous lest it might seem that they wished to set up for being gentlefolk.

But though the dalesmen refused to change, the world changed around them. Roads were made, communications were opened up, greater intercourse prevailed; there were more markets, and the produce of the dalesmen was no longer absolutely necessary to the nearest towns. They found that others passed judgment on their processes and were indignant. A traveller remarked on their breed of sheep, and suggested an improvement. "Sir," he was answered, "they are sic as God set upon the earth; we never change them." When a few of the more adventurous tried to move with the times they found it difficult to do so. A farmer sent his servant to bring some lime. On the journey there was a shower, and the bags began to smoke. The man, in alarm, brought water from a stream and threw it on them, only to increase the volume of the smoke which caused his terror. At last in despair he threw them into the stream, and came home well satisfied that he was rid of a source of mischief. Perhaps the following tale is a caricature, but it contains the germs of truth. A dalesman going to market was struck by the unwonted sight of a pair of stirrups. He bought them to aid him in his homeward ride, but in the course of a gallop stuck his feet so firmly into them that when he reached home he could not draw them out. After unavailing attempts on the part of the family the horse was led into the stable with his master still seated on his back. In two days' time it was sug-



STRIDING EDGE, HELVELLYN.

gested that it might be more lively if the horse was turned to graze in its accustomed field. Luckily, on the third day a younger son returned home from the theological college of St. Bees. He considered his father's unfortunate plight, and suggested that the saddle should be unfastened and carried with its burden into the house. There further meditation led to the suggestion of unloosing the prisoner's boots. When this was done, and the father was set free, he recognised with thankfulness the inestimable benefit of having a son who was a scholar.

It was, however, the development of machinery which especially hastened the decline of the small farmers. So long as wool could be spun at home a family could keep together and earn enough for their joint needs. But the home-made cloth of the dalesmen could not hold its own against the machine-made fabrics which crowded the markets. Competition, which had been gradually telling against their agriculture, suddenly destroyed their manufactures; and they had not the qualities which enabled them readily to adjust themselves to a new state of things. Families could no longer hold together, and the younger sons went to the towns to try their fortunes. Those who remained suffered from their vain endeavours to

make head against the social changes which threatened them. They were involved in debts, and contracted mortgages on their lands, which soon passed out of their hands. Moreover, temperance had never been their characteristic virtue, and the despair which followed on fruitless expeditions to markets, with wares which they could not sell at a profit, drove many of them to reckless courses, which made their ruin more rapid. Their numbers steadily decreased owing to these causes combined, though the class is by no means extinct. Many learned to adapt themselves to the new state of things, employed improved means of agriculture, and retained their ancestral holdings. There is still a sufficient number to give Westmoreland marked characteristics of its own, and impress upon its people an old-world type of patriarchal simplicity.

Another powerful cause of the transformation of Westmoreland was the discovery of the Lakes, and the consequent flow of tourists, which has been steadily increasing. The love of wild scenery was indeed a discovery for the average Englishman at the end of last century. Before that time taste demanded trimness and neatness, or at least the appearance of sylvan or pastoral scenes. The general impression left on travellers in the Lake Country was one of discomfort; and the badness of the roads and general inaccessibility of the country did not invite many visitors. The first who brought its charms to public notice was a Roman Catholic priest of the name of West, who published in 1779 a "Guide to the Lakes," the first of an infinite series which succeed one another every year. It required the affluence as well as the bustle of an industrial civilisation to

create the taste for travelling in out-of-the-way places. Our forefathers did not find the need, which is now so universal, of change of air and scene. The transaction of their ordinary business gave them enough experience of the discomforts of a journey in those days of difficult locomotion; and when they travelled they did not wish to seek unfrequented spots, but preferred those where they mixed with men of different pursuits from their own. Perhaps none of the smaller changes which have been wrought in the present century is more remarkable than the custom of taking yearly holidays, which in our own day peoples the hillsides of the Lake District with conscientious tourists bent upon seeing all they can.

It is needless to speak of the glory shed over the Lake Country by the pen of Wordsworth, who gave an abiding expression to the influence which the varying moods of nature could exercise over the mind which frankly lent itself to their charm. But, besides his descriptions of natural scenery, Wordsworth has also caught the historic character of the people, and has left a series of sketches of the homely virtues which were produced by a simple and independent life. Yet his pen tended to sweep away their last remains—he made the Lakes a place of fashionable resort, and thereby drew them from their primitive isolation and made them part and parcel of the world around. As villas arose the old farmers disappeared; their land became valuable for building sites; they sold it and disappeared from their ancestral homes. When the poet Gray visited Grassmere he found it inhabited by twenty-six dalesmen. It may be doubted if at the present day more than two or three survive.



ULLESWATER.



## A POOR GENTLEMAN.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER XLII.—A MORE CHEERFUL VIEW.



A FAMILY COUNCIL.

SIR EDWARD, with more than the usual irritation in his countenance, contemplated the new member of the family council. He had come in with a great deal to say, and the sight of Rochford was like a sudden check, unlooked for, and most unwelcome. He had, indeed, begun to speak, throwing himself into a chair. "I've got my trouble for my pains—" when he perceived that the weariness, the contrariety, the trouble in his face, had been betrayed to a stranger. He pulled himself up with a sudden effort. "Ah, Rochford," he said, with an attempt at a smiling welcome, which was as much out of his usual habits as of his present state of mind.

"Edward," said his wife, "Mr. Rochford has heard from Walter. He came to bring us the letter; he has some information, and he knows, oh, more than any of us—from the first."

"What is it he knows?" cried the father,

exasperated, with a start of energy in defence of his privacy and of his son. He looked with his angry, troubled eyes at the intruder with an angry defiance and contempt. Rochford the solicitor! the man of business, a man whom indeed he could not treat as an inferior, but who had no claim to place himself on the same level as a Penton of Penton. He had not hitherto shown any disposition to stand on his dignity to make the difference between the old level and the new. But that this young fellow should presume to bring information about his son, to thrust in a new and intrusive presence into a family matter, was more than he could bear. "I am very glad to consult Mr. Rochford on matters within his range," he added, with an angry smile, "but this is a little, just a little, out of his sphere."

"Edward!" cried Lady Penton, and "Father!" cried Ally; the latter with an indignation and re-

sentment which surprised herself. But to hear him, so kind as he was, put down so, put aside when he wanted nothing but to help, had become suddenly intolerable to Ally. Why should Walter, who was behaving so unkindly, be considered so much above *him*, who had come out of his way to help? An impulse almost of indignation against Walter filled her mind, and she felt ready to silence her father himself, to demand what he meant. She did not herself comprehend the fervour of new feeling, the opposition, the resentment that filled her heart.

"When Sir Edward reads this letter he will understand," said the young man, who kept his temper admirably. He was ready to bear a great deal more than that, having so much at stake. And he for his part was quite aware that for a Rochford of Reading to ally himself to the Pentons of Penton was a great matter, and one which might naturally meet with opposition. To have his part taken by Ally was a great matter—he could put up with her father's scorn for a time.

Sir Edward read the letter, and his serious countenance grew more sombre still. "From this it appears that my son has applied to you for money? I am sorry he has done it, but I don't see that it tells any more. Walter has not made a confidant of you that I can see. My dear, I don't mean to be disagreeable to Mr. Rochford: but he must see, any one might see, that a family matter—a consultation among ourselves—a question which has nothing to do with the public—"

"I am your man of business, Sir Edward," said Rochford. "My family have known the secrets of yours long before my time. I don't think we have ever betrayed our trust. Your son has put some information into my hands. I did not think I was justified in keeping it from you, and I think, if you will let me, that I can help you. Intrusion was not what I meant."

He was the least excited of that tremulous party, and he felt that the object which was before him was well worth a struggle; but at the same time the young man was not without a certain generosity of purpose, a desire to help these troubled and anxious people. To Ally his attitude was entirely one of generosity and nobleness. He had come in the midst of the darkness to bring the first ray of light, and he was too magnanimous to be disgusted or repulsed by the petulance of her father's distress. If he had a more individual motive it was that of pleasing *her*, and that was no selfish motive, surely. That added—how could it be otherwise?—a charm to all the rest in her dazzled eyes.

"Mr. Rochford is very kind, Edward," said Lady Penton. "Why should we not take the help he offers? He is a young man, he understands their ways, not like you and me. The young ones understand each other, just as we understand each other. They haven't the same way of judging. They don't think how their fathers and mothers suffer at home. Oh, let him go! it isn't as if he would talk of it and betray us. Listen to him. He has known of this all the time, and he hasn't betrayed us. Oh, let him go."

"Go! where is he to go?"

"To find Walter," they all cried together.

"It is killing you," said Lady Penton. "Let the young man—who doesn't feel as we do, who doesn't think of it as we do—let him go, Edward. It seems so dreadful to us, but not to him. He thinks that probably there is nothing dreadful in it at all, that it is a thing that—a thing that—boys do: they are so thoughtless—they do it, meaning no particular harm."

"There is something in that," said Sir Edward, with relief. "I am glad you begin to see it in that way, my dear. It is more silly than wrong—I have thought so all along."

"That is what Mr. Rochford says. He is a young man himself. He thinks the boy will never have considered—and that as soon as he thinks, as soon as he finds out—Edward, we mustn't be tragical about it. I see it now as you say. Stay at home—you have so many things to think of—and let the young man go. They understand each other between themselves," Lady Penton said, with a somewhat wan smile.

And then Sir Edward began to relax a little. "Rochford is right there," he said. "It is perhaps a good thing to have a man's view. You, of course, were always unduly frightened, my dear. As for not writing, that is so common a thing—I could have told you all that. But, naturally, seeing you in such a state has affected me. When you are married," he said, turning to Rochford with a faint smile, "you will find that though you may think it weak of her, or even silly, the colour of your thoughts will always be affected by your wife's."

This speech produced a curious little momentary dramatic scene which had nothing to do with the question in hand. Rochford's eyes instinctively flashed a glance at Ally, who, though hers were cast down, saw it, and flamed into sudden crimson, the consciousness of which filled her with shame and confusion. Her blush threw a reflection instantaneous, like the flash of a fire, over him, and lighted up his eyes with a glow of delight, to conceal which he too looked down, and answered, with a sort of servile respect, "I have no doubt of it whatever, sir; and it ought to be so."

"Well, perhaps theoretically it ought to be so," Sir Edward said, who noticed nothing, and whose observation was not at any time quick enough to note what eyes say to eyes. Now that it was all explained and settled, and he felt that it was by his wife's special interposition that Rochford had been taken into favour, there could be no doubt that it was a comfort to have a man, with all the resources of youth and an immediate knowledge of that world which Sir Edward was secretly aware he had almost forgotten, to take counsel with. His spirits rose. His trouble had been greatly intensified by that sensation of helplessness which had grown upon him as he wandered about the London streets, sick at heart, obstinate, hopeless, waiting upon chance, which is so poor a support. This day he had been more hopeless than ever, feeling his impotence with that sickening sense of being able to do nothing, to think of nothing, which is one of the most miserable of sensations. It was so far from true that he had taken the

colour of his thoughts from his wife, or felt Walter's absence more lightly than she had done, that it was he who had been the pessimist all along, whose imagination and memory had furnished a thousand stories of ruin and the destruction of the most hopeful of young men, and to whom it was almost impossible to communicate any hopefulness. But a partnership of any kind is of great use in such circumstances, and above all the partnership of marriage, in which one can always put the blame upon the other with the advantage of being himself able to believe that the matter really stands so. Lady Penton did not complain. She was willing enough to bear the blame. Her own heart was much relieved by Rochford's cheerful intimation that Walter's little escapade was the commonest thing in the world, and most probably meant nothing at all. If it might but be so! If it were only his thoughtlessness, the folly of a boy! At least if that could not be believed it was still a good thing and most fortunate that people should think so, and the man who suggested it endeared himself to the mother's heart.

And then another and more expansive consultation began. On ordinary occasions Sir Edward allowed himself to be questioned, giving brief answers, sometimes breaking off impatiently, shutting himself up in a troubled silence, from which an unsatisfactory scrap of revelation unwillingly dropped would now and then come. Sometimes he drove them all away from him with the morose irritation of his unsuccess. What did it matter what he had done in town, when it all came to nothing, when it was of no consequence, and brought no result? But to-day he spoke with a freedom which he had never shown before. Everything was more practical, more possible. The new agent had to be informed of all the facts, upon which perhaps his better knowledge of such matters might throw new light. Sir Edward confessed that he had extracted from old Crockford the address of the girl's mother, "Though I could not allow—though I mean I feel sure that the boy never mixed himself up with people of that sort," he added, with his little air of superiority; then described Mrs. Sam Crockford to them, and her declaration that she knew nothing of the young gentleman. In his heart of hearts Sir Edward did not believe this any more than Rochford did, but it gave him a countenance, it supported his new theory, the theory so adroitly suggested to him that Walter after all was probably not much to blame. This theory was a greater consolation than can be told to all of them. Not much to blame! Careless only, amusing himself, a thing which most youths of his age did somehow or other. "Of course," Rochford said, "there are some preternatural boys who never tear their pinafores or do anything they ought not to do." Thus he conveyed to their minds a suggestion that it was in fact rather spirited and fine of Walter to claim the emancipation which was natural to his kind. The load which was thus lifted from their gentle bosoms is not to be described. Lady Penton indeed knew better, but yet was so willing to be deceived, so

ready to be persuaded! And Sir Edward knew—oh, a great many variations of the theme, better and worse—but yet was willing too to take the young man's word for it, the young man who belonged to Walter's generation and knew what was in the minds of the boys as none of the others could do. He brought comfort to all their hearts, both to those who had experience of life and those who had none, by his bold assumption of an easy knowledge. "I have no doubt, if truth were told, he is dying to come home," Rochford said, "and very tired of all the noise and nonsense that looks so pleasant at a distance. I know how one feels in such circumstances—bored to death, finding idleness and the theatres and all that sort of thing the dreariest routine, and yet ashamed to own it and come back. Oh, he only wants to see a little finger held up to him from home, *I* know!" said the young fellow, with a laugh. He did himself the greatest injustice, having been all his life of the order of those who have the greatest repugnance to dirtying their pinafores. But love and policy, and pity as well, inspired him, and his laugh was the greatest comfort in the world to all those aching hearts. He took down Mrs. Sam Crockford's address, and all the information which could be given to him; the very sight of his little note-book inspiring his audience with confidence. "The thing for me to do," he said, "is to take him myself the money he wants. Though the address he gives is only at a post-office I shall find him out—and perhaps take a day or two's amusement in his company," he added, with a smile.

"Oh, Mr. Rochford, that would be kindness indeed!" Lady Penton said.

And Ally gave him a look—what did it say? Promises, pledges, a whole world of recompense was in it. He said, with another little laugh of confidence and self-satisfaction, not untouched with emotion, "Yes, I think that's the best way. I'll get him to take me about, I only a country fellow, and he up to all the ways of town; and it will be strange if we don't get to be on confidential terms; and as I feel quite certain he is dying to come home—"

"Most likely, most likely," said Sir Edward. It was, as Rochford felt, touch and go, very delicate work with Sir Edward. A word too much, a look even, might be enough to remind Walter's father that he was the head of the house of Penton, and that this was only his man of business. The young lawyer was acute enough to see that, and wise enough to restrain the natural desire to enlarge upon what he could do, which the intoxication of feminine belief which was round him encouraged and called forth. He subdued himself with a self-denial which was very worthy of credit, but which no one gave him any credit for. And by this time the afternoon was spent, darkness coming on, and it was necessary he should go home: he felt this to be expedient in the state of affairs, though it was hard to go without a word from Ally, without a moment of that more intimate consultation, all in the erring brother's interests, which yet drew these two so much closer

together. "I will come this way," he said, as they all went with him to the door where the dog-cart was standing, "to-morrow, on my way to town, to see if there are any last directions—anything you wish to suggest, Sir Edward—anything that may occur to you in the meantime, which I might carry out."

"Yes, perhaps that will be well," Sir Edward said.

"To go direct from you will give me so much more influence."

"Yes, yes," he said impatiently. It was very delicate work with Sir Edward. "Telegraph if I'm wanted. Of course I am ready—whatever is wanted."

"And you will let us know at once, oh, at once, Mr. Rochford; you know how anxious, though foolishly, as you all say—"

"Not foolishly," the young man said, pressing Lady Penton's hand. He was very sorry for her wistful, tremulous looks, though his heart was bounding with satisfaction and elation in his own prospects. "Not foolishly," he half whispered, "but soon to be over. I think I can promise you that—I feel sure I can promise you that."

"God bless you!" said Walter's mother, "and reward you, for I can't—oh, if you bring me back my boy, Mr. Rochford!"

"I will," he cried, but still in a whisper. "I will! and you *can* reward me, dear Lady Penton." He kissed her hand in his emotion, which is a salutation very unusual in mild English households, and brought a little thrill, a sensation of solemnity, and strangeness, and possibilities unconceived, to her startled consciousness. Ally could not speak at all. She was half concealed in her mother's shadow, clinging to her, still more full of strange sweet excitement and emotion. Her young eyelids seemed to weigh down her eyes. She could not look at him, but his words seemed to murmur in her ears and dwell there, returning over and over again, "You can reward me." Ally at least, now, if not before, knew how.

"You've got a good horse there," said Sir Edward, mechanically stroking the shining neck of the impatient animal, "you'll not be long on the road."

"No, she goes well; to-morrow then, sir, early."

"As early as you please—you'll have a cold drive. Thank you, Rochford." He put out his hand to the young man with a hasty touch just as Rochford took the reins, and then turned away and shut himself up in his book-room, while the others stood watching the dash of the mare, the sudden awakening of sound in the silence, the glimmer of the lamp as the cart flew along the drive. Sir Edward retired to think it over by his dull afternoon fire, which was not made up till after tea. The night had fallen, but he did not immediately light his candles. He bent down over the dull red glow to think it over. His mind was relieved, there seemed now some possibility that this miserable anxiety might be over. But even though his object may be gained by other means, a man does not like to fail in his own person, and the chill of unsuccess was in his heart. Rochford, his man of business! well, princes themselves have to seek

help from men of business. It was his trade to find out things. It was in the way of his profession that he should succeed. But then had not his ear caught something about a reward—a reward! what reward? except his charges, of course. A new contrariety came into Sir Edward's mind, though he could not define it. He had not at all an agreeable half-hour as he sat thinking it over in that dull moment before tea, over the dull book-room fire.

#### CHAPTER XLII.—A NEW AGENT.

ALLY was up very early next morning. She was always early. In a house with so many little children and so few servants, if you were not up early you were in arrears with your work the whole day. That was her conviction always, but on many occasions, especially on dark winter mornings, it did not carry the same practical force. This day she was more certain of the necessity than ever. She scolded Anne for not sharing it, but so softly that Anne fell asleep in the middle of the little lecture. And Ally knew very well that nothing could be done, that no one could come so very early as this was. But still her mind was in great agitation, and it did her good to be up and about. About Walter? She had been very unhappy about Walter, full of distress and trouble, her heart beating at every sound, thinking of nothing else. But to-day she was, to say the least, a little more at ease about her brother. Last night they had all been more at their ease, so much so that Lady Penton had begun to talk a little about the removal, and the new furniture that would be required, and the many expenses and advantages, such as they were, of the new establishment. The expenses were what Lady Penton was most sensible of. For her own part, perhaps the advantages did not seem advantages to her. She was satisfied with the Hook. What did she want with Penton? But, at all events, she had been able to think of all this, to change the one persistent subject which had occupied her mind. And perhaps this was what had set Ally's mind afloat. She was glad to be quite alone to think it all over, notwithstanding that Martha looked at her with no agreeable glances as she came into the dining-room before the fire was lighted.

"I just overslep' myself, Miss Alice," said Martha. "With helping to wash up downstairs, and helping to get the nursery straight upstairs, a body has no time for sleep."

"It does not matter at all, Martha," said Ally with fervour, "I only thought I should like to arrange the books a little."

"Oh, if that's all, miss," Martha said, graciously accepting the excuse.

But even Martha was a hindrance to Ally's thoughts. She made herself very busy collecting the picture-books with which the children made up for the want of their usual walks on wet days, and which they were apt to leave about the dining-room, and ranging them all in a row on the shelf while Martha concluded her work. But as soon as she



was alone Ally's arms dropped by her side and her activity ceased. She had put away her thoughts in Martha's presence, as she had done in Anne's and in her mother's, keeping them all for her own enjoyment; but now that she was alone she could take them out and look at them. After all, they were not thoughts at all, they were recollections, anticipations, they were a sort of soft intoxication, delirium, a state too sweet to be real, yet which somehow was real—more real than the most commonplace and prosaic things. To be alone, how delightful it was, even with the fire only half alight, and reluctant to begin the work of the day, and Martha's duster still before her. She leant her arms on the mantelpiece and bent her head down upon them and shut her eyes. She could see best when she shut her eyes. Had any one been there Ally could not thus have shut herself up in that magical world. Her hands were rather blue with cold, if truth must be told, but she was aware of nothing but an atmosphere of warmth and softness, full of golden reflections and a haze of inarticulate happiness. She had forgotten all about that momentary movement of pride, of hesitation, which she had afterwards called by such hard names, but which at the moment had been real enough; that sensation of being Miss Penton of Penton, in the presence of Mrs. Rochford and her daughter. Both the sin and the repentance had faded out of Ally's mind. She did not ask herself anything about her suitor, whether he would satisfy her father, whether he would be thought of importance equal to the new claims of the family. Ally had gone beyond this stage, she remembered none of these things. The only external matters which affected her were the facts that for her sake he was going out into the world to bring back her brother, and that the whole horizon round her was the brighter for this enterprise. Naturally her thoughts gave it a far graver character than it possessed. It seemed something like the work of a knight-errant, an effort of self-sacrifice beautiful and terrible. He was about to leave his home, to plunge into that seething world of London, of which she had heard so many appalling things, for her brother's sake, for her sake. She thought of him as wandering through streets more miserable than any of the bewildering dark forests of romance. In short, all the anguish of such a search as she had read of in heart-rending stories occurred to Ally's mind. And all this he was doing for her. It gave her a pang of delightful suffering more sweet than enjoyment, that he should be so good, so brave, and that it should be all for her.

Meantime young Rochford prepared, with a little trouble, it must be said, to absent himself from his business for a few days; he thought that certainly this time must be required for a mission that might not be an easy one; for if he did not know, as he said, that such escapades were the commonest thing in the world among young men, he knew very well that to bring back a young culprit was not easily accomplished, and made up his mind that he would want both courage and patience for his task. As a matter of fact, he had no idea of Walter's motive, or of the "entangle-

ment" which had drawn him away. He was willing enough to believe in an entanglement, but not in one so innocent and blameless; and he believed that the youth had plunged into the abyss with the curiosity and passion of youth, to feel what was to be felt and to see what was to be seen, and to make a premature dash at that tree of the knowledge of evil which has so wonderful and bitter a charm. He was ready to take a great deal of trouble for the deliverance of the boy, though not without a little shake of his head at the thought of the other young Pentons who had also taken that plunge and whom it had not been possible to rescue. He had heard his father tell how many efforts Sir Walter had made to save his sons, and with how little effect. Did it perhaps run in the blood? But Rochford was fully determined to do his best, and confident, as became a fighter in that good cause, that whoever failed, he at least would succeed. And it was quite possible that he might have been willing to help these poor people (as he called them to himself) and save the unfortunate boy, if he had not loved Ally. He was generously sorry for them all, notwithstanding his consciousness of the enormous advantage likely to spring to himself from what he could do for them. He would have done it, he thought—if they had asked him, or even if it had come evidently in his way—for them; and certainly he would have done it for Ally's brother, whosever that brother might have been, to recommend himself to the girl he loved. There could be no doubt upon that subject. The complication which made it so infinitely useful to him to make himself useful in this way, because the girl he loved was the eldest daughter of Sir Edward Penton, and more or less out of his sphere, was after all a secondary matter—and yet it could not be denied that it was very important too. He said to himself that he would have chosen Ally from the world had she been a poor curate's daughter, a poor governess, a nobody. But at the same time he could not but be aware that to marry Miss Penton was a great thing for him, and worth a great deal of trouble to bring about. Perhaps a man's feelings in the matter of his love are never so unalloyed as a girl's, to whom the love itself is everything, and with whom the circumstances tell for nothing. Or perhaps this depends upon the circumstances themselves, since a girl too has many calculations to make and much to take into consideration when she is called upon to advance herself and her family by a fortunate marriage. Rochford could not help feeling that such a connection would be a fine thing; but it was not for the connection that Ally was dear to him. He thought of her in his way with subdued rapture really stronger and more passionate, though not so engrossing, as her own, as he dashed along the riverside, his mare almost flying, his heart going faster, beating with the hope of a meeting with Ally before he should see her father—before he set off upon his mission. If Ally loved him she would find the means, he thought, to give him that recompense for his devotion; and sure enough, as he came in sight of the gate, he became aware also of a little slim figure gathering the first snowdrops in the shadow

of the big laurel bushes that screened the little drive. He flung the reins to his groom and leaped out of the cart, at imminent risk of startling the other nervous, highly organised animal, who had carried him along so swiftly; but what did he care for that or any other risk? In a moment, shutting the gate behind him gingerly, notwithstanding his headlong haste, that nobody might be aware of his arrival, he was by Ally's side.

"You are gathering flowers, Miss Penton, already!"

"Oh, Mr. Rochford, is it you? Yes; they are earlier here than anywhere. They are only snowdrops, after all."

She looked not unlike a snowdrop herself, with a white wrapper wound round her throat, and her head, which drooped a little—but not till after she had recognised him with a rapid glance and an overwhelming momentary blush which left her pale.

"I could think there would be always flowers wherever you trod," he said.

"That's poetry," she replied, with a little tremulous laugh, in which there was excitement and a little nervous shivering from the cold. "It must have been you I heard galloping along," she added, hurriedly, "like the wind. Are you in haste for the train?"

"I was in haste, hoping for a word with you before I started."

"My father is expecting you, Mr. Rochford."

"Yes; I did not mean your father. Won't you say a kind word to me before I go?"

"Oh, if I could only thank you as I should like! Mr. Rochford, I do with my whole heart."

"It is not thanks I want," he said. "Ally—don't be angry with me—if I come back—with your brother."

"Oh, Mr. Rochford, we will all—I don't know what to say—bless you!"

"I don't want blessing; nor is it the others I am thinking of. Ally, are you angry?"

He had taken in his own her cold hands, with the snowdrops in them, and was bending over them. Ally trembled so that she let her flowers fall, but neither of them paid any attention. He did not say he loved her, or anything of that kind, which perhaps the girl expected; but he said, "Ally, are you angry?" once more.

"Oh no," she said, in a voice that was no more than a whisper: and then the sound of a step upon the gravel made them start asunder.

It was Sir Edward, who had heard the dogcart coming along the curve by the river, and who, restless in his anxiety, had come forth to see who it was. Both Rochford and Ally stooped down after that little start of separation to pick up the fallen flowers, and then once more their hands touched, and the same whisper, so meaningless yet so full of meaning, was exchanged—"If you are not angry, give them to me, Ally!"

Angry? no; why should she be angry? She gave him the snowdrops out of her hand, and while he ran up to meet her father was thankful to have the chance of stooping to gather up the rest. It was not so much, after all, that he had said; nothing but her name—Ally—and "Are you

angry." At what should she be angry?—because he had called her by her name? It had never sounded so sweetly, so soft, in her ears before.

"Yes, I am on my way to the station. I came to see if you had any instructions for me; if there was any—news, before I go."

"I don't see how there could be any news," said Sir Edward, who had relapsed into something of his old irritation. "I didn't expect any news. If he did not write at first, do you think it likely he would write now?"

"He might do so any day; every day makes it more likely that he should do so," said Rochford, "in my opinion."

"Ah, you think more favourably than I do," said the father, shaking his head, but he was mollified by the words. He went on shaking his head. "As long as he can get on there I don't expect him to write. I don't expect him to come back. I don't think you'll find him ever so easily as you suppose. But still, you can try; I have no objection that you should try."

"Then there is nothing more to say beyond what we settled last night?"

"Nothing that I can think of. His mother, of course, would have messages to send; she would wish you to tell him that she was anxious, and feared his falling ill, and all that; but I don't pretend to be unhappy about his health or—anything of that sort," said Sir Edward, hoarsely, with a wave of his hand. "You can tell him from me that he'd better come home at once; we'll be removing presently. He had best be here when we take possession of Penton; he had best—be here— But you know very well what to say—that is, if you find him," he added, with a harsh little laugh, "which you won't find so easy as you think."

"I don't suppose it will be easy," said Rochford; "but if it can be done I'll do it. I'll stay till I've done it. I shall not return without some news."

"Ah, well; go, go. You are full of confidence, you young men. You think you've but to say 'come,' and he will come. You'll know better when you are as old—as old as I am. Good-bye, then, if you are going. You'll—look in as you come back?"

"I shall come here direct, sir: and telegraph as soon as I have anything to say."

"Good-bye, then," said Sir Edward, stretching out his hand. He held Rochford for a moment, shaking his hand in a tremulous way. Then he said, "It must be inconvenient, leaving all your business, going away on this wild-geese chase."

"If it were ever so inconvenient I shouldn't mind."

He kept swinging the young man's hand, with a pressure which seemed every moment as though he would throw it away; then he murmured in his throat, "God bless you, then!" and dropped it, and turned back towards the house.

Rochford was left standing once more by the side of Ally, with her hands full of snowdrops, who had followed every word of this little colloquy with rapt attention. The flowers she had given him were carefully enclosed in his left hand;

they were a secret between his love and him. He did not unfold them even for her to see. "Walk with me to the gate," he said, in a voice which was half entreaty and half command. He held out his arm to her, and she took it. The little authority, the air of appropriation, was sweet to her as she thought no flattery could have been.

"He will be against me," said Rochford, holding her hand close, bending over her in the shade of the laurels. "And I don't wonder. But if I come back successful perhaps they will think me worthy of a reward. Ally, darling, you thank me for going, when it is all mercenary, for my own interest—"

"Oh, no, no—no."

"It is—to win you. I am not good enough for you, I know that, but I cannot give up this dear hope. Will you stand by me if they refuse?"

She made no reply. How could she make any reply? She held his arm tight, and drooped her head. She had never stood against them in her life. She was aghast at the thought. Everything in life had been plain to her till now. But her eyes were dazzled with the sudden new light, and the possibility of darkness coming after it. The confusion of betrothal, refusal, delight, dismay, all coming together, bewildered her inexperienced soul. "No, no, no," she murmured; "oh, no; they will never be against us."

"No," he cried, in subdued tones of triumph; "not against us, if you will stand by me. Ally! then it is you and I against the world!"

And then there was the glitter and glimmer before her eyes, the impatient mare tossing her nervous head, the wintry sun gleaming in the harness, in the horse's sleek coat, in the varnish of the dogcart: and then the sudden rush of sound, and all was gone like a dream. Like a dream—like a sudden phantasmagoria, in which she too had been a vision like the rest, and heard and saw and done and said things inconceivable. To turn back after that on everything that was so familiar and calm, to remember that she must go and put into water the snowdrops, which were already dropping limp in the hand that he had kissed—that she must face them all in the preoccupation of her thoughts—was almost as wonderful to Ally as this wonderful moment that was past. "You and I against the world." And those other shorter words that meant so little apparently, "Ally—you are not angry?" kept murmuring and floating about her, making an atmosphere round her. Would the others hear her when she went in? That fear seized upon Ally as she drew near the door, coming slowly, slowly along the path. They would hear the words, "Ally, are you angry?" but would they know what that meant? she said to herself in her dream as she reached the door. No, no: they might hear them, but they would not understand—that was her secret between her love and her. To think that in such little words, that looked so innocent, everything could be said!

But nobody took any notice of Ally when she went in at last. They were all occupied with their own affairs, and with the one overpowering

sentiment which made them insensible to other things. Ally went into the midst of them with her secret in her eyes like a lamp in a sanctuary, but they never perceived it. She put her snowdrops in water, all but two or three which she took to her room with her, feeling them too sacred even to be worn, even to be left for Anne to see. But where could she put them to keep them secret? She had no secret places to keep anything in, nor had she ever known what it was to have a secret in all her innocent life. How, oh, how was she to keep this?

#### CHAPTER XLIII.—ALLY'S SECRET.

AS a matter of fact she did not keep it at all.

The others were very anxious, lost in their thoughts, their minds all quivering with anxiety and hope and fear, but still there were moments when the tension relaxed a little. It was very highly strung at first while the excitement of Rochford's departure and of Sir Edward's encounter with him was still in the air, but by degrees this died away, and a sense of increased serenity, of greater hope, released their souls from that bondage. Lady Penton after a long silence began again to talk a little about the new house.

"I don't know what we can do with these poor old things in Penton," she said; "such a beautiful house as it is, everybody says, and so many pretty things in it: and all we have is so shabby. Ally, you are the only one that has seen it."

"Yes, mother," said Ally, waking up as from a dream.

"What do you think, my dear? you ought to be able to tell me. I suppose there is scarcely a room in the house so small as this?"

"I—don't think I paid any attention."

"No attention!—to a house which was to be our own house."

"But no one thought then it was to be our own house," cried Anne, coming to the rescue. "And you know Ally did not enjoy it, mother."

"Oh, yes," cried Ally, suddenly waking up, feeling once more the brightness of pleasure that had come with the sight of *him*; how he had found her neglected and made a princess of her, a little queen! Was it possible that she could ever have forgotten that?

"Well, not at first," said Anne; "you didn't like Cousin Alicia, which I don't wonder at. Mab didn't like her either. Mother, if Mab comes back and insists on coming to live with us, what shall you do?"

"I wish you would not be so nonsensical," said Lady Penton, with a little vexation, "when I was talking of the furniture. Why should Mab—" she paused a moment, struck by a recollection, and then wound up with a sigh and a shake of her head. "Why should not Walter have a try?" The words came back to her mind vaguely, just clear enough to arouse a keener consciousness of the prevailing subject which her mind had put aside for the moment. Ah! poor Wat! poor Wat! how could his mother think or speak of anything while his fate hung in the balance?



But then she reflected on the new agent who had been sent out into the world in search of him, a young man who knew the ways of young men. This reflection gave her more comfort than anything. She clung to the idea that young men spoke a language of their own among themselves, and that only they understood each other's way. She resumed with another sigh,

"I don't suppose we have anything in our possession that is fit to be put into the drawing-room, Ally. I remember it in old days, the very few times I ever was there: but they say it is far more splendid now than it was before. Do you think that chiffonier would do?" The chiffonier had been the pride of Lady Penton's heart. It was inlaid, and had a plate-glass back. She looked at it fondly where it stood, not very brilliant in fact, but making the shabby things around look a little more shabby. She had always felt it was thrown away amid these surroundings, and that to see it in a higher and better sphere would be sweet and consolatory; but Lady Penton was aware that taste had changed greatly since that article was constructed, and that perhaps the decorations of the great drawing-room at Penton might be out of harmony with a *meuble* belonging to another generation, however beautiful it might be in itself.

"I—don't know," said Ally, looking at the well-known article with her dreamy eyes; "there was nothing like it—I think: I didn't notice—"

"You don't seem to have noticed anything, my dear," her mother said.

Oh, if Ally could but say what it was that had been most delightful to her at Penton! But then she remembered with overpowering shame how she had shrunk from the ladies who had been so good to her; how she had felt the elation of her new superiority; how she had been a snob in all the horror of the word. And she was silent, crushed by remorse and confusion. Fortunately Lady Penton's mind was taken up by other things.

"I think," she said, "the chiffonier will do. It is large, too large, for this little room; it will fill one side of the wall very nicely. And perhaps some of the chairs, if they are newly covered; but as for curtains and carpets and all that, everything must be new. It is dreadful to think of the expense. I don't know how we are ever to meet it. Ally, what sort of carpets are there now? Oh, no doubt beautiful Persian rugs and that sort of thing—simple Brussels would not do. Is it a polished floor with rugs, or is it one of those great carpets woven in one piece, or is it—My dear, what's the matter? There is no need to cry."

"I—don't remember—it is so stupid of me," said Ally, with the tears in her eyes.

"You are nervous and upset this morning: but we must all try and take a little courage. I have great confidence in Mr. Rochford—oh, great confidence! He is very kind and so trustworthy. You can see that only to look into those nice kind eyes."

"Oh, mother dear!" cried Ally, flinging her arms about Lady Penton's neck, giving her a sudden kiss. And then the girl slid away, flying upstairs as soon as she was safely out of sight, to cry

with happiness in her own room where nobody could see.

"There is something the matter with Ally this morning," said her mother; "she is not like herself."

"She is not at all like herself," said Anne, with a little pursing up of her lips, as one who should say "I could an if I would."

"What do you think it is, Anne? Do you know of anything?"

"I don't know," said Anne, "but I guess. Mother—I think it's Mr. Rochford."

"Mr. Rochford!" Lady Penton cried; and then in a moment the whole passed before her like a panorama. How could she have been so dull? It had occurred to her as possible before old Sir Walter's death, and she had not been displeased. Now things were different; but still—"What will your father say?" she exclaimed. "Oh, I am afraid I have been neglecting Ally thinking of her brother. What will your father say?"

"If that sort of thing is going to be," said Anne, sententiously, "do you think anything can stop it, mother? I have always heard that the more you interfere the stronger it becomes. It has to be if it's going to be."

Lady Penton did not make any reply to this wisdom, but she was greatly moved. First Walter and then Ally! The children become independent actors in life, choosing their own parts for good, or, alas! perhaps for evil. She stole upstairs after a little interval and softly opened the door of Ally's room, where the girl was sitting half crying, smiling, lost in the haze of novelty and happiness: her mother looked at her for a moment before she said anything to make her presence known. Ah, yes, it was very clear Ally had escaped, she had gone away from the household in which she was born, the cares and concerns of which had hitherto been all the world to her, into another sphere, a different place, a little universe of her own, peopled but by the two, the beginners of a new world. Lady Penton stood unseen contemplating the girl's dreamy countenance, so abstracted from all about her with a complication of new and strange emotions. Her little girl! but now separate, having taken the turn that made her life a thing apart from father and mother. The child! who had in a moment become a woman, an individual with her fate and future all her own. The interest of it, the pride of it, in some respects the pity of it, touches every maturer soul at such a sight—but when it is a woman looking at her own little girl! She came into the room very softly and sat down beside Ally upon the little white bed and put her tender arms about the young creature in her trance; and Ally, with one low cry, "Mother!" flung herself upon the breast which had always been her shelter. And there was an end of the secret—so far as such a secret can be told. The mother did not want any telling, she understood it all. But, notwithstanding her sympathy for her child, and her agreement in Anne's inspiration and conviction that such a thing *has* to be if it is going to be, she kept reflecting to herself, "What will her father say?" all the time in her heart.



This was destined to be a day of excitement in many ways. Just before the family meal (which Lady Penton, with a sense of all the changes now surging upwards in their family life, had begun to speak of with a little timidity as "the children's dinner") one of the Penton carriages came to the door, and Mab burst in, all smiles and delight. "Am I in time for dinner?" she said. "Oh, Lady Penton, you will let me come to dinner? May I send the carriage away and tell them to come back for me? When must they come back for me? Oh, if you only knew how I should like to stay." It was very difficult for these kind people to resist the fervour of this petition. "My dear, of course we are very glad to have you," Lady Penton said, with a little hesitation. And Mab plunged into the midst of the children with cries of delight on both sides. Horry possessed himself at once of her hand, and found her a chair close to his own, and even little Molly waved her spoon in the stranger's honour, and changed her little song to "Mady, Mady," instead of the "Fader, fader!" which was the sweetest of dinner bells to Sir Edward's ears. When dinner was over, Mab got Lady Penton into a corner and poured forth her petition. "Oh, may I come and stay! Uncle Russell is going away, and Aunt Alicia is not at all fond of me. She would not like it if I went with them, and where can I go? My relations are none of them so nice as you. You took me in out of kindness when I didn't know where to go. I have a lot of money, Lady Penton, they say, but I am a poor little orphan girl all the same."

"Oh, my dear," said Lady Penton, "nobody could be more sorry than I am; and a lot of money does not do very much good to a little girl who is alone. But, Mab, I have so many to think of: and we have not a lot of money, and we have to live accordingly. Though Sir Edward has Penton now, that does not make things better, it rather makes them worse. Even in Penton we shall live very simply, perhaps poorly. We cannot give you society and pleasures like your other friends."

"But I don't want society and pleasure. Pleasure! I should like to take care of Molly, and make her things and teach her her letters. I should; she is the dearest little darling that ever was. I should like to run about with the boys. Horry and I are great friends, oh, great friends, Lady Penton. At Penton you will have hundreds of rooms; you can't say it is not big enough. Oh, let me come! Oh, let me come! And then my money—" But here Mab judiciously stopped, seeing no room for any consideration about her money. "You wouldn't turn me from the door if I was a beggar, a little orphan," she cried.

"Oh, my dear! No, indeed, I hope not; but this is very different. Mab, though I am not much set upon money (but I am afraid I am too, for nothing will go without it), yet a rich girl is very different from a poor girl. You know that as well as I."

"The poor girl is much better off," cried Mab, "for people are kind to her; they take her in, they let her stay, they are always contriving to

make her feel at home; but the wretched little rich one is put to the door. People say, 'Oh, we are always glad to see you;' but they are not, Lady Penton! They think, here she comes with her money. As if I cared about my money! Take me for Molly's nurse or her governess. Ally will be going and marrying—"

"What do you know about that?" Lady Penton said, grasping her arm.

"I! I don't know anything about it; but of course she will, and so will Anne; and it might happen that you would be glad to have me, just to look after the children a little after the weddings were over, and help you with Molly. Oh, you might, Lady Penton, it is quite possible; and then you would find out that I am not a little good-for-nothing. I believe I am really clever with children," Mab cried, flinging herself down on her knees, putting her arms about Lady Penton's waist. "Oh, say that I may stay."

When she had thus flung herself upon Lady Penton's lap, Mab suddenly raised her round rosy cheek to the pale one that bent over her. They were by themselves in a corner of the drawing-room, and nobody was near. She said in a whisper, close to the other's ear, "I saw Mr. Penton in town yesterday. He was looking quite well, but sad. I was—oh, very impertinent, Lady Penton. Forgive me. I stopped the carriage, though I am sure he did not want to speak to me. I told him that you were not—quite well—that you were so pale—and that everybody missed him so. Don't be angry! I was very impertinent, Lady Penton. And he said he was going home directly—directly, that was what he said. I said you would be sure not to tell him in your letters that you were feeling ill, but that you were. And so you are, Lady Penton; you are so pale. But he is coming directly, that was what he said."

"Oh, my little Mab!" Lady Penton cried. She gave the little girl a sudden kiss, then put her hands with a soft resoluteness upon Mab's arms and loosed their clasp. It was as if the girl had pushed open for a moment a door which closed upon her again the next. "Yes," she said, "my son is coming home. He has stayed a little longer than we expected, but you should not have tried to frighten him about his mother. I am not ill. If he comes rushing back before his business is done, because you have frightened him about me, what shall we do to you, you little prophet of evil?" She stooped again and kissed the girl, giving her a smile as well. But then she rose from her seat. "As soon as we get in to Penton you must come and pay us a long visit," she said.

And this made an end of Mab's attempt to interfere in the affairs of the family of which she was so anxious to become a member. She went away to the children with her head hanging, and in a somewhat disconsolate condition. But, being seized upon by Horry, who had a great manufacture of boats on hand, and wanted some one to make the sails for him, soon forgot, or seemed to forget, the trouble, and became herself again. "I am coming to live with you when you go to Penton," she said.

"Hurrah! Mab is coming to live with us!"

shouted the little boys, and soon this great piece of news ran over the house.

"Mad's tumming! Mad's tumming!" little Molly joined in with her little song.

And this new proposal, which was so strange and unlikely, and which the elder members looked upon so dubiously, was carried by acclamation by the little crowd, so to speak, of the irresponsible populace—the children of the house.

The day had been an exhausting day. When the winter afternoon fell there was throughout the house more than usual of that depressed and despondent feeling which is natural to the hour and the season. Even Mab's going contributed to this sensation. The hopefulness of the morning, when all had felt that the sending out of the new agent meant deliverance from their anxiety, had by this time begun to sink into the dreary waiting to which no definite period is put, and which may go on, so far as any one knows, day after day. Sir Edward had withdrawn to the book-room, very sick at heart and profoundly disappointed, disgusted even not to have had a telegram, which he had expected from hour to hour the entire day. Rochford had not found Walter, then, though he was so confident in his superior knowledge. After all, he had sped no better than other people. There was a certain solace in this, but yet a dreary, dreadful disappointment. He sat over his fire, crouching over it with his knees up to his chin, cold with the chill of nervous disquietude and anxiety, listening, as the ladies had done so long—listening for the click of the gate, for a step on the gravel—for anything that might denote the coming of news, the news which he had never been able to bring himself, but which Rochford had been so sure of sending, only, as it seemed, to fail.

Lady Penton was in the drawing-room. She spent this dull hour often with her husband, but to-day she did not go to him. She could not have been with him and keep Ally's secret, and she was loth to give him the additional irritation of this new fact in the midst of the trouble of the old. She said to herself that if Rochford succeeded in his search, if he sent news, if he brought Walter home, that then everything would be changed; and in gratitude for such a service his suit might be received. She did not wish to expose that suit to an angry objection now. Poor lady! she had more motives than one for this reticence. She would not make Ally unhappy, and she would not permit anything to be said or done that might lessen the energy of the lover who felt his happiness to depend on his success. It was because of her habit of spending this hour between the lights in the book-room with her husband that she was left alone in the partial dark, before the lamp was brought or the curtains drawn. She had gone close to the window when it was too dark to work at the table, but now her work had dropped on her lap, and she was doing nothing. Doing nothing! with so much to think of, so many, many things to take into consideration. She sat and looked out on the darkening skies, the pale fading of the light, the dull whiteness of the horizon, and the blackness of the trees that rose against it. The afternoon chill was strong upon her heart; she

had been disappointed too—she too had been looking for that telegram, and her heart had sunk lower and lower as the night came on. That Walter should be found was what her heart prayed and longed for, and now there was another reason, for Ally's sake that the lover might claim his reward. But the day was nearly over, and, so far as could be told, the lover, with all his young energy, was as unsuccessful as Edward himself. So far as this went, their thoughts were identical, but Lady Penton's, if less sad, were more complicated, and took in a closer network of wishes and hopes. She sat at the window and looked out blankly, now and then putting up her hand to dry her eyes. She could cry quietly to herself in the dark, which is a relief a man cannot have.

What a sad house! with heavy anxiety settling down again, and the shadow of the night, in which even the deliverer cannot work, nor telegrams come. There was a spark of warmer life upstairs, where the girls had lit their candle, and where the tremendous secret which had come to Ally was being shyly contemplated by both girls together in wonder of so great and new a thing. And in the nursery there was plenty of cheerfulness and din. But downstairs all was very quiet, the father and mother in different rooms thinking the same thoughts. Lady Penton wept out those few tears very quietly. There was no sound to betray them. It had grown very dark in the room and her eyes were fixed on the wan light that lingered outside. She had no hope now for a telegram. He would not send one so late. He must have written instead of telegraphing. He had found nothing, that was clear.

She had said this to herself for the hundredth time, and had added for perhaps the fiftieth that it was time to go and dress, that it was of no use lingering, looking for something that never came, that she had now a double reason to be calm, to have patience, to take courage, when it seemed to her that something, a dark speck, flitted across the pale light outside. This set her heart beating again. Could it be the dispatch after all? She listened, her heart jumping up into her ears. Oh! who was it? Nothing? Was it nothing? There was no sound. Yes, a hurried rustle, a faint stir in the hall. She rose up. Telegraph boys make a great noise, they send the gravel flying, they beat wild drums upon the door. Now there was nothing, or only a something fluttering across the window, the faintest stir at the open door.

What was it? a hand upon the handle turning it doubtfully, slowly; then it was pushed open. Oh, no; no telegraph boy. She flew forward with her whole heart in her outstretched hands. Some one stood in the dark, looking in, saying nothing, only half visible, a shadow, no more. "Wat! WAT!" the mother cried.

#### CHAPTER XLIV.—THE FINAL BLOW.

WHAT does it matter what a mother says? especially when she is a powdered and pomaded woman like Mrs. Sam Crockford, altogether unable to comprehend, much less interpret, the

fair and brilliant creature who is her daughter. How strange that anything so sweet and delightful as Emmy should come from such a woman—one from whom the heart recoiled, who was offensive to every sense, with those white, unwholesome, greasy hands, the powder, the scent, the masses of false hair, the still falser and more dreadful smile. Walter said to himself as he left her with that nausea which always overwhelmed him at the sight of her, that he would not take what she said as having anything to do with Emmy. No; her existence was a sort of an offence to Emmy; it might, if that were possible, throw a cloud over her perfection, it might make a superficial admirer pause to think, could she ever in her young beauty come to be like that? A superficial admirer, Walter said to himself—not, of course, a true lover such as he was, to whom the suggestion was odious and abominable. Like that! oh, never, never! for Emmy had soul, she had heart in her loveliness; never could the actress have resembled her, never could she resemble the actress. He wondered if that woman could be her mother. Such people stole children, they got hold of them in strange ways. Emmy might have been taken in her childhood from some poor mother of a very different kind. She might have strayed away from her home and been found by vagrants; anything rather than believe that she was that woman's daughter, who, to crown all her artificialities, was mercenary too. Or even if it might really be so, what did it matter? is there not often no resemblance between the mother and the child, the mother elderly, faded, meretricious, trying hard to keep up an antiquated display of dreadful charms, seductions that filled the mind with loathing; the daughter, oh, so different, so young and fresh, so full of youth and sweetness and everything that is delightful, everything that is most fascinating. When he thought of Emmy the young man's heart, which had been so outraged, grew soft again. If it came to a decision, how very different would Emmy's deliverance be. Yet Emmy had discouraged him too, she had thought of secondary things. She had been sorry that he should lose anything for her sake, he who was so ready to lose all. She had even scoffed a little sweetly at his fortune, the ten thousand pounds, which would not, she declared, be more than four hundred a year. Four hundred a year would be plenty, Walter thought; they could live somewhere quietly in the depths of the country enjoying each other's society, desiring nothing else to make them happy. Would Emmy care for that? she who so loved London. A number of people loved London so, did not know what to do out of it, people who were the very best, the most highly endowed of all, poets, philosophers—it was no reproach to her that she should be among that number. He was not one of them himself, but then he was, he knew, a dull fellow, a rustic. Poor Walter went about the streets all day thinking these thoughts. He knew he was not so clever as she was; but yet they had always understood each other: not like that dreadful woman whom nothing could make him understand. He would not accept her decision

whatever she said—he would not believe her even—probably what she had said about his father was untrue; how should his father have got there? No, no, it was not true, any more than it was true that Emmy had permitted her mother to interfere. There was some one else whom the old woman preferred, he said, miserably, to himself, and that was the entire cause of it, not that Emmy meant to cast him off—oh no, no!

But it was two or three days after this before he succeeded in seeing her. Either there was a conspiracy on her mother's part, into which she, guileless, fell, or else the mother had acquired an ascendancy over her, and was able to curb the natural instincts, to restrain the sweeter impulses of her daughter. That it could be Emmy's fault he would not allow. He haunted the place morning and evening, and on Saturday afternoon, which had been his moment of bliss. It was on that day that he met her at last. He met her hurrying out, dressed as she usually was when he was allowed to take her to the country, or to make some expedition with her. She had just stopped to call out something before closing the door, about the hour of her return—he thought he heard her say nine o'clock, and it was little past noon. She was going somewhere, then, but not with him. He turned after her as she went lightly along, with the easy skimming step which he had so often compared to every poetic movement under heaven. It filled him with despair to see it now, and to feel that she was going along like this, upon some other expedition, not in his company, though she must know to what darkness of despondency and solitude she was leaving him. "Emmy," he cried, hurrying after her. He thought she started a little, but only quickened her pace. She was not, however, to escape him so—that was a vain expectation on her part. He quickened his pace too, and came up to her, close to her, and caught at her elbow in his eagerness and impatience. She turned round upon him with a face very unlike that which had so often smiled upon the foolish boy. She plucked her arm away from his touch. "Oh," she said, with a tone of annoyance, "you here!"

"Where should I be, Emmy, but where you are? You were going to send for me, to meet me—"

She looked at him with impatience. "No," she said, "I wasn't going to do anything of the kind; I have got something very different to do."

"I have always been ready to do whatever you wanted," he said, "to go where you pleased, and you know this has been my reward—this Saturday afternoon, after waiting, waiting, day by day—"

"Who wanted you to wait? Mr. Penton, that was your doing. You must understand that I'm not going to be made a slave to you."

"A slave," cried the poor boy, "to me!"

"Well, what is it better? I can't move a step but you are at my heels. What I've always held by is doing what I like and going where I like. I never could put up with bondage and propriety like some people; but you dog my steps, you watch everything I do—"

"Emmy!"



"Well! is that all you have to say? Emmy! yes, that's my name; but you can't crush me by saying 'Emmy!' to me," she said, with a little breathless gasp, as of one who had seized the opportunity to work herself up into a fit of calculated impatience. She stopped here, perhaps moved by his pale face, and ended by a little laugh of ridicule. "Well, that's natural enough, don't you think?"

"I don't know what is natural," he said. "I have thrown off all that. Emmy, are you going to abandon me after all?"

"After all!—after what? I suppose you mean after all the great things you've done for me? What has it been, Mr. Penton? You've followed me here, you've watched me that I couldn't take a step, or speak a word. No, I am not going with you any more. You must just make up your mind to it, Mr. Walter Penton. I've got other things in hand. I've other—I've—well, let us be vulgar," she cried, with a wild little laugh, "I've got other fish to fry."

The poor young fellow kept his eyes fixed upon her—eyes large with dismay and trouble.

"You are not going with me any more! You can't mean it!—you don't mean it, Emmy!"

"But I do. It's been all nonsense and romance and folly. I didn't mind just for amusement. But do you think I am going to let you, with next to nothing, and expectations—expectations! what could your expectations be?—your father may live for a century! Do you think I'm going to let you stand in my way, and keep me from what's better? No—and no again, and again. I mean nothing of the sort. I mean what's best for myself. I am not going with you any more."

"Not going with me!" he said, in a voice of misery; "then what is to become of me?—what am I to do?"

"Oh, you'll do a hundred things," she said, tapping him on the arm; "go home, for one thing, and make your peace. It's far better for you. It's been folly for you as well as me. Go and take care of your ten thousand pounds. Ten thousand pounds! What do you think of as much as that a year? Take care of it, and you'll get a nice little income out of it, just enough for a young man about town. And don't be tyrannised over by your people, and don't let any one say a word about marrying. You're too young to be married. I'm your only real friend, Walter. Yes, I am. I tell you, don't think of marrying—why should you marry?—but just have your fling and get a little fun while you can. That's my last advice to you."

He walked on with her mechanically, not able to speak, until she got impatient of the silent figure stalking by her side, struck dumb with youthful passion and misery.

She stopped suddenly and confronted him with hasty determination. "You're not," she said, "coming another step with me!"

"Where am I to go? what am I to do? I have lived," he cried, "only for you!"

"Then it's time to stop that!" she said. "Go away—go clean away; it will—it will damage me if

you're seen with me! Now there, that's the truth! I was so silly as to stop it for your sake before, now I've learned better. Mr. Penton, it will be harming me if you come another step. Now, do you understand?"

Did he understand? He stopped, and gazed at her with his blank face. "It will be harming you! But you belong to me, you are going to be my wife!"

"No, no, no!" she cried; "that is all folly; I never meant it. Good-bye, and for heaven's sake go away, go away!"

She gave an alarmed glance round towards the end of the street. It seemed to Walter that he too saw something vaguely—a tall spidery outline, a high phaeton, or something of the sort. She broke into a little run suddenly, waving her hand to him. "Good-bye!" she cried; "good-bye; go away!" and left him standing stupefied with wonder, with incredulous conviction, if such words can be put together. He felt in the depths of his heart that she had abandoned him, but he could not believe it. No, he could not believe it, though he knew it was true. A sort of instinct of chivalry lingered in the poor lad's heart, wrung and bleeding as it was. He could not harm her, he could not spy on her, he could not interfere with her will, whatever she might do to him. He turned his back upon the spidery tall phaeton. If that was the thing that was to carry her away from him he would not spy, he would not put himself in her way. So long as she did what she liked best! He turned with his heart bleeding, yet half stupefied with trouble, and walked away.

Poor Walter walked and walked all the rest of the afternoon; he did not know where he went or how, his mind was stupid with suffering. And then came Sunday, when without her the blank was more complete than on any other day. He had not the heart even to seek another interview. On Sunday afternoon he went past the house, and the high phaeton stood at the door. What more could be said? And yet another day or two passed, he did not know how many, before Mab stopped the little brougham in which she was driving and called to him in the street as he went mooning along with his head down in dull and helpless despondency.

"Mr. Penton! Mr. Penton!" The little soft voice calling him roused Walter from the stupor of his despair. He knew nobody in town. It was a wonder to him that any one should know him—should take the trouble to call him. And then Mab's little fresh face stabbed him with innocent cheerful looks. He was not learned enough to know that these innocent looks knew a great deal, and suspected much more harm than existed, in their precocious society knowledge.

Mab was bent upon doing what she could to bring him back, and she fully realised all the difficulty; but she looked like a child delighted to see her country acquaintance.

"And oh, how is Lady Penton?" she cried.

"My mother?" gasped Walter, taken altogether by surprise.

Then Mab told him that little story about Lady Penton's health. "She will of course make light



of it when she writes," said the artful little girl. "But oh, she looks so ill and so pale!" (So she does, the little romancer said to herself in her heart; it is quite, quite true!) "Oh, Mr. Penton, do make her see the doctor! do make her take care of herself! You could do it better than any one—because you know the others don't notice the great, great change; they see her every day."

"I will!" cried poor Wat. "Thank you—thank you a thousand times for telling me!"

pardon. He caught her in his arms and cried, "Mother, are you ill?—Mother, are you better?" as if there were no other trouble or anxiety but this in the world.

"Oh, Wat! oh, Wat!" she cried, unable on her side to think of anything but that he had come back and she had him in her arms again: and for a minute or two no more was said. Then he led her tenderly back to a chair and placed her in it, and knelt down beside her.



SHE COULD NOT THINK OF ANYTHING BUT THAT HE HAD COME BACK.

It gave him a reason for going home, and he did so want a reason, poor boy! His own wretchedness did not seem cause enough; and how was he ever to be forgiven for what he had done? But his mother! He would not wait to think, he would not let himself consider the matter. His mother! And what if she should die! Death had never entered that happy house. It seemed to him the most horrible of all possibilities. He did not even pause to go back to his hotel. Oh, how glad he was of the compulsion, to be thus sent home, to have a reason for going! He went flying, without taking time for thought.

And when Lady Penton threw herself upon him, calling "Wat, WAT," with that great outcry, he forgot all about his wrong-doing and his need of

"Mother, you have been ill—"

"No; oh no, my dear." And then she remembered Mab's little alarm (dear little Mab! if it should be her doing). "At least," she said, "my dearest boy, there is nothing the matter with me that the sight of you will not cure."

"Oh, mother," he cried, "that you should have to say that, that I should have been the cause—"

"Hush, hush," she said, pressing him to her; "it is all over, Wat, my own boy. You have come home."

She asked him no questions, she did not even say that he was forgiven; and the youth's heart swelled high. "I think I have been mad," he said.

But she only replied, kissing him, "My own boy

you have come home." And what more was there to be said.

This transport all passed in the dark, with no light in the room except the paleness of twilight in the windows, the dull glow from the fire, which was an ease and softening to the meeting. And then with the lighting of the cheerful lamps the knowledge spread through the house—Wat has come home.

"Already!" cried Ally, with a flush of radiant joy that was more than for her brother.

"Already," Sir Edward said, with a frown that belied the sudden ease of his heart. To say what that relief was is beyond the power of words. The dark book-room, where he sat with his head in his hands and all the world dark round him, suddenly became light. A load was lifted from his shoulders and from his soul; his mind was freed as from chains. But after that first blessed release and relief a sensation of humiliation, almost of resentment, came into his mind. "Already," he said. He had tramped about London for days and days and found nothing. Rochford had gone and seen and overcome the same day.

"Edward," said Lady Penton, who, though so still, so tremulous after the prodigal's return, had yet felt the other anxiety spring up as soon as the first was laid, "I am sorry for Mr. Rochford. I fear he was making this the foundation for a great many hopes. He expected to find Walter and bring him home, and thus gain our favour for—something else."

"Well," said Sir Edward with his frown, "it is astonishing to me how he's done it. It looks like collusion. I suppose it's only a piece of luck, a great piece of luck."

"He has not done it at all," said Lady Penton, "Wat has not so much as seen him. He has had nothing to do with it at all."

The cloud rolled off Sir Edward's brow: he gave expression to the delightful relief of his mind in a low laugh.

"I thought," he said, "nothing would come of it, he was so cock-sure. I thought from the first nothing would come of it: but of course you were all a great deal wiser than I. So he came home of himself when he was tired? Let me see the boy."

## THE COLOURED PROBLEM IN THE SOUTHERN STATES.

BY DR. AUBREV.

**T**WENTY-THREE years have elapsed since the late President Lincoln issued his famous Proclamation, by which, at one stroke of the pen, five millions of slaves in the Southern States were emancipated. The document had been prepared some months before, and it only awaited the presidential signature. It was finally issued, just as it had been delayed, as a stroke of policy. The internecine warfare had been carried on for more than eighteen months, with unsatisfactory results, and the South had not only made a stubborn resistance, but had sometimes assumed the offensive, by attacks which were not always successfully repelled. To punish and cripple them, and in the hope of dealing a vital blow at the Confederacy, the great act of manumission of a servile race was performed by the North. That it was a great act is now universally admitted, although the immediate motive and aim had reference simply to political expediency. In his Inaugural Address on March 4, 1861, Mr. Lincoln had said, "I have no purpose, directly or indirectly, to interfere with the institution of slavery in the States where it exists. I believe I have no lawful right to do so, and I have no inclination to do so." Mr. Seward had stated in Congress, "Experience in public affairs has confirmed my opinion that domestic slavery existing in any State is wisely left by the Constitution of the United States exclusively to the care, management, and disposition of that State; and if it were in my power I would not alter the Constitution in that respect." Mr. Seward also, as Secretary of State, wrote in April, 1861, to the American

Minister in Paris, as follows: "The condition of slavery in the several States will remain just the same, whether the war succeeds or fails. . . . The new President, as well as the citizens through whose suffrages he has come into the administration, has always repudiated all designs whatever of disturbing the system of slavery as it is existing under the Constitution and laws. The case, however, would not be fully presented were I to omit to say that any such effort on his part would be unconstitutional, and all his acts in that direction would be prevented by judicial authority, even though they were assented to by Congress and the people."

Yet the course of events tended towards freedom, as sagacious and impartial observers foresaw. The North fought at the outset for supremacy, and to put down with a strong hand what was designated "rebellion." Vice-President Stephens declared that slavery was "the corner-stone of the Confederacy;" and the English people at large instinctively felt that this was the real issue. If they did not for a time manifest such sympathy as the North desired, the reason is to be found in the indisputable fact that the North embarked in a war to punish secession from the Union. The true history of that war has yet to be written, including a fair and dispassionate examination into the long series of events that led to it. Of keen partisan literature on both sides there is a superabundance, and at the present time the mere military evolutions and the great battles that took place are being capriciously described in the "Century" magazine by eminent commanders,

who confronted each other during those terrible scenes of carnage. The philosophic historian has not appeared who can survey the whole scene of conflict, and treat of the moral and social questions involved; dealing with the collateral issues, and holding an equitable balance between men of extreme views and prejudices. That the South, speaking generally, has yielded to the logic of events, and has accepted the situation, however galling, and that there is no desire to return to the old condition of things, even if that were possible, are facts beyond question. The men of the South were conquered. Never, perhaps, was there such a case of complete exhaustion. To use their own expressive phrase, "The bottom dropped out." The last man had gone to the war; the last dollar had been spent; credit was broken; material supplies were exhausted; vast districts had been given over to fire and sword, and hundreds of thousands of people were confronted by starvation.\*

When General Robert Lee evacuated Richmond and surrendered with his army at Appomattox, it was known that the South was utterly subjugated. No other word expresses the actual fact. With the cessation of the Civil War the following points were settled, using the definitions given by the Hon. J. L. M. Curry, of Richmond, Virginia, now the United States Minister to Spain, in an address in New York in February, 1885:—

- (1) The emancipation and the citizenship of the negroes, and all necessary consequences of such change of relations.
- (2) The recognition of such a person as a citizen of the United States, apart from and independent of citizenship of a State.
- (3) The surrender of any claim of resort to secession in case of dispute as to the power of Government, or as a remedy for a violated compact.

Leading politicians and divines in the South, who were once strong pro-slavery men, now avow their concurrence in and their relief at the change. The Southerners, taken as a whole, have accepted the situation of affairs, and now that more than twenty years have passed since the Civil War, they say that they have no desire for a restoration of the old order of things. If the painful and costly steps leading to the result could have been foreseen, it would have been far cheaper—although, doubtless, at the time, impossible—for the Federal Government to have purchased the freedom of all the slaves, instead of sacrificing 600,000 lives, on both sides, with an expenditure of at least £1,200,000,000, besides the incalculable destruction and waste of property. From this, and from the subsequent infamy and extortion of what was known as "carpet-bag rule," prior to the reconstruction, the South is now recovering.

\* As an illustration of the waste and ruin, the following is taken from General Sherman's Official Report of his march through Georgia: "We have consumed the corn and fodder in the region of country thirty miles on either side of a line from Atlanta to Savannah" (a distance of 120 miles), "as also the sweet potatoes, cattle, hogs, sheep, and poultry, and have carried away more than 10,000 horses and mules, as well as a countless number of their slaves. I estimate the damage done to the State of Georgia and its military resources at 100,000,000 dollars, at least twenty of which have insured to our advantage, and the remainder is simple waste and destruction." Similar scenes of vengeance occurred under Sherman in South Carolina, in 1865, when Columbus, its capital, was sacked and burned, with indescribable horrors, and a black trail of desolation was made through the State; and also under Butler at New Orleans, and through Louisiana.

Recent returns show great progress and improvement in agriculture, and the division of large plantations into small farms. Manufactories have sprung up where their busy hum had not been heard. Industry, freed from the stigma cast upon it by slavery, has become honourable. Industrial education has been inaugurated, and industrial schools for "mean whites," as well as for ignorant blacks, are springing up in various localities. Economy has taken the place of extravagance; and perhaps it is not an exaggeration to say that in the matter of thrifty habits the North and the South are changing places.

The census of 1880 gave the total population of the United States as 50,155,783, of whom 6,580,793 were coloured. The latter were chiefly in the Southern States, in some of which they preponderated over the whites, notably in South Carolina, where the proportion was three to two; and, taking the South as a whole, the coloured people numerically held the balance of power. So far as it is possible to judge, the relative proportions have increased in their favour since the census, mainly owing to the greater fecundity of the negro race. But opinion is divided as to whether this is likely to continue to the same degree under altered material and social conditions. Mr. E. Tourgee, in his "Appeal to Cæsar," published in 1884, enters into elaborate calculations based upon the returns of the census of 1860, 1870, and 1880—although the one for the middle period was, admittedly, erroneous, so far as regards the South—with a view to prove that the negroes double their numbers in twenty years, whereas the whites require thirty-five years, from which he infers that in 1950 the latter will probably number 48,000,000, against 72,000,000 of coloured people. But this hypothesis does not allow for the certain immigration of whites from the North and from Europe, and it ignores the check that is being imposed upon negro families now that they have to earn their own livelihood, instead of being provided for and merely treated as stock, as in the old slavery days.

What is the existing condition, and what are the immediate prospects of the coloured people of the South? A recent extensive tour warrants an attempt to supply an answer. It must be remembered that they are not only free, but that every man is a voter. Universal suffrage was imposed on each of the seceding States as a condition of their being permitted to return to the Union. It is now generally admitted by reflecting men of all parties that this was a mistake, for the newly-enfranchised slaves were not qualified to vote intelligently; and even now the number of illiterate voters is appalling. It is impossible to go back from this policy, however mischievous and dangerous it has proved to be. The only thing is to endeavour to grapple with the evil by seeking to instruct and elevate the ignorant.

The State of South Carolina has imposed an educational test as a condition of voting, which of course applies to both black and white persons. In traversing the South, one hears the sentiment constantly expressed by the whites that they do

not intend to allow an ignorant coloured majority to rule, even where the numbers greatly preponderate, as in South Carolina, Mississippi, and Louisiana. How this is to be accomplished does not yet appear. Allegations have been made of undue interference at elections, of tyranny and violence at the polls, and of what is well known as "bull-dozing," or actual intimidation and terrorism; but the authenticated instances do not warrant a sweeping generalisation. Probably the old issues involved in race struggles for superiority will have to work themselves out. One thing is certain—a century of oppression and neglect is not to be neutralised or atoned for within a generation. It is impossible to judge from exceptional cases, like Frederick Douglass, Bishop Crowther, Samuel Ringold Ward, and a few prominent and promising coloured legislators, professional men, and merchants in the South. In remote regions, away from railroads and schoolhouses and churches, the mental and social condition of the negroes is very low. In many of their dwellings the observance of common decency is impossible, and the direct and certain tendency is to filth, disease, intemperance, and crime. Lapse from virtue is not regarded as a sin, and brutal convicts from the penitentiary are respected as much as those free from crime. They have few efficient teachers; and thus a seething mass of ignorance is to be found through large portions of the South. Herein lie the danger and the peril to the commonwealth, and earnest patriots are keenly alive to this.

The same census of 1880 gives the following figures as to Southern illiteracy. In the sixteen States (Virginia having been divided since the war) there were nearly four millions of white children and youth under the age of twenty-one, of whom only one-half were enrolled in schools. Of 1,800,000 coloured children and youth not one-half were so enrolled; while, in both cases, the average attendance was far below the enrolment. The vast majority of these pupils were in public schools, which, at best, as in Virginia, gave only five months of instruction within the year, and, in several States, only three months. Teachers were paid more poorly than servant and nursery girls in any large Northern town. One-third of the voters of the State of Kentucky could not read or write, and one-third of the children were in no school. General statements of this nature might be multiplied, but these will suffice; and, with certain slight modifications, they represent the existing condition of things. In other words, there is a deplorable amount of ignorance, which implies personal, social, industrial, and civic disabilities. They have to be taught the rudiments of useful knowledge, and shown how to acquire trades that will maintain them by honest industry. Not that this urgently needed work is being neglected. Colleges, training-institutions, normal, elementary, and industrial schools have been established within the last fifteen years, and are in successful working; partly as the result of private and denominational enterprise, but chiefly by means of State grants. During the last year sixteen millions of dollars were raised for this

purpose by taxation in the Southern States, seven-eighths of which were paid by the whites; and the amount will be exceeded during the present year. About a million dollars are also contributed annually through religious and educational societies in the North and West. But what is all this, in the face of such an imperious necessity and such a clamorous demand for mental instruction and training in handicrafts? It does not seem possible for denominational zeal or for the Southern Legislatures to overtake the work, which will probably have to be supplemented by votes in Congress.

Without professing to give an exhaustive list of the coloured universities and collegiate institutions, and not including the various normal and graded schools, the principal establishments for higher education are the following:—

Lincoln University, Oxford, Pa.  
Howard University, Washington, D. C.  
Biddle University, Charlotte, N. C.  
Fisk University, Nashville, Tenn.  
Clark University, do.  
Talladega, Ala.  
Tuskegee, Ala.  
Straight, New Orleans.  
Tillotson, Austin, Tex.  
Tongaloo, Miss.

The Congregationalists of America largely support some of the above and other institutions, and that religious body has been foremost in zeal and liberality since the need for this educational work became apparent, although many do not care to see it carried along on merely denominational lines. The Presbyterians, the Episcopalians, the Methodists, the Baptists, and others also are assisting to promote the common object in their own way.

Mr. George Peabody left in the hands of influential trustees a considerable fund to be used at their absolute discretion for educational purposes in the South. The greater part of the income—about £12,000—is used in the education of teachers for public schools. The trustees give to the various States scholarships in the Normal College at Nashville, Tenn., and aid in the conduct of teachers' institutes by practical experts, besides assisting public schools at radiating centres, to illustrate by their example the best methods of teaching, and to exert a healthful influence in favour of free schools for the whole people. The general policy is to help only those communities which help themselves.

The State of Virginia has maintained its ancient renown as "the Old Dominion" by taking and keeping the lead in the good work. Fourteen years ago a State system of education was inaugurated, and a superintendent of public instruction was appointed. Separate schools are carried on for white and coloured children, not only or chiefly for reasons of sentiment or of prejudice, but because it is found that they become more efficient. The education imparted is identical.

The Virginia Normal and Collegiate Institute for coloured persons, under the State Board of



Education, is located at Petersburg, where a suitable building has been erected at a cost of one hundred thousand dollars. The Board of Visitors, appointed by the Governor of the State, is composed of coloured men, with one exception. The faculty consists of coloured teachers, all thoroughly competent. This institution has before it a wide field of usefulness, and, properly conducted, will become a potent factor in the elevation of the race in Virginia. It is the first instance in which the absolute control of any such work has been committed to educated negroes, and although a period of less than five years has elapsed since the organisation was completed, the management shows that the men who have to shape the destinies of the college are keenly alive to its importance as bearing upon the educational future of their race.

The Miller Manual Labour School, of Albemarle, Va., founded by Samuel Miller, of Lynchburg, Va., is an industrial school wherein 150 boys are fed, clothed, cared for, and instructed in a substantial course, which includes English, Latin, German, French, Mathematics, Natural Philosophy, Chemistry, Book-keeping, and Free-hand Drawing. The boys devote from 7.30 a.m. until noon to study and recitations; from 1.30 to 6 p.m. to industrial training in the machine shops, on the farm, in the garden, or in the printing and telegraph rooms; and from 7.30 till 9.30 p.m. to study. Some of these boys are good printers; others are expert telegraph operators. Those in the workshops turn out good, honest furniture, and engines, and all the boys work well, study well, eat, play, and sleep well, and are becoming qualified to earn a sufficient livelihood by useful industry. It is affirmed of them that those who study hardest work the hardest, and that they take as deep an interest in the progress of their work as of their studies. The principal of this school, Mr. C. E. Fawter, in an address delivered in 1884 before the State School Convention of Virginia, held under the auspices of the Superintendent of Public Schools, made some original and racy remarks, which may be reproduced:

"We have fine medical schools and fine doctors. We are not suffering for doctors—we have them in abundance; we have doctors for every ailment, from the crown of our heads to the sole of our feet. We do not need merchants for the development of Virginia's prosperity, for we have them in abundance. There are enough people to-day who are striving to make a living out of the labour of others. In our poor old Virginia, crushed to earth with debt and poverty, we are not in need of men to stand and talk of our misery, and decry our poverty and run for office. Of that sort we have enough to supply the world from now to the day of judgment. We do not need men to watch the railroad trains go by, for long ago all the fences near our depôts have been broken down by lazy loungers. Had Virginia in her treasury to-day ten cents for every hour that each able-bodied man has spent in waiting for trains, and looking at trains when he had no business there, she would be able to pay in cash our entire public indebtedness.

"We are not in need of lazy talkers to hold empty goods boxes down around country stores. Virginia's 'sedentary habits' are killing her; she has more chairs in actual use than any other State in the Union. She is overflowing with men who can sit and talk well and intelligently, and tell others how to get rich, and attend to other people's business, and manage their farms to the great neglect of their own, and smoke, and chew, and drink, and tell of 'the good old

times,' and be entertaining, and hate Yankees, and condemn improvements, and dread work, and 'despise a fact.' He does not add to the wealth of Virginia who, by shrewd trading, transfers a dollar from my pocket to his own pocket, or who buys the farmer's well-earned corn at forty cents and sells it at fifty cents. Nor does he make the State any richer who receives your tobacco, and taking advantage of your pressing demand for money, gets it from you for half its worth. But we do need schools to give us educated, skilled labourers. We need producers of wealth, not transferrers of wealth. He who at the anvil of the smith makes one good horse-shoe nail makes the State richer; he who takes the lumber from our forests, and of it makes a suite of furniture, adds to Virginia's wealth; he who of Virginia's iron makes a steam-engine makes Virginia richer."

Perhaps the best known, and certainly the most successful work of the kind, has been that carried on for sixteen years under General S. C. Armstrong, at the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute in Virginia, near to Fortress Monroe and the historic James River. Five hundred graduates have been sent out, most of whom are doing a noble educational work in Virginia and the surrounding States. Nearly as many undergraduates have gone forth from Hampton, unable to complete the full course, owing to poverty and the lack of funds, yet able to impart elementary instruction, which is eagerly sought by their own people in the country districts. Land and buildings, worth half a million dollars, have been acquired and erected through generous donors for the purposes of the Institute, which now has under its care nearly 500 negroes and 130 Indians, nearly one-half of the number being girls, and the average age being eighteen years. The officers, teachers, and managers of the workshops number seventy, some of whom give their services out of love to the work. The annual receipts are about £17,000, and the money seems to be wisely and economically disbursed. The controlling principle of the Hampton Institute consists in helping the students to help themselves. They work hard, either on the farm of 500 acres, or at some one of the thirteen useful trades carried on in separate shops. Each student costs about £14 a year for tuition and training, which is met by scholarships out of benevolent contributions. The cost of board, clothing, and books is met chiefly by the labour of the students, and partly by special contributions from themselves or their friends. The Indians are sent by the Federal Government from the various Reservations, and an annual payment of £30 is made for each. Since 1870 upwards of 100 Indians have completed a three years' course, and have returned to their own people as teachers, mechanics, or farmers, and nearly all are doing well.

In the busy hive at Hampton no drones are allowed. The teaching and industrial staff, from General Armstrong downwards, set an example of energetic and persevering work. The enthusiasm of all engaged is apparent, even to a casual visitor. One maxim is that idleness means temptation and ruin for the students, who are, therefore, kept fully employed, but with needful changes to guard against monotony and weariness. Oral and personal examinations preponderate, and the utmost pains are taken by the teachers in the

mastery of the subjects taught. These include reading, writing, arithmetic up to algebra, geography, grammar, history, the elements of natural and moral science, physiology, bookkeeping, map and freehand drawing; the degree of study being regulated by the previous attainments of the pupils, and by the varying length of the course taken. When it is remembered that many of them come with no previous instruction, the marvel is that so much is accomplished during the time; and the marvel increases when it is considered that half the pupils work every day for one year, and only have the evenings for study, and that the other half work at least two days out of each week. This arrangement is a necessary part of the plan, that they shall earn or pay for their board, clothing, and books. In their last year they receive daily lessons in the theory and practice of teaching, and are aided in this by a district school of 360 negro children, whom they assist to instruct. Their own eagerness to learn, and their patient attempts to surmount difficulties arising from early ignorance and present poverty, are beyond all praise, and cannot be witnessed without admiration and sympathy. The demand for their services exceeds the supply, and this is the case with the Straight University at New Orleans, and with other large training institutions in the South. The 500 students under instruction in Straight cannot meet the demand for teachers, who are readily paid from seven to ten pounds a month. A coloured graduate of this university is now the superintendent of coloured schools at Memphis, at £240 a year.

Practical and experienced teachers say that, mentally, the negro makes surprising progress. The young negro children acquit themselves as well as the average of white children. If the negroes mature earlier, they are usually surpassed at eighteen or twenty years of age by the whites. Yet the better class are capable of advanced education. It is not a question of brain with them. They acquire knowledge easily, as a matter of memory, but the development of character is a different thing. To educate them wisely and properly, attention must be paid to the whole routine of daily life, so as to foster habits of self-reliance.

Complaints are frequently heard that negroes manifest a growing disinclination for handicrafts and all manual labour, and that many of them aspire to teaching as a profession, or to enter the ministry, or to become clerks and storekeepers. Nor is this surprising to any one who is acquainted with the peculiarities of the negro character and temperament, or who has seen the onerous conditions under which cotton, sugar, tobacco, and especially rice, have to be cultivated. Probably all this will adjust itself in time with improved wages, and as small allotments of land come to be acquired, free from their present uncertain tenure, owing to defective titles.

Meanwhile there has been a large exodus from the rural districts into the towns and cities. It is also noticeable that negroes are always ready to join in processions and parades, whether for festive or funereal purposes. Nothing delights the ordinary negro more than to dress himself in his

best, mount a tall silk hat, and march through the streets to the sound of a band with plenty of drum—the noisier the better. To have a large concourse at his funeral, with as many hack carriages as can be obtained, is the main object for which he joins one of the numerous burial societies. One of the largest and most popular of these, having ramifications throughout the South, is known as “The Blooming Lilies,” and there are many others with titles more or less grotesque. High-sounding names are much admired, and there is an “Association for the Amelioration of the Condition of the Coloured Population.” Flowery and grandiloquent oratory is in demand, and it is the height of ambition with many to become political speakers or to enter the ministry. Of the merit of most of their pulpit utterances the less that is said the better. Good men mourn over the absurdity, the ignorance, and the impropriety of so-called “sermons” by untrained but conceited coloured preachers, of whom there are far too many.\* When one reads of their numerous churches in the South, especially of the Baptist and Methodist denominations, and when it is said that some of these comprise a membership of two or three thousand, and even more, it by no means follows that the quality of intelligent piety is proportionate to the nominal roll of adherents. Of instruction, properly understood, they receive but little; but the emotional nature is highly wrought upon by fervid appeals and glowing imagery. This explains the spread of Methodism among them; and the negro love of display

\* There is a coloured Baptist preacher named Jasper in Richmond, who has attained a certain kind of notoriety by a sermon which he has delivered in numerous places, designed to prove from Scripture that “the sun do move.” Another, of the name of Myler, wrote, in July, 1885, to the “New York Tribune,” a letter, of which the following is a literal transcript:

“Mr Editor Dear Sir

“1 Please Substitute for the article or correct the few intentional-mistakes made by your reporter on Monday at the New England Baptist convention June 22d 1885 with the intention to destroy the Originality astronomical & Scientific facts in my Bible Sun moving Solar System—“De Sun Do Move.” this was the reporters wit—I made no Such Statement—I Said before that body, I had a right exclaim “Sun do move.” Or “Oh Sun do move.”

“2d the diabolical comparison of gods heavenly Embassadors to (Pool Balls) was a malicious-error I never played a game of pool in my life and never intend to. I am a minister of the gospel and dont tolerate any games, in which So called christians may engage.

“3d (there were no ribbons attached to the flag Staff I used as a pointer) —why would a reporter or editor add Such false Statements, if it was not So—Other then to entuse, the public with an Idea of the colored man infereority, why did he leave out, the Philosophic, astronomical and Scientific, facts Sat forth in the System. why didnt he the reporter, answer the Question. if he could—

“4th (I did not Shove any heavenly bodies around) around at all—I only passed the Staff of the flag around the meridian circle Showing how orbits intercepted each other in my System, and the way the heavenly bodies move, (what the reporter called Shoved the heavenly bodies around) was when I was Showing how the Sun (had & ) would pass up on the northern Zodiac line and down on the Southern, crossing the celestial Equator at the constellation Orion on the day before, my Lecture June 21—I asked the Profs present how could that be done without the Sun moving—the Same being the Tropical year of the most ancient astronomy,—which is the time of the departure of the (Sun) not the earth, from one of his Equinox to the other, how does the Sun get there if it dont move,

“5 Question was can there be a *centrepital* force to a body at rest, must there not be 3 force Opporating against each other, a *Roteray* motion and a *centrifugal* Force to this and Other Scientific and astronomical Question I got no reply, from the learned reporter nor, any of the professors present,

“6 (I did not Say Saturn had 3 moons) I Said he had 8, Jupler 4, Horchell 6, Neptune 1, I only referred to Siurus as to his greater distance when South of the celestial Equator—(I did not say he had any moons at all.) this was the reporters Ignorance and not the Speaker,

“7 (I did not get mad) Dogs and manaces get mad—I only emphasized that the Bible Proved in 42 places that the Sun does move and if the Sun dont move the Bible is as false as Ingal-allism or Tom Paynism) “Your S B Myler Red 19 Psalm 4. 5. and 6 verses there you will find the Orbit of the Sun

“Elizabeth N J”

largely accounts for the strides made by the Baptists in the South. Their ritual, which is usually observed in a running stream, brings together many thousands of spectators to witness the public immersion of the coloured neophytes.

It may be asked, "Are race and caste prejudices dying out in the South?" In reply, it must be admitted that, although these are diminishing, the process is slow, and is not likely to be completed for some time. The feeling expressed by the old and familiar phrase, "nigger," undoubtedly exists to a considerable extent. Of family and social intercourse between the races there is very little, and the coloured folk accept the situation, and prefer to have their own churches, schools, clubs, benefit societies, amusements, and political organisations. Occasionally, of course, a few dark faces may be seen in white assemblies, but these are exceptional. Justice compels the further statement that there is, generally speaking, a strong sentiment in the North as well as in the South against acknowledging the social equality of the negro. Warm-hearted Abolitionists of the old school, and philanthropists of broad and generous sympathies, would receive him into their houses as a visitor, making no distinction because of race; but he would not be likely to experience such courtesy, even in the North, beyond a narrow circle of noble men and women. Various Northern States, including, it is said, New York and Massachusetts, have un repealed Acts against mixed marriages, although they have fallen into desuetude. But in the South such Acts are by no means a dead letter, and they would still be enforced, the penalty being confinement in the State penitentiary, and this would be upheld by the prevalent public opinion. The smoking-car is still the place to which coloured travellers of both sexes are relegated, however respectable, well-dressed, or educated. As a rule they meekly take their places, but sometimes there is a protest and resistance to the imperative edict of the train conductor to leave the ordinary carriage. Several actions have been brought against railway companies, and damages obtained for forcible removal, which is a direct violation of the Fourteenth Amendment of the United States Constitution; but the difficulty is to induce a white lawyer to take up the case, and then to obtain a verdict in the face of the influence and bribery which some American railroad corporations do not scruple to employ in all matters that come before the Legislatures and the courts of law. Humane conductors sometimes fail to observe, but they are obliged to act if some foul-mouthed white bully chooses to object to the presence of "that cussed nigger."

At the South Carolina Diocesan Convention of the Episcopal Church, held in Charleston in May, 1884, the right of the coloured clergy to seats in the Convention, though affirmed by a majority of the clerical members, was vigorously opposed by the lay delegates, who maintained that Episcopalianism was "the white man's church." The Rev. A. Toomer Porter, D.D., has been for years a member of the standing committee of that diocese, but his re-election was contested by the laity for the avowed reason that he was the advo-

cate of his coloured brethren. He addressed an open letter to the laity of the diocese, reminding them that there are within its bounds 600,000 coloured people with souls to be saved; that the two coloured clergymen objected to were thoroughly educated; that the religious wants of the negro are best known to and can be most efficiently supplied by ministers of their own race; that as the negroes rise in intelligence, virtue, and wealth, they will establish their own social relations, and will repudiate the white man's association as absolutely as the white man now does them; that the practical effect of the opposition of the laity to grant the coloured clergy their rights will destroy all chance of extending the influence of the Church among these people, and will convert them into secret enemies or open antagonists.

It is apprehended that future difficulties may arise, not so much between the whites and the negroes, as out of antagonism between the latter and mulattoes. A visitor to the South cannot fail to be struck by the varying shades of colour in the race, from the jet-black skin, the thick lips, and the woolly hair of the genuine "darkey," to the fair blonde, with blue eyes and straight auburn hair, ranging through the quadroons and octo-rooms, the sad results of the domestic life of former days, when the planter's blood was often transmitted through his female slaves. To the inexperienced eye there is no outward diversity, and, doubtless, such "white negroes" would pass without suspicion in a new district and away from their old associates and surroundings. But their own knowledge of their negro origin usually keeps them among their own people, although there are instances of individuals who have migrated to new regions, and who there take their places without suspicion among the whites. But between these mulattoes of varying shades and the full-blooded negro there is no spirit of cordiality, and the opinion is held by persons competent to judge that trouble is likely to arise in this way; just as in the Northern and Eastern States there is an antagonism of race between the negro and the Irish, chiefly on the part of the latter, who will rarely work in the same place with coloured people. The Southern States have problems peculiar to themselves, which have to be worked out with patience and skill.

The aborigines of America and of the isles of the Pacific are disappearing before the white man. The black race, all the world over, associate with the whites. In the Southern States they are a permanent and increasing factor, destined to exert a great influence on the national life. The two races must stand or fall together, apart from the question of miscegeneration, which may be dismissed as an idle fancy. The hope of the future lies in education; not in mere book knowledge, but in the inculcation of good habits and in the growth of character, so as to prepare them to take care of themselves and to bring up their children properly. Many of them have rapidly improved during the last twenty years, much more so than some of the "mean whites" of the South; and what they will become a century hence no one can foretell.



## THE CHRYSANTHEMUM.



THE numerous species of the genus *chrysanthemum* (*chry-sos*, gold, *anthos*, a flower) are found growing as indigenous plants in widely distant regions, from the extreme north-east of Asia, westwards and southwards through China and Japan, whence we received most of our cultivated species, to Spain and England. Our own representatives of the family are *Chrysanthemum leucanthemum*, or Ox-eye Daisy, and *C. segetum*, the corn marigold. France, Spain, Austria, and Hungary all have their distinct and characteristic indigenous chrysanthemums growing in temperatures not very widely different from our own. Northern Africa and Asiatic Turkey increase the list of species, while Kamtschatka has one bearing the appropriate name of *C. arcticum*, and the barren steppes of Siberia is the habitat of *C. absinthifolium*. Other countries, indeed almost every state of Europe, as well as at least one transatlantic country, Mexico, help to swell the number of species of this wide-spread plant.

In this country the chrysanthemums of China have been known about 200 years, and cultivated, in the case of one of them, since 1795. But the ingenious florist of the farthest East cultivated them many centuries previously, and with such ardour that an English resident in China who felt no special interest in the plant, found that he could not with impunity prevent the native gardeners from indulging their proclivities, for they threatened to quit his service unless

he allowed them a free hand in the cultivation of the chrysanthemum. Chinese extravagance in flower culture is exhibited in a curious practice of training plants into fantastic forms, and our beautiful "Autumn Queen," as we now call this flower of November, is often fashioned into shapes resembling pagodas, horses, ships, stags, and many others such as good taste and an appreciation of true art would avoid. As proofs of ingenuity, however, these devices are remarkable, and they are aided by the Chinese invention of grafting of the cuttings of chrysanthemums into the stems of a stouter plant, the *Artemisia indica*.

In Japan, a favourite floral decoration at *fêtes* and festivals consists in artificial chrysanthemum ladies, made up of thousands of blossoms, and placed in alcoves and summer-houses, which are so situated that they invariably attract numerous admirers. Another Japanese device, and a curious form of hero-worship, is the building-up of effigies of their greatest mythological and historic characters by means of bushels of chrysanthemum flowers. The sun goddess is thus represented, more gorgeously attired than "Solomon in all his glory," or the Japanese Hercules, Benkei, in white, purple, and yellow. We might follow such examples here, and even improve upon them, but it would not be desirable perhaps to introduce other flowers than the primrose into the political controversies of our country, or the flower trade might be greatly encouraged in that way, and devotion to a favourite chief might be expressed by means of a well-built statue of flowers. Both the Eastern nations to whose talent for gardening we owe the chrysanthemum have employed their best artists and their brightest colours in representing its numerous forms and hues in their illustrated books, their fabrics of silk and other materials, and in their pottery.

A chrysanthemum with small yellow flowers grew in the Apothecaries' Botanic Garden at Chelsea in 1764, but the first of the large-flowered varieties was received at the Royal Gardens at Kew, and blossomed, as already stated, in 1795. This earliest Chinese chrysanthemum, known as the old red or purple, and bearing slight resemblance even to the poorest of our present exhibition flowers, was followed by many other importations, and in one year alone, 1823, seventeen new sorts of a flower that now boasts from two to three thousand named varieties were introduced. Mr. John Reeves, a tea-buyer residing at Canton, and acting as agent for the Horticultural Society, actively increased our stock by sending over a number of flowers of various colours, and, for the sake of noting the subsequent modification by florists, the engravings of these flowers may be examined and compared with the existing flowers of our shows in the "Botanical Magazine," the "Botanical Register," and "Sweet's British Flower Garden."

The first English seedlings of the chrysanthemum were raised, says Mr. Salter, an eminent nurseryman and author of a book on this golden flower, in 1835. A coloured plate of Prince of Wales, one of these seedlings, and an incurved variety, formed the frontispiece of Mr. Salter's

book. The first chrysanthemum exhibition was held in 1843 by the flower-loving people of Norwich, their example being soon followed by the society at Stoke Newington now called the National Chrysanthemum Society; and thus those interesting autumnal exhibitions which close the flower season in almost every important town in England were inaugurated, and the gap of winter, when flowers are rare except under glass, was sensibly bridged. A list of the most prominent of such societies would fill half this column, and it is probably an item of information familiar to our readers that the prizes at the shows are numerous, often reaching £15 for a first prize, while the flowers now produced by enthusiastic growers in this country would astonish those of China or Japan.

The French history of the chrysanthemum is not specially interesting, except in connection with Mr. Salter, who found the climate of France better than our own for raising seed, and who actually established a nursery at Versailles, where he raised seedlings from French and English sorts, and sent out his Annie Salter, Queen of the Yellows, and others. His collection in 1840 included 400 varieties, and Versailles became the headquarters of the new fancy. Mr. Salter, therefore, was not only a distributor, but a creator, as most of our great nurserymen have been, each in his department, very much to the advantage of the public; but the amateurs in floriculture must never be forgotten, labouring as they do for love.

The Channel Islands are a little nearer the sun than England, and the amateurs of Jersey and Guernsey, borrowing his beams for their palettes, were particularly successful in raising chrysanthemums of varied hues. In this delightful art a baker, who trained his plants to a wall behind his oven, was so fortunate that he raised more than 500 seedlings, and in selling them to "the trade" he reaped a golden harvest. Even a poor plant may be puffed into a brief popularity, and the eagerness of the several owners of the best varieties to extend them and to let them be enjoyed far and wide, has always been so great that the old saying, "Good wine needs no bush," can hardly apply to the chrysanthemum and other flowers, which have all been continually "bushed" and paraded before the public, and their culture thereby extended.

A new era in the history of this plant opened about 1847 in the introduction of the pompon, a section derived from the *C. Indicum* of Linnæus. At the close of the war with China, in 1842, when Hong-Kong and the Isle of Chusan were retained by us, Mr. Robert Fortune was sent out to China by the London Horticultural Society, to collect rare plants, and one of the curiosities he fell in with was the Chusan Daisy, belonging to what Mr. Salter had named the Liliputians of the chrysanthemum family. This and another small flower from the same source were the parents of the tribe known, from their resemblance to a rosette, as pompons.

The annual exhibition at the Temple, under the care of Mr. Newton and Mr. Wright, successors to that very eminent grower and gardener at the Temple, Mr. Broome, is perhaps that which

is best known; and in the annual exhibition of the Temple Gardens the results of imports and improvements in the development of the flower may be conveniently studied by the greater number of persons. But before closing this history we must quote the famous collector, Fortune, on his discovery in 1860, at the town of Ak-sax-saw in Japan, of some new sorts which his instinct in such matters taught him would occasion a flutter of surprise and pleasure on their arrival in England.

Mr. Fortune described the town of Ak-sax-saw as the most famous place near Yeddo for the variety and beauty of its chrysanthemums, some of which were, in form and colouring, quite distinct from any then known in Europe. "If I can succeed," he said, "in introducing these varieties into Europe, they may create as great a change among chrysanthemums as my Chusan Daisy did when she became the parent of the present race of pompons." A special imperial garden party is given in the palace grounds every year in honour of this national flower of Japan; and at this leading show of the world, as we may fairly call it, some of the plants display not less than from 375 to 430 fully developed blossoms growing on a single specimen at a time. On their introduction Mr. Salter took them up; but the greatest improvers of this section have been the French florists, who from the first were charmed with their weird, fantastic forms and brilliant colours, while the incurved section has been strangely disregarded by them. In his short History of the Chrysanthemum, in the "Journal of Horticulture," Mr. C. Harman Payne expresses the feelings of a true florist when he says, "We can only give vent to a deep-drawn sigh of regret when we think what they might do if they could only be persuaded to deal with the incurved section in the same marvellous way that they have handled the Japanese."

During several years Mr. Salter held an annual exhibition of his favourite flower at his nursery at Hammersmith, where thousands of admirers flocked in November, till in 1869 a railway invaded him, when he retired from business, and soon died; when Mr. Forsyth, a skilful cultivator, but not a great raiser like Salter, followed him as an exhibitor, and delighted almost as many admirers at his nursery at Stoke Newington. This enthusiast, too, retired, and it was thought that the flower of his affections, dear as it was to his heart and pocket, had fallen under a cloud, like the tulip, which was at one time the subject of such extravagant patronage that we remember it in a private garden near Cambridge protected by steel traps, alarums, and guns, the collection having cost thousands of pounds.

We are glad to know that Mr. Forsyth still lives, and grows chrysanthemums at Otago, New Zealand, with his old enthusiasm, and that the flower here at home is as popular as ever.

In America—to complete our history—the chrysanthemum for two or three years past has been "the rage." If we attempted to name the leading firms which are distinguished as its growers and raisers in this country, we should have to men-

tion more than a dozen, most of whom would be recognised for their general proficiency as nurserymen.

The existing races of the chrysanthemum have been carefully tabulated in the most recent work on this plant, "The Chrysanthemum: its History, Culture, Classification, and Nomenclature," 1884, by F. W. Burbidge. The various sections can readily be distinguished in any large collection or exhibition when they are strongly marked, but as Mr. Burbidge describes minutely not less than ten sections, while many sub-races have been added to these by cross-breeding, we must be content with noticing shortly a few only of those which are most characteristic. 1. *Incurved, or Ranunculus-flowered*, with strap-shaped florets curving inwards, so that in the most perfect flowers the backs of the florets only are seen. 2. *Recurved, or reflex-flowered*, the florets curving outwards from the centre, so that their inner surface only is exposed. It follows from the exposure of the inner face of the florets in all reflexed flowers that the varieties of this group are remarkable for their deep and vivid colouring. 3. *Anemone, or Quilled Aster-flowered*, having an outer circle of strap-shaped florets, the disc or centre of the flower being raised cushionlike, and made up of closely-arranged tubular florets. 4. *Pompon, small-reflexed*, the plant having a bushy habit of growth, and producing numerous button-like flowers, the florets of the sub-varieties being fringed, fimbriated, or toothed. 5. *Quilled, or pin-feathered Japanese*, having large flowers six or nine inches in diameter, the florets being tubular or quill-like for four-fifths of their length, with toothed or dental tips. 6. *Tassel-flowered Japanese*, the plants being tall, as in the last-named, the blooms large and loose, and the florets long, narrow, and strap-shaped.

In addition to these sections, there are the Japanese kinds introduced by Mr. Fortune, and causing a great sensation in 1862, large both in plant and bloom, remarkable in appearance, and late in blossoming. These are admirable as greenhouse plants at Christmas, but too tall and straggling for specimen plants, and they require good cultivation. The flower-buds should be reduced to one on each shoot, and the flowers must be grown large by liberal culture, since a poor flower of this type possesses little beauty. They will continue in bloom a long time if kept free from damp. Among other novelties, there are now single-flowered pompons, and single-flowered forms of the large chrysanthemums; and in 1882 a pretty single daisy-like flower, with slender, bronzy ray florets, was raised in the College Gardens, Dublin. Notwithstanding the Continental rage for globular flowers of the pompon section, the wide circle in England which care little for the fancies of the florists have shown a preference for the more graceful types, such as the feathery-petalled Japanese.

As to the methods by which the numerous varieties of this plant have been produced, modifications of colour and shape and various peculiarities of the flower, as well as of the general habit of the plant, have been occasioned by cross-



breeding, as well as by the selection of spores. In its native country the chrysanthemum sheds its seed naturally, and new seedling varieties are produced, as in other self-sown plants, by various agencies. Here the operation of cross-breeding takes place under artificial conditions only, and is dependent on the skilful use of the camel's-hair pencil. Special management is needed for the production of seed. The plants must be placed in a dry sunny greenhouse, and plenty of air must be given and but little water. The faded blossoms must be removed in winter, and in March flowers will open from buds that were dormant at the time of blossoming, and these will yield seed; or cuttings should be struck in June to flower in December, and the spring flowers produced from the dormant buds will bring seed in plenty. These are the flowers that should be operated upon, and an amateur could not enter upon a more interesting pursuit than that of raising new varieties by means of cross-breeding. It is true Mr. Salter used to say that he destroyed 2,000 seedlings for every one which he named and introduced to his purchasers. "I breed many and drown many," said the owner of a famous stud of greyhounds. But the amateur need not be discouraged, since every seed he sows affords the chance of something new and sumptuous, which shall make his name famous.

The Rev. G. Henslow has explained that transformations of the corolla are caused by the action of the two principles of hypertrophy and atrophy. While the corolla enlarges from a five-toothed disc-floret into a broad, flat-petalled ray-floret, two petals are necessarily dwarfed, and they finally disappear. During this process a corresponding atrophy affects the reproductive organs, the formation of stamens is arrested, the pistil changes its form, the style-arms becoming much reduced in size. It seems desirable to complete Mr. Henslow's description, since it indicates the character of the changes to which florists' flowers are subject when placed under the influence of cross-breeding and of highly artificial conditions. It is by means of such changes that the monstrosities so much admired in the blossoms of florists' flowers generally have been induced.

We are told that the elongation of the tube of the corolla, without any or much splitting, occasions the quilted and tasselled forms of some chrysanthemums. The ligulate petal may be broad, which gives rise to the incurved and recurved ball-like forms; or it may be narrow and elongated—leading up to the Japanese linear-petalled forms of this flower—or expanded at the mouth with a multiplication of the teeth, which gives rise to the trumpet-like form, or Dragon Chrysanthemum. The anemone form is the last to be mentioned, and this is occasioned when the disc-florets enlarge but still remain tubular, while the ray retains its distinctive character.

It will now be understood that the show chrysanthemum is a highly artificial plant, and it is rendered more so, previous to its exhibition, by the operation of "dressing" the blossoms. When the florets of the ball of blossom are squeezed too close together during growth they become

occasionally crossed, and must be laid straight. Sometimes they reflex instead of incurve, when they must be turned back and induced to assume their proper character. Some varieties are prone to produce "eyes," that is, the centre of the flower yields seed, and an ugly patch is formed, which the dresser covers by an artful disposal of the adjacent florets. The dressing should be carefully effected during the growth of the flower, so that the imperfections which the dresser is expected to prevent or conceal may be dealt with gradually. In other cases when the blooms have been neglected the flower-surgeon endeavours to "improve" them by desperate operations, such as the mending of gaps and defects by inserting parts of other flowers of the same variety and closing the gaps with gum. But such specimens would be disqualified on the discovery of the deceit. So many delicate manipulations are resorted to with knife, tweezers, and forceps for the amendment of the blossoms during the whole period of their growth till they are staged in the tent and ready for the inspection of the judges, that it is quite impossible to refer at length to the details. It must suffice to add that the most eminent exhibitors resort to the practice, and that even the best-grown flowers are passed through the dresser's hands for the arrangement of their florets.

Before concluding this brief account of a beautiful and useful flower which specially gladdens a cheerless season, it should be stated that a further extension of the period of blossoming might readily be effected. Chrysanthemums might bloom in sunny corners of cottage gardens till the end of February without much expense to the grower, but merely by the selection of the late blossoming Japanese types. It is a sign of the times that horticultural writers should have called upon the gardening mechanics of Lancashire and Nottingham, and the flower-loving artisans of Norwich and Coventry, to take up the chrysanthemum and improve it, as they have done many another flower and fruit, including the "big gooseberry" itself.

It seems unlikely that the beauty of the chrysanthemum can be increased from an artistic point of view, but florists may still enjoy the satisfaction of augmenting its size, altering and intensifying its colours, and improving its form according to their standards. One or two colours are still unknown. We have self-coloured flowers—of white, yellow, orange, rose, and crimson; but violet and scarlet chrysanthemums are at present unknown in our gardens; and a blue chrysanthemum, like a blue rose, has not yet been produced in our climate, though the Japanese have grown both blues and violets for centuries.

The chrysanthemum is of easy culture. It is grown in pots in the open air in summer, and these are removed before October into a porch or bay window for blossoming, or into such a home-made greenhouse as may be constructed at very small cost, with a few lights for the roof, supported on posts, costing perhaps a few shillings, and pieces of canvas or mats of bast for the front and sides. Cuttings of the old plants are taken

in January, and placed close under the glass roof till they are rooted, when they are potted, and afterwards repotted and shifted into six-inch pots. As soon as the weather permits these are placed outside, and the plants are each furnished with a light stick for their support. In large establishments, where chrysanthemums are required in great number for the decoration of large conservatories and flower-houses, as at Moor Park or Hindlip Hall, we have noticed numerous pots of chrysanthemums in the reserve ground, among other hardy things that require little care while awaiting their turn for coming to the front among the observed specimens in the greenhouse. Early in October the flower-buds will form, and then, and not till then, manure must be liberally applied. The concentrated, made-up manures, which are now prepared by many vendors, are the easiest to apply, and with these the plants should be fed once a week to the extent of a dessert-spoonful stirred into the top-soil of each plant.

Disbudding will be required so as to restrict the number of blossoms to one on each shoot, and in the course of the necessary handling of the plants if green-fly is detected it can be readily removed with a small brush dipped in water. The pots are housed in October, and the next operation after blossoming consists in cutting back the main stem, when young shoots will be produced about the end of January, and these furnish the cuttings for the plants of the following season.

The culture of chrysanthemums in the open air, rendering many a cottage-front and little garden gay with blossoms even in winter, has received a

fresh impetus by the introduction of the early-blooming races. The summer "bloomers" commence in August, and continue till the occurrence of sharp frost. They are grown from strongly-rooted cuttings planted out in March and April. The chrysanthemum is quite unmatched in the production of handsome flowers under difficulties, while even the most tender kinds and specimen flowers are easily protected. By means of the early and late sorts, treated with a little contrivance, the blossoming season has been greatly extended, lasting now from July till the end of March. Growers may yet so use this accommodating plant as to engirdle the year with its blossoms.

The cultivation of chrysanthemums for market is a distinct branch of an art which many amateurs have found profitable as well as amusing. For this purpose they are grown in small pots for the supply of cut flowers in winter, and as they are kept in the open air at slight expense during the principal period of their growth, while the flowers are produced at the scarcest season, few plants are more profitable. Several of the large growers at those huge manufactories of flowers for the market which might be named, grow chrysanthemums by tens of thousands, marketing the blossoms during five months in the year, the predominant colours being white, yellow, and crimson. It is interesting to note that amongst all the colours virgin white is the most popular, and for this reason, though the limits of space will not allow us to mention names generally, we must do homage to Ethel and Blanche Neige as the best pure white chrysanthemums. H. E.

## LITTLE DIME.

"The best of men are moulded out of faults."

ONE of the dreams of my youth had come true—I was afloat upon the Mississippi, "the Father of Waters," as I was informed at least half a dozen times within the first day of my voyage. But what a misnomer! Rolling on amid virgin forests and young cities just emerging from primeval mud, I silently wondered what such venerable streams as the Euphrates and Scamander would say to this assumption of paternity.

We were going to Texas. At that date it was a little suspicious to be going to Texas, but we were happily ignorant of the reputation of our future home, and our fellow-travellers were either too polite or too discerning to ask us the question which not unfrequently met us in Central Texas, "Well, stranger, *what for* did you come here?"

The study of mankind is after all far more fascinating than that of nature. Of the Mississippi physically I brought away only a dream of interminable woods clothed in solemn grey moss, scrambling cities perched on red or yellow bluffs, and acres of flat, dreary land, baking in a blazing sun. But if Nature was monotonous and unin-

teresting there was abundance of material around for delightful and wondering speculation.

I soon settled on a little boy about eleven years of age, remarkably black, bright, and bad. His master was going to Texas too. I thought at first that he was a cattle-dealer, for his conversation was mainly about "stock," but I discovered afterwards that he was a preacher, and a very excellent one. The boy appeared to be a pet, and followed him upstairs and downstairs with a fidelity more canine than human.

I noticed him immediately on going upon the steamer. I could scarcely help it. He was lying on his back on the floor of the ladies' cabin, with his feet at a comfortable altitude over a stool; his eyes were shut, his mouth open, his whole appearance indicative of a happy conviction that the world was specially made for him.

"Dime!" shouted his master, and there was an intonation in his voice which stood for the suppressed, "You rascal!"

"Dat's my name when I'se not busy," answered the child.

"What are you busy about?"

"Sleeping, sah."

The delightful impudence of the answer charmed me, and, when his master had gone laughing away, I said, in rather a lower key,

"Dime."

"Yes, ma'am," lazily opening his eyes, but not moving an inch.

"Are you too busy to eat these?" and I took from my reticule a handful of sugared almonds.

"No, ma'am," he answered, promptly. "Just you put 'em in my hand, ma'am." And I did so.

That is precisely how Dime and I were introduced to each other, and from that day to this our friendship has been an unbroken one. And upon the whole I am sure that I have seldom invested any capital which has paid me such good interest as that handful of sweetmeats.

We parted at New Orleans, with the understanding that he was to come every day to the St. Louis Hotel and play with the children a few hours, while I rambled about the city. But Dime did not keep his promise; and, as he had "borrowed" two dollars from me on the strength of it, I was able to add my testimony to the truth of the old adage, that "there are two bad paymasters, those who never pay, and those who pay beforehand." Yet I believed in Dime for two or three days, and passed them in expectation of his arrival; nevertheless a week elapsed, and the little black merry face was still a stranger.

When we went on board the Gulf steamer for Galveston I gave him up, but we had scarcely reached the deck when I recognised his master. After the first civilities were over I asked for Dime.

"The little scamp is somewhere about," he said; "he has nearly run me crazy this past week."

"What has he been doing?"

"What has he not been doing? He has been lost and found a dozen times. He has been fighting, and got well whipped. He has been trying to smoke, and made himself ill. He has been in the calaboose for stealing fruit once. Three times he tumbled from the levee into the river. Yesterday he was nearly suffocated in a barrel of molasses."

As we conversed we had approached the cabin steps, and coming up them, in quick, querulous, aggressive tones, I heard Dime's indignant assertion, "I never thieved anything in my life."

The disputer was the steward's boy, the thing in dispute a pineapple. As soon as Dime saw me he placed himself at once under my protection, perfectly oblivious of his week's absence and his broken promise. "Dat nigger!" he cried, "dat nigger! called me a thief!"

"Nigger," retorted the other, who was very nearly white; "nigger, indeed! you's de nigger, youse self."

"Glad ob it," answered Dime, from among my skirts, where he felt it safe to be impudent. "Glad ob it! glad I am a nigger. Why, I wouldn't be like you is—half and half, neither white nor black—no, not for nuthing!"

"I'se pull your wool out for you."

"Ha! ha! ha! I's got wool! Yours is neither hair nor wool. I'd hav' one or t'other, ef I was you!"

Dime's words were provoking enough, but his look was infinitely more so. It was a challenge to fight which no one could resist, and the steward's boy pathetically asked me to "go upstairs, and let him have fair play." But Dime had measured his antagonist, and preferred flinging back, when half-way up, a Parthian shot at his enemy, in an aggravating recommendation to "tend to his business, fur dem knives and forks were all to clean yet."

When we were quiet in the ladies' cabin I asked him why he had not kept his promise to me.

"Couldn't, nohow I could fix it, ma'am. I'se so busy all de time."

"What were you doing, Dime?"

"Toting round after ole massa. He most run me off my feet. Neber no rest fur him."

"What did you do with the two dollars I gave you?"

"Lost ebery picayune, ma'am."

"How?"

"Playing 'seven up' wid some mean white boys."

Then I tried to explain to him the sin of gambling, but Dime could see no sin except the one of *losing*. That, he was willing to acknowledge, was wrong; but, he added, triumphantly, "Ole massa don't care—much." His moral estimation of lying was just of the same order. The lie going from him never troubled him; it was only when it came back against him that he conceived his honour to be in any degree injured.

By some miracle of a protecting Providence we arrived safely at the capital of Texas, in spite of new roads and Mexican drivers; and when I ordered my new household Dime was permitted to make part of it. I hardly knew what to do with him, and yet I did not like to give him up. No one could have called him a good servant, and yet he was not a bad one. "Something between a hindrance and a help," I suppose. I set myself two duties with regard to him—first, to try and cure him of lying and stealing; second, to teach him to read and write.

The latter was easier to do than the first. After he had got over the disappointment incident to discovering that he could not begin to read newspapers at once; and had realised that "dem little crooked things"—as he called the alphabet—had to be mastered, he very quickly learned to recognise and name them like old acquaintances. In a couple of years his ambition was satisfied. He could read the newspapers, after a fashion, and his writing was so good that he drove quite a profitable boyish trade as letter-writer for people of his own colour.

When the war broke out he was seized with the fever for glory and for regimentals. Nothing but going with young massa to the field would satisfy him. He threw himself into heroics about "his country," and, half laughing and half crying, he came at last to bid me "good-bye" in his new uniform. He had been indulged with braid and buttons at his own pleasure; and certainly, if army decorations are emblematical, Dime's military status was past finding out.

Then he went away, and I only heard at long



intervals of his whereabouts. In his last letter from the seat of war he asked me to send him, among other necessities, *a box of blacking!* After that I felt quite easy about Dime, and his master and I had a merry laugh over his requests, which we gratified, even to polished boots. Soon after came the news of the taking of Fort Arkansas, and I supposed Dime to be a prisoner, if not killed.

Many long months of empty flour barrels and distressed wardrobes followed; a time in which the kindest hearts were compelled to narrow their sympathies within their own gates; and I did not think much about Dime, unless the children wondered about him, or I happened to see some of his master's family. Judge then of my surprise to find him sitting in my rocking chair one day in the spring of 1864. I did not ask him any embarrassing questions, but I noticed that he had changed his colours. Somebody had "left" him blue broad-cloth, gold braid, and a splendid scarlet sash. Otherwise he was scarcely changed, and he assumed at once all his old airs of authority about the house and children.

Regarding his adventures he preserved a wonderful reticence. He had been from one army to another, as far as I could judge, and had finally come up the Red River with General Banks' expedition. Then finding himself in his own State, the temptation to come home had been irresistible.

I have said he was scarcely changed by his experience, but this statement I must qualify. He had become a man of authority among his own people. He was now often silent and thoughtful, and he saved all his money. Still, his affection for the children and myself was not impaired, and he proved this during the trying times of the emancipation. His presence in my home was then a real protection, and he never left it for any length of

time. He procured me help which otherwise I never could have got; and, when this was impossible, he did the work himself. Finally Dime went into business on his own account, and when we left the interior for the coast was making more money than many a white man with ten times his capital.

In my new home and new life Dime had no part, and I never expected to see him any more; but a true friend is born for adversity, and when the cruel yellow fever smote me right and left, robbed me of husband and children, and left me hopeless and helpless among strangers, Dime hastened to my help and comfort. And I found both in his presence. He could talk to me all day long of those dear ones whom we both loved; and I was too selfish in my grief to think of Dime's prospects at all. Such as they were he cheerfully resigned them, and faithfully he served me until I left for ever the bright, sunny land in which I had enjoyed and suffered so much.

Still I hear frequently from him. He is making money rapidly; his writing is much improved, though his spelling still preserves a most amusing originality. For instance, in writing to inform me of his marriage he invariably wrote for "my wife" "my yf."

Politics, however, in Dime's locality grandly overlook such little peculiarities of orthography, and I was not at all amazed to hear recently that Dime intends to become a candidate for the legislature. As a reformatory measure I may have some doubts as to this move; but still if it pleases him I feel sure it can do no harm to any one else.

"The best of men are moulded out of faults," and at least one of the great apostolic commands has been fully obeyed by Dime, "Rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep."

AMELIA E. BARR.

### Fairy Givings.

Two of the bonny children  
Were playing by me to-day,  
In the shadow of the hedgerow  
Where restingly I lay.

They played at being fairies,  
The givers of all things good;  
With wands they had bid me charm them  
From out of the willow wood.

They made my hammock netting  
With gold and diamonds shine;  
They clothed in gorgeous clothing  
This very body of mine.

They brought me gifts of beauty  
For all my needing meet;  
A golden pencil to write with,  
And fruits so large and sweet.

They brought me "the root of all fruits,"  
That grows to a wondrous tree;  
It never dies in winter,  
But is always fair to see.

And, best of all, the children  
Set it my head above,  
And I lay beneath it gladly,  
The blessed "plant of love."

Its leaves are shadow and comfort,  
Its fruit is healing and food;  
Oh, children, dearest children,  
You have given me the best of good.

Thanks for my gold and diamonds,  
And thanks for my gown so brave;  
But the sweetest of all your givings  
Is the plant of Love you gave.

E. H. HICKEY,  
Brightmere Farm.

## A DAY AT OUR SAVINGS BANK.

THE Post Office Savings Bank has kept its silver wedding, and the thrifless Briton has fifty millions to his credit on the best security in the world. On the 16th of September, 1861, the first entries were made in Mr. George Chetwynd's ingenious series of books; and for the first time the Government became, in fact as well as in name, the bankers of the poor. The business began in two small rooms. It soon outgrew them. The first big move was to St. Paul's Churchyard, thence, by flying bridges, to extend into Carter Lane. Then, on August Bank Holiday, 1880, the Savings Bank went to the biggest building in Queen Victoria Street; and paterfamilias, with dismal recollections of his experience of "families removed," read with amazement of how, in one day, without hitch or confusion, millions of warrants and forms, thousands of ledgers and summaries, and hundreds of articles of furniture, flitted quietly to their new home, and so settled down that all things were as usual in the morning. Six years have gone; and now "the businesslike building, five floors high, 148 feet in frontage, and 100 feet in depth," has filled and overflowed once more.

For many years ours was the only Post Office Savings Bank, but its unchecked success at last attracted the notice of other nations; and now, formed on its model, we hear of banks in France, Italy, Austria, Hungary, Denmark, Sweden, Holland and Belgium, and even Japan; and of such general importance has the subject become that people are talking of an International Conference, with a view to forming a Postal Savings Bank Union, and devising a scheme of international transactions.

### THE GROWTH OF THE IDEA.

The steps by which the present system was reached need but brief notice. The practice of "putting by for a rainy day" is, frankly, prehistoric, and the claims for priority advanced by national jealousy as to the honour of starting "the first bank for small deposits" we can leave to the curious in the meaning of terms. Eighty years ago Mr. Whitbread proposed in the House of Commons that the Money Order Office should collect small savings for a central bank in London. The proposition was withdrawn; it did not get so far even as Dowdeswell's idea in 1773, which provided for guaranteed pensions bought by small instalments, or Ackland's Bill in 1789, to much the same effect, both of which met their fate from the Lords. In the great awakening at the beginning of this century thrift was not lost sight of. Jeremy Bentham and his "Frugality Banks," Population Malthus and his "County Banks," Smith of Wendover and his "Sunday Bank," and Mrs. Wakefield with her "Charitable Bank"—the two latter being in actual work—had aroused attention, and saving schemes were plen-

tiful. And at last, in 1810, there started at Ruthwell, near Dumfries, what is generally admitted to be the first self-supporting savings bank. Wages at Ruthwell were only eight shillings a week—not a promising fact to begin with—but, thanks to the influence of the originator, success was obtained, and the report of that success spreading widely produced savings banks all over Britain. Dumfries boasts but one statue, and that is to Henry Duncan, the friend of Brewster, Chalmers, and Carlyle, whose memory she still cherishes as the founder of her local press and "The Founder of Savings Banks."

Seventy years ago George Rose brought in his first Bill by which official notice was taken of these banks, and fifty-eight years ago there passed the first Act by which the trustees of such banks could invest their funds with the National Debt Commissioners. In 1844 there was another Act dealing with these banks, and reducing the interest on their funded deposits to three and a half per cent. The interest then dropped to three and a quarter, and then, in 1880, to the three per cent. that is now paid them. For though the Trustee Savings Banks are gradually disappearing, some 400 of them still exist—the difference between the security they offer and that offered by the Post Office banks being that in their case the Government is responsible to the trustee for only the amount he chooses to invest, while with the Post Office there is no missing-link, the Government being directly responsible to every individual depositor.

Owing to numerous frauds and irregularities some thirty years ago, the Whitbread notion of combining savings-bank with post-office business took a new lease of life. In 1852 the Vicar of Berwick-on-Tweed had moved in the matter, and in 1856 John Bullar came forward with efficient aid. The tide was rising; and when at the Social Science Congress of 1859 Mr. Sikes of Huddersfield (now Sir Charles William Sikes), well known for his philanthropy and experience in savings-bank work, read his paper advocating the issue of interest notes by the Money Order Office, the feeling of the constituencies became too strong for the Government, and, on the basis of a letter addressed to him by Mr. Sikes, the Chancellor of the Exchequer turned over the scheme to the Post Office for serious consideration. Two years afterwards the result was revealed. The scheme of interest notes was pronounced to be unworkable; but in its stead there was given us the present system of Post Office Savings Banks, devised by Mr. Chetwynd, polished by Mr. Scudamore, fathered by Lord Stanley of Alderley, and introduced to an admiring public by Mr. Gladstone.

### THE PRESENT POSITION.

There are now over eight thousand post-offices in which savings-bank business is transacted, and

the accounts opened at each vary from one up to 99,000. In the books of the department there are more than three and a half millions of accounts open, with an average balance of £13 10s., and an average turnover, deposits and withdrawals together, of twenty-eight millions. Every year three-quarters of a million of new accounts are opened, and half a million closed, so that the rate of progress is very great. In the army of ledgers necessitated by this mass of work the entries are something enormous, there being, without counting the transfers and interest entries, nearly nine millions of postings a year. How this vast business is dealt with can only be clearly understood by a visit to headquarters and a tour through the various "duties" into which the system has developed.

#### THE SYSTEM OF BOOKKEEPING.

Let us first take the Bookkeeper's Branch, occupying rather more than two of the floors in Queen Victoria Street. Entering one of these large rooms we find row after row of desks, each breast high, with its slope crowned by a single row of tall, white-bound account books, each some two inches thick. When the first deposit is made, the depositor, as we trust all of our readers are aware, has to sign a declaration and is presented with a pass-book, officially known as his "deposit-book." The pass-book bears the name of the issuing office and the number of the book issued therefrom. That name and number form the key to the whole system of accounts. Every post-office has here its ledger accounts in their consecutive number, and these thousands of ledgers bear the names of the post-offices arranged in alphabetical order. In some cases the ledger serves for several offices; in others the accounts are too numerous for one book, and extend into several volumes. To bring the alphabet within reasonable compass it is divided into 144 divisions, 133 of which include England and Wales, five of which suffice for Scotland, while six are required for Ireland. The ledgers, then, bear on their backs the name of every savings-bank office in the kingdom from Abberley to Youghal. The first twelve divisions are handed over to the charge of the female clerks upstairs, and on these two floors the remaining 132 divisions are dealt with by the men.

#### HOW THE MONEY IS PAID IN.

Each folio of these ledgers is ruled for twelve accounts, giving each two columns for deposits and one for withdrawals; but half of each alternate page is of the ordinary ruling, and serves for such accounts as overflow. The leapfrog stage into which so many commercial ledgers soon sink is thus avoided. The account contains the same particulars as the pass-book, and is opened from the information given by the postmaster, who every day forwards his list of deposits received, together with the declarations of such new accounts as he may have opened. The declarations are kept in the pigeon-hole devoted to the particular office. The account sheets are bound.

For every deposit an acknowledgment is written, and this, after being examined with the ledger account, is sent to the depositor. This is the first check on the accuracy of the postmaster who received the money, and it is important that the depositor should write to the Controller in the event of its not arriving within four days from the date of the entry in his book. "Sir," wrote the catsmeatman, "if I don't hear soon I'll write to the Queen." And the catsmeatman was justified, though his note to the Controller was sufficient to procure him an explanation of the delay. As with the first so with the other deposits, an acknowledgment is sent, and in the event of no more being heard about it the entry is assumed to be correct. When money is paid in at an office other than that at which the account was opened, the labour of the cross entry is minimised by the postmaster having to keep two daily sheets, one for his own books and one for those of other offices, so that both returns finding their way here are dealt with direct.

#### HOW THE MONEY IS DRAWN OUT.

When money is withdrawn, the notice of withdrawal is first compared with the declaration form to see that the signature agrees, and after further examination the withdrawal warrant is compared with the account, and the entry made before it is sent away. This first checking is done by the ladies, and on this one day we find that out of ninety notices there are four in which the signature will not pass; and out of another batch of seventy-two there are four in which the amount is not stated, four with no signature, and one without a mark on it at all! The withdrawal being entered and the warrant dispatched in duplicate—one copy to the depositor, the other to the postmaster—a notice of its amount is sent to the Receiver and Accountant-General, who makes such arrangements that funds to meet it are at the office on which it is drawn; and should the warrant be for a large amount and remain unrepresented for an unreasonable time the sum is called in. From this rough sketch the general principle of the personal ledger accounts can be understood, and some notion of the speed at which they are worked can be gathered from the fact that each clerk employed on them is expected to enter eighty deposits in an hour.

Last night the postage book shows that there were sent away from this building 53,000 letters, and this takes no account of depositors' books. The business, of course, rises and falls, but this is a fair average of the outgoing correspondence. A sight it is to see the four dozen boys hard at work in the morning at the baize-covered tables in the basement, sorting out the heap of matter into the various "duties" and divisions, and folding and dispatching it at night. January is the busiest month, and the last days of December are the busiest in the year, for then the Christmas boxes come in just in time to get the interest which is computed on the completed months, and therefore lost during the broken periods. The heaviest withdrawals are just before the holi-



days, Eastertide, Whitsuntide, Lammastide—or should it now be Lubbocktide?—and Christmas.

#### THE DEPOSIT-BOOKS.

In the morning heap the most important articles are perhaps the depositors' books, which come in on the anniversary of each first deposit, for the purpose of being checked with the ledgers and having the interest entered. This is the main check of the system of account-keeping—the very backbone of the audit as it were—for then the account rendered to the Post Office by the postmaster is compared with that given by him to the depositor. In the few cases where there has been fraud, the fraud has been rendered possible by the neglect of this simple precaution of sending up the pass-book to headquarters. On the arrival of the books they are sorted out into divisions, and eventually find their way to the ledger-room for comparison. Four thousand have come to-day, but in these huge rooms the number is as nothing, and makes but little show. In the Book Section the books can be seen together in bundles of sixty, in many basketfuls, each man being answerable for examining and entering the interest in a couple of bundles a day. The checking proceeds apace. If all is right it is well; if there is a discrepancy of any sort the book is thrown aside and goes to a special duty—the "Error Section"—for the mistake to be worried out.

#### THE EXAMINER'S BRANCH.

This Error Section—away across Queen Victoria Street—could, if it would speak, reveal many a curious instance of human fallibility, and the differing values of the personal equation, of the strange averages of the shillings that rise to pounds, and the pounds that sink to shillings, and the necessity of an audit even to the most careful bookkeeper. The amount of fraud and mishap in these eight thousand banks and their millions of transactions is, however, almost too slight to be regarded, being but a halfpenny per cent. on the twenty-five years' run.

But we must close what we have to say about this bookkeeping. Every quarter there is taken out for each office a summary of its totals, showing the amount of its opening balances, its deposits and withdrawals in number and amount, its interest accrued, and its closing balances; the totals of each office then get into another summary, where similar particulars are given for the whole of the offices, and thus find their way into the grand total returned by the Postmaster-General as his work for the year.

Answering to the "Error Section" as dealing with the oversights of postmasters, there is another section dealing with the mistakes of depositors. And many a queer experience is therein brought to light. It was this branch that discovered the existence close together of two terraces of the same name, at the same number of each of which lived a person of the same name, the wrong man having, of course, received the

warrant. As warrants go wrong so do notices, and on the same floor such cases are inquired into. These two sections, with those already noticed devoted to books and errors and the "warrant writing," form the "Examiner's Branch." The warrant-writing section is not a particularly cheerful one. It consists of some eight dozen boys on the ground-floor seated in front of subdivided tables, producing per hour so many warrants and their carbon duplicates from the notices that come to them in envelopes of white and blue. On the same floor as the Warrant Inquiry Section there are kept the books of the transfers that take place from the Post Office Banks to the Trustee Banks. These transfers are not very numerous, as may be supposed. One of the great advantages of the post-office system is that the transactions of individual depositors are kept secret; it sometimes happens, however, that a premium is given by the heads of large firms to those holding amounts in some particular savings bank; and in order to secure that premium, rather than for the higher interest, the transfer takes place. The secrecy argument works both ways, and in the cases where nothing is to be gained the transfers are the other way, for as a rule the artisan does not like his employer to know how much he has saved against eventualities. Cases, even, are on record, like that of the Bilston miners, where all the deposits were entered under assumed names in order to throw the masters off the scent.

#### THE FEMALE CLERKS.

And now another double flight of stairs takes us aloft to the Female Clerks' Branch, occupying the whole of the top flat. Here the warrants are examined and the outstanding warrants called in. Here the allowances and adjustments are made, the daily balance arrived at, and the first twelve divisions of the ledgers kept. The ledgers are on the same plan as those below, but with one striking peculiarity. They are bound upside down! The books stand upright at the back of the desk, and they have thus only to be pulled forward down on to the desk to bring the accounts right side up. In this way there is a great saving of time, as the book opens ready at once, and in case of heavy ledgers there is an immense saving of exertion—and savings are appreciated in the savings bank.

In this branch the stock investments are calculated, and this brings us back to the bookkeeping, and to one of the most important of the recent developments of our savings-bank system. To prevent the Government competing with the licensed bankers, it has been thought fit hitherto to limit the amount of deposits, and, indirectly, the number of transactions. No person can deposit in the Post Office Savings Bank more than £30 in a year, or hold a larger balance than £150, though the £150 can be left at interest until it amounts to £200.

#### INVESTING IN THE FUNDS.

But six years ago there came into operation another means of investing small savings by

which this barrier can be passed. We are all of us familiar with the wonderful calculations in which the twopence paid for a glass of beer amounts, at compound interest, to a fortune, and we are most of us aware that, owing to the difficulty in dealing with small amounts, the fees and commissions on the transfers would, under ordinary circumstances, throttle the investment in its infancy. To save these expenses the Government in 1880 introduced a new system of stock-buying, by which it would be possible for investors through the Savings Bank to become the possessors of any amount of stock, from £10 to £300, providing that no more than £100 was bought in one year. The advantages of the scheme are being slowly appreciated. During the first complete year there were 13,700 investments, representing £690,000, and during the year that has just closed there were 17,000 investments, representing £847,000. The way in which the stock account is worked is worth a few words of explanation. The investor fills up a form stating the amount of stock he requires, or the amount he desires to invest in stock, which must not be less than £10. If he is already a depositor in the Savings Bank the amount will be taken from his balance; should the balance be insufficient he must make it up to the amount; should he not be a depositor he must become one. His application, on arriving at Queen Victoria Street, is worked out and checked, and tabulated with others. The total amount of stock required for all the applicants is arrived at, as is also the total amount to be invested, and the totals of the sales, if any; and then the Postmaster-General, as trustee as it were for the several depositors, buys in bulk, and splits up the amount required on the certificates he sends to the applicants. For such as hold these certificates he collects the dividends and credits them in their savings-bank accounts. But for such as wish for the ordinary certificate he buys in the ordinary way, forwards the certificate in due course, and leaves them to collect their own dividends. For these stockbroking transactions there is a small commission of 9d. for amounts under £25, 1s. 3d. for amounts between that and £50, 1s. 9d. for amounts between £50 and £75, and 2s. 3d. for amounts between £75 and £100—a charge, in fact, that is inappreciable. The advantages of this system need only to be better known. By it any one can invest up to £300 in Consols or certain other Government stock, and sell if needful at a day's notice; and the dividends can be drawn as ordinary deposits, or remain at compound interest at the savings-bank rate of one halfpenny per £ per month. It is thus possible to have £500 on the Government books—£300 in Consols and £200 bank balance—and before we have done we will show how it is possible to have more.

#### THE CORRESPONDENCE.

Of the three branches into which the charge of the Controller of the Savings Bank is divided we have now finished with two, the Bookkeeping and

the Examining; the Correspondence is all that is left. It is a branch with many subdivisions, which have overflowed freely into the neighbourhood. The headquarters, the "general correspondence section," is in the main building, and on its floor, although as much as possible is done by printed form, the manuscript letters are countable by the thousand. In the "Stores Duty," which is also under the control of this branch, we find that over five hundred and fifty printed forms are in use in the building, and among the items of £15,000 spent during the past year for stationery, we note the chance for the lovers of petty statistics in calculating the distance travelled by the 375,000 pens, the exuberance of whose deposits from the sea of ink is kept within bounds by the 10,000 quires of blotting. An even better notion of the bulk of work got through is to be obtained from the rooms in the basement, where on miles of shelving there are stowed away, ready for reference, all the old books and papers not now in daily use. For nearly everything is kept, and the small amount of waste paper that goes to pulp we see being carefully sorted lest any scrap of importance should go unnoticed to destruction.

#### MISSING BOOKS.

Down one staircase the walls are hidden behind bundles on bundles of old deposit-books, and in a room leading off from it there are some three dozen clerks on "Lost-Book Duty" engaged in constant study of the varieties of carelessness and misfortune. The explanations of how the old book was lost seem to range from "Can't tell nohow" up to very advanced complications indeed. One depositor guesses it was lost through the children using it for a battledoor, another supposes his "goat chewed it," another that his "dog ate it," another "lost it while measuring a recruit for the army," another lost it through "the elephant breaking loose and tearing up the coat in which I kept it." In cases where the book seems to have been lost through carelessness the new book is charged for, and one year's work shows over two thousand thus dealt with. Sometimes the books are lost through fire or shipwreck, and then the charge is remitted. When the book is filled and a new one is supplied no charge is made, and of such books five hundred at least are dispatched each week. Sometimes books go astray through an incomplete or inaccurate address sent by the depositor, and of this cause of trouble one year's returns show over seven thousand instances. The book is a most important factor in the system of accounts, but it is not quite the wand to conjure with that some people seem to think. When the new book is issued the old account is closed by transfer, and hence in cases where the book has been found or stolen the attempt to draw money out of its account, even by elaborate forgery, has invariably ended in disaster. At the first notice that a book has gone wrong the account is stopped, so that should the new book not have been granted the detection of fraud is inevitable.

## PENNY BANKS.

Somewhere in the same latitude as the lost-book department there is to be found a room devoted to "Society Duty," which is by no means the least interesting of the work of the Savings Bank. Here are kept the papers with regard to the friendly societies, trade charities, and penny banks that work in connection with the Post Office Savings Bank; and here also come the papers referring to the investments by the Registrars of County Courts of the trust funds that come into their hands through the great renunciation of small trustees. The business done in this section for the last year shows that 544 friendly societies, and 1,337 trade, provident, and charitable societies came in to swell the numbers of those investing their funds direct with the Government; and about 200 new penny banks were started. These penny banks are a little-known branch of the good work of the Post Office in the cause of thrift. It is known how depositors can keep the pence till they amount to the shilling which is the lowest deposit the holder of a savings-bank book can make; how, in short, "when a child asks for a bun you give him a postage stamp," which he sticks on one of the slips procurable from a post-office, and when he has twelve stamps in all, pays in the slip as a shilling to his account. But it is not so well known that in most board schools, and in outlying country districts, penny banks are in existence in direct connection with the Post Office. The deposit must not exceed a shilling, and the balance must never exceed £5, and as soon as £1 is reached the depositor is advised to take out a savings-bank book of the ordinary character; until that transfer is made the amount deposited is lumped with that of the others, and appears in the books of the department under the names of the trustees. The pass-books for these penny banks are supplied free of charge by the department, and last year over 108,000 were sent out, 43,000 of which were specially printed with the name of the bank.

## ENCOURAGEMENT OF THRIFT.

There can be no doubt of the good done by these penny banks among the children, and it is with the children that there is most chance of success in the future. It is not easy to get a grown Englishman suddenly to become thrifty. There was a time when no Englishman died in his bed, when he ended his days in his harness, when the idea of being a burden to his friends was so repugnant to him that when he was past work he cut the broad arrow on his breast and threw himself into the sea. There were no paupers in pagan England! But things have changed considerably; and yet the old habit of ignoring the possibility of ever being useless still survives; and the modern man, never thinking of being crowded out, assumes either that his wage-earning career shall never receive a check, or that it is the business of his neighbours to keep him. And we even hear that "as it is to the advantage of these neighbours that I should save, why,

therefore, should I save?" The man having none but selfish notions himself can see nothing but selfishness in the efforts of others; and it is in vain he is told that, taking even the lowest view, it is best for himself to be thrifty.

Efforts have been made to take the bank to the depositors instead of waiting for the depositors to come to the bank. Clerks have visited large works on pay days ready to receive deposits. In some cases many a visit has been made and nothing has come of it. Last year an officer attended by invitation at eight different places where the hop-pickers were paid off. He was told by the pickers that they came to Kent to enjoy themselves, and not to save money; and not one account could be opened for them. Sometimes a fair amount of success is met with. When Messrs. Lucas and Aird paid off their men engaged on the Suakin-Berber Railway, some post-office clerks attended at Lambeth to open what accounts they could, for the amount to be paid was large, £9,500; and out of 375 men sixty-seven opened accounts, and £1,248 was invested.

Other means have been adopted to spread the knowledge of the benefits offered by the Post Office Savings Bank, and many have been suggested. After all, the great thing is to appeal to self-interest, and to show, what indeed is the truth, that it is to the advantage of the individual more than to that of the race that he should do all he can to be independent of charity, and that the Post Office Savings Bank offers him the best means of investing his instalments at a rate of interest consistent with perfect security. It is sometimes objected that the interest it offers,  $2\frac{1}{2}$  per cent., is not high enough. The answer to that objection is that the profit of the business, as shown by the balance sheet, is small, notwithstanding that the expenses are so well in hand that the cost of each transaction is but sevenpence, while the cost of each transaction in the competing trustee banks is half as much again. There is something quite refreshing in this cry for high interest on the part of such as call themselves "keen politicians." There are men who declaim against the Civil Service, its work and its pensions, and yet send all their sons to share in that work and those pensions; and there are others who declaim against "the injustice of the high rate of interest obtainable by the landholder and capitalist," and yet invest their savings only in such enterprises where the "unjust" rate of interest is promised. Such men, however, have at least learnt to save, and that is one great lesson the Englishman has to be taught. If we cannot teach it to him, we can at least teach it to his children, and it will be their business, and not ours, to make their politics square with their economy.

## WILLS AND NOMINATIONS.

Passing the room where the matters regarding children under seven and the various changes caused by marriage are dealt with, we reach the "Deceased Duty." Here come all the cases in which a depositor has died. As a rule the account is closed by the balance being withdrawn before



the death takes place, but a certain proportion of the balances, some 19,000 last year, are left to be distributed. In cases where the amount available is under £1, but little trouble is necessary for the representatives. In cases under £100 the "Provident Nominations and Small Intestacies" Act of 1883 comes in effectively. Under this Act no less than 13,433 cases have up to now occurred. By it the depositor can nominate whom he chooses to receive the balance to his credit, and thus the cost of a will is avoided. The form can be had free from the Post Office, and by its use an immense amount of bother and detail is saved. For amounts over £100 probate of a will is necessary, but of late years great changes have been made in the manner of obtaining probate, and now it is possible for any one to take a will to the department in the south-east corner of the Somerset House Quadrangle, and there if the assets are under £300, prove it for forty-five shillings. Should the will deal with a total of less than £100, only fifteen shillings have to be paid; but should the assets be under that amount and be cash in the Savings Bank, a nomination paper takes the place of the will—and costs nothing. In cases where there is neither will nor nomination, this department has to deal with each case on its merits and divide the estate in accordance with the Statute of Distributions.

#### ANNUITIES.

And now, having killed the depositor, we will dive again into the basement, past the gas engine driving the dynamos for the electric light, in and out and round about, until we sight a back door, and thence find our way across a street to the newest branch of the Post Office Savings Bank, in which, if the said depositor had only done his duty to his wife and family, his name would be inscribed at much length. This is the last section of the correspondence branch that will now concern us, for with the "discipline duty" and the "inquiry" we need not trouble, although they each claim a part of the staff. Its business is with annuities and life insurance. It began on the 17th of April, 1865, but it has been through the crisis of a Reform Bill, and, as a matter of fact, it first took shelter under the savings-bank wing, and began business as we now know it on the 3rd of June, 1884.

With the old plan we need not concern ourselves; let us confine all we have to say to what we see now. And first with regard to annuities, or, as they are sometimes called, pensions. Any person from the age of five can now buy a pension to commence at once or at any age, payable out of the Government funds, by applying to any Post Office Savings Bank in the kingdom. Let us take the case of a man of thirty years of age requiring a pension of £50 per year, and let us first assume that he is not in a position to pay down a capital sum, but is willing to buy the pension by instalments; and let us assume also that should he die before the commencement of the pension, or for any cause be unable to continue his instalments, he desires to have back all that he has invested.

The amount he has to pay will of course depend on the interval he wishes to elapse before his pension begins. Supposing, then, that under these conditions he wishes to purchase a pension, the first half-yearly instalment of which will be paid him ten years hence—that is to say, he being thirty, his pension of £50 is to begin when he is forty. All he has to do is to pay in so much to his savings-bank account, that a sum of £71 13s. 4d. can be transferred annually to the annuity books until his annuity commences. Should he wish to arrange for his pension fifteen years in advance his annual instalment will be £42 14s. 2d. Should he wish to defer it for twenty years, he need only pay in per annum £27 14s. 2d. Should he wish to defer it for twenty-five years, he need only make his annual instalments £18 10s. 10d. Should he wish his pension to begin only when he reaches the age of sixty, then he has to keep up an annual instalment of £12 10s. These sums may sound high, but it should be understood that should he be unable to complete his payments the whole of the amount he has paid is returned to himself or his representatives. He, in fact, holds his capital sum within his control to the last minute, just as if he were an intending purchaser of an immediate £50 annuity, for which he would have to pay £1,022 14s. 2d.

Should he, however, not care to have his money returned in the event of the unforeseen, another and much reduced scale is open to him. For a pension of £50, beginning to be payable at the end of ten years, he, a man of thirty, will have to pay an annual instalment of £65 12s. 6d.; for one beginning at the end of fifteen years, £36 17s. 6d.; for one beginning at the end of twenty years, £22 10s.; for one beginning at the end of twenty-five years, £13 10s. 2d.; for one beginning when he is sixty, £8 10s. 10d. Should he desire the pension to begin at once, he avoids all these annual instalments, and, as we have said, obtains his £50 per year for life for his £1,022 14s. 2d. For younger ages the charge is greater, for older ages the charge is less, the probability being that the pension will have to be paid for more years in the one case than the other. Annuity tables are the reverse of insurance tables. In the one the table is calculated on the annuitant's drawings, in the other on the insurant's premiums. One fact is easily memorable, and that is that a man of twenty-four for a penny a week can purchase himself a pension of £1 a year, beginning when he is fifty-four; or, where the money is to be returned, a boy of ten, for a penny a week, can buy himself a pension of £1 per year, beginning when he is fifty.

The tables and rates for either men or women are published in the sixpenny Postal Guide, and are kept at every post-office, so that our few examples will suffice us. Of immediate annuitants of both sexes, there were on the savings-bank books last December 9,496, representing pensions payable to the amount of £156,000, while there were under contract 810 deferred annuities, representing a future liability of over £16,000 per annum. The purchaser of an annuity, therefore, though he may be the first at any parti-

cular post-office, will be only one of ten thousand in the Savings Bank.

The steps to be taken to procure an annuity are few and easy. The forms are all obtainable at any of the post-offices where bank business is conducted, at any of which any of the instalments can afterwards be paid. First of all, the applicant has to fill up a small form giving the date and place of his or her birth and the father and mother's name, the particulars in fact of the birth certificate which this form replaces, for on its receipt at headquarters it is sent off to Somerset House for comparison with the birth registers. Should he, however, have been born before the passing of the Registration Act of 1837, he must obtain an ordinary certificate. With this the applicant sends a form giving particulars as to the amount and kind of annuity he desires to purchase, and also the distinguishing marks of his savings-bank book, and as references he has to give the names of two householders. To the form is attached a declaration as to its truth, which has to be signed by the applicant and witnessed by the post-office clerk, and sent on by him to the central office. The referees are then communicated with as to their knowledge of the applicant's age, and, all being well, the applicant is informed of the amount he has to pay. The amount is then paid through any of the Post Office Savings Banks, and the applicant informs the central office when and where he paid in the money, so that all chance of its going wrong is at once obviated. In reply, with the acknowledgment of the receipt of the money, a contract for the payment of the annuity is forwarded, and with it goes a form to be filled up in the event of the annuitant requiring the amount to be paid direct by warrant instead of being credited to his savings account. And on the second quarter-day after the receipt of the capital sum, or the last instalment, the warrant is duly forwarded; and when the annuitant dies the annuity, instead of stopping on the date of his death, goes on for another quarter from the last payment, and is paid to his representatives.

#### INSURANCES.

The life insurance section deals with the other side of the question. Here again the payments are made through the pass-book, and if sufficient balance is at the account to pay the premium the amount is simply transferred. By an annual payment through life of a penny a week a man or woman, beginning at one-and-twenty, can insure £10 at death. This will give some notion of the power of the pence. But our best plan will be to take our man of thirty through his various opportunities as we did with the annuities. No insurance is undertaken for less than £5 or more than £100, the most popular amounts being £5, £25, £50, and £100. In some cases £26 is insured, which means that as for amounts over £25 there is no charge for the medical examination, the insurer for the £26 gets his examination free. Suppose, then, that our man of thirty desires to insure his life for £100. He can pay a premium through life of £2 7s.; or £2 14s. 6d.,

stopping his payments at the age of sixty; or he can pay a lump sum, in lieu of annual premiums, of £46 13s. But he can also invest his money in another way. He can so insure his life that if he lives beyond a certain age the sum will be paid to him before his death. Thus, by a payment of £79 he can insure £100 ten years hence, or sooner in case of death; for £70 10s. 6d. he can have his £100 paid to him fifteen years hence; for £63 13s. 6d. he can have it twenty years hence; for £58 5s. he can have it twenty-five years hence; for £54 2s. he can have it when he attains the age of sixty; for £48 18s. 6d. he can have it when he reaches seventy. And in all these cases, should he die before the time mentioned, the £100 will be paid to his representatives. And it will be paid immediately the claim is made out. This is the great characteristic of the Government system. The private offices have, most of them, their limit periods; some pay within three months, some pay within six months; but the Post Office pays at once on receipt of the probate, the nomination form, or whatever may be the authority. There is yet another advantage for the insurer's friends. Just as the pass-book is no security for a loan, so the insurer cannot raise money temporarily on his policy; any assignment of it must be absolute, and registered in the books of the bank. Should, however, he be unable to continue his premiums, the surrender value of his policy can be returned to him.

In this insurance section there were on the last day of last December 5,155 policies in force, representing sums assured to the amount of nearly £408,000. The amount seems small compared with the millions of the deposit department, but for life insurance business it is by no means trifling, and as a matter of fact the number of contracts, for insurances and annuities together, issued during the year by the Post Office is far above the average of the other offices. This is due to two causes—the superior security of the funds, and the greater simplicity of the entrance and payments.

At any savings bank the tables for both sexes can be seen and the forms obtained. The applicant fills up a proposal, giving two references as to the truth of its statements, and being witnessed by the post-office clerk. The referees are communicated with regarding the proposer's health, his temperate habits, his age, and the health of his family. The proposer then receives an order to present himself, if deemed necessary, for medical examination to one of the local doctors. All being satisfactory he receives an order to pay in the amount of premium with a request to immediately inform the central office of the number of his pass-book, and the date and place of payment of the money. And then the contract, or policy, duly stamped, follows in a day or so. Henceforth at any post-office the insurant can pay his premium. Ten days before the premium is due a notice is sent to the address he gives that the same is payable, and a transfer of the amount is on the day named made from his deposit account to his insurance account. After the sending in of the opening forms, he has only to keep sufficient

balance in the Savings Bank to meet his premiums, and no one but the postmasters who receive his deposit, need know that his life is insured.

#### POSSIBILITIES.

It is thus possible for our man of thirty to have £200 to his credit on his deposit account, and £300 to his credit on his stock account. The interest on his deposit account will be £3 15s., that on his stock account will be £9, making £12 15s. together. He can insure his life for £100 and pay the premium, £2 7s., out of his interest, and with the £10 odd remaining he can buy a pension of £40 a year, beginning when he

is sixty, but making sure of the return of the money at any time he chooses till his instalments are paid up. He thus can stand in the books of the Post Office Savings Bank as worth £600, and when he is sixty years of age be in receipt of an income from it, in pension and interest, of £50 a year.

And the British Government is his banker. It holds itself directly responsible to him for his deposit balance, his stock balance, his insurance, and his annuity; and his bank is the biggest in the world; his stock is the steadiest in the world; and his insurance office is the wealthiest in the world.

W. J. GORDON.

## THE UTILISATION OF WASTE.

### III.—SHODDY.

IT has been customary to refer to the finding of a heap of rubbish in a Liverpool warehouse, by the late Sir Titus Salt, and his turning it to such splendid and profitable account, as a happy accident. This, however, is not an accurate way of speaking of that discovery, any more than it would be to say that it was a happy accident when Sir Isaac Newton saw an apple falling from the tree at Woolsthorpe, and out of it came the principle of gravitation; or the water boiling in a tea-kettle at Glasgow, which suggested to Watt the condensing steam-engine.

Sir Titus Salt, then plain "Mr.," had been for a long time on the look-out for waste materials capable of being turned to account. He was once found by some members of his family picking up pieces of seaweed, which he carefully examined, and twisted and rubbed them, spreading their fibres in the palm of his hand. When asked of what he was in search he quietly said, "I have been trying whether this stuff could be manufactured; but it won't do!"

Shortly after that he was passing through one of the dock warehouses in Liverpool, and his quick eye caught sight of a huge pile of dirty-looking bales with here and there a rent in them that disclosed their contents. This pile of stuff happened to be over three hundred bales of alpaca wool sent from Peru, in the hope that some English manufacturer would buy it, but the firm to whom it was consigned had failed to do anything with it, and were just on the point of returning it to South America. Mr. Titus Salt pulled out some of the material and examined it critically, and afterwards took some home to Bradford in his pocket-handkerchief, where he scoured and combed it with his own hands. His conviction that it could be put to use was deepened, and although his father and other friends did all they could to dissuade him from having anything to do with it, he bought the whole lot for eightpence a pound.

Out of this so-called happy accident we see a beautiful town, one of the finest factories in the world, a contented and industrious population, all the outcome in course of time of the heap of apparently useless bales in a dock warehouse. The memory of the late Sir Titus Salt will ever be fragrant in Saltaire, as it deserves to be.

I do not purpose following up the history of the alpaca industry, but shall devote the present paper to another textile, or at least an article used largely in the textile trades, but which, unfortunately, bears the much abused name of "shoddy." Now, everything flimsy or untrustworthy in any trade is termed "shoddy." Middle-class families imitating their betters have the same word applied to them, and so this injurious term has stuck fast, still remains, and is used by many as a reproach, who know or care little of its origin, or whether they calumniate a worthy article of trade. Shoddy, instead of being only a synonym for upstart wealth, or fraudulent acts of manufacturers, is the name of a very useful commodity.

It is simply the product of "soft" woollen rags, new or old, torn by machinery into fibre, suitable, when mixed in certain proportions with wool or cotton, or both together, to be respun and woven into cloth. A variety of the same material, finer but much shorter, coarser in staple, is from "hard" woollens, such as broadcloths, and is called "mungo."

The trade has been in existence for about forty or fifty years, and is supposed to have originated from somebody having noticed the effect of rats eating, or rather gnawing at rags and pulling them into shreds. This led to a man setting his brains to work to see if this could not be done to advantage. Ossett, Batley, and Dewsbury, in the West Riding of Yorkshire, are literally built upon shoddy—that is, they have developed and thrived out of this industry; and at the present time there are thousands engaged in the trade, and the



amount of capital represented in it is very considerable.

The collection of rags throughout the United Kingdom and Ireland, and all European countries, represents a trade positively bewildering in its extent and ramifications. Our imports of rags into this country during 1885 were as follows: Woollen rags £681,995, for use chiefly in the shoddy trade, and of linen and cotton rags, for use in the making of paper, £466,928, making a total of £1,148,923. Rags are the common emblem of poverty, and to say that a man is in a ragged condition is about the worst thing which can be said of him; but rags are a great source of wealth, and the ragman's basket supplies materials for many manufactures. Rags vary in value, according to the district from whence they come. London rags are finer and cleaner than rags from the North of England, and fetch a higher price.

The first process at the Yorkshire shoddy factories is that of sorting, and this is done by girls, who are very dexterous, and with practised eye distinguish at a glance different shades of colour, and can by a touch of the fingers select rapidly the different qualities, such as those pieces all wool from pieces composed of woollen and cotton, and these are placed into different baskets. As mentioned above, the coarser kinds are called "mungo," and the better quality "shoddy." In the further sorting the woollen pieces are separated from the cotton by two processes, one by vitriol and water—the vitriol burning the cotton and leaving the wool—and the other method by placing the rags in a revolving cage inside a boiler, with the steam all round, and placing chemicals into the boiler by means of a pump, and the chemicals destroy the cotton. After this the rags are put into a revolving pan to squeeze the water out of them, then they are placed into a machine and shaken by means of a willow, the cotton-dust falling away by this means, and the wool is left.

The rags are then placed into a machine called a "devil," and torn to shreds. They are then mixed in another machine, and one of the most important branches of the trade then enters into the manufacture, that of blending different qualities and colours. There are some 2,000 different shades of cloth, and on receiving a bit of wool or cloth, the manufacturers can match it to a nicety, both in shade and quality.

A manufacturer once had a blend of shoddy produced in a peculiar way, and for which he had a great demand. His factory chimney fell, and some of the lime in the mortar dropped into the dye-pan. This gave a peculiar shade, and the cloth sold at once, and there was a demand for more, but the manufacturer said that he could not make his chimney fall again to procure it. When by accident or otherwise a good shade or quality is obtained, the one fortunate enough to discover it tries to keep the secret to himself as long as possible. The manufacturers are in fact naturally chary at giving any information about this trade.

The origin of the word "mungo" is interesting. For the finer kind of shoddy there was evidently

a market, but for the coarser kind, mungo, there was a doubt, and one man said to another that "it wouldn't go." The reply of the man was in the Yorkshire vernacular that it "mun go" (must go), and go it did, much to the benefit of Ossett and its neighbouring towns.

The materials are so thoroughly cleansed in the manufacture that no trace of impurity remains; and in fact there is about as much foundation for objection on this point as in the case of writing-paper, the rags of which it is made, perhaps, once fluttered on the filthiest and most diseased human subjects. They are entirely regenerated in the various processes, and it is quite unprofitable to inquire into their antecedents.

I may say, in describing a little more fully the processes through which the rags pass, when the wool rags are dyed and blended they are put through another machine, called a carding-engine, which has cylinders covered with wire cards. These wire cards open out the threads in the wool, a process known as "scribbling," which brings it back to its original state, laying out the fibre or staple, and the length of the staple determines the quality. The wool is afterwards spun into threads and rewoven into cloth. This is afterwards scoured, and then "milled," which is a process of felting.

Some cloth only just smells the new wool which should be mixed with the shoddy, and of course this will not wear, a method of business which has brought the trade into bad repute. This bad name which has clung to the trade dates back to 1860 and 1861, when the United States Government, finding it impossible, in the unprepared state of the country, to obtain sufficient blue army cloths, was forced to use whatever kinds could be found on hand or obtained. Unscrupulous manufacturers made the much-needed goods, introducing sixty and even eighty per cent. of shoddy, the results being large gain to them; the cloths lasted but a very short time, and on inquiry being made the mischief was traced to its source.

The actual truth is, the woollen goods skilfully manufactured, and containing not over thirty-three per cent. of shoddy, equal in appearance and for wear those made from pure wool. The finish of faced goods thus made is generally very fine, for the shorter and medium fibres of the shoddy mixing with the longer ones of the wool felt into a closer fabric, allow a better, smoother "pile" to be raised, sheared, and pressed to a fine face. Many spinners also maintain that from such mixture they can form a much more even, if not quite so fine a thread as from all wool. This being the case—and it is susceptible of proof—any one can readily see what a vast advantage to the world the use of this article has been in assisting the wool product, which is notoriously short in fibre, and in employing many persons as well as in diminishing the cost of goods to the consumer.

The greatly extended use of woollen goods in place of linen for summer use which has marked the past twenty years, and the much greater demand for clothing consequent upon the improved condition of working men, who want the medium and cheaper grades, has been the making

of this trade. The discovery of shoddy and mungo out of old rags was thus a very fortunate one, for it is quite probable that the cost of woollen goods, had there not been these commodities, would have been nearly double the present rates. Many of the lower-priced grades of woollen goods contain fifty per cent. or more of shoddy, and many of the finer kinds known as "all-wool" have in them a proportion of this mixture. By the aid of these substances handsome, medium, and low-priced goods are made for decent clothing, which textile fabrics could not have been produced except at far higher rates.

Large quantities of shoddy wool are exported to various parts of the world, Germany and Russia taking large quantities from us.

The trade is very much subdivided, a large number being simply rag merchants. Any one going through one of these rag warehouses would probably be shown some of the sortings, and be told that this is from stockings, that from ladies' jackets or from worsted coatings.

Very large contracts are sometimes received in Ossett and the other shoddy towns for our army and navy, and for other countries. I was shown recently some cloth for the Turkish army, in which there was one part good wool to twenty parts shoddy—"good enough to be shot at," the manufacturer slyly remarked.

Shoddy, again, is used very largely in other trades. The cheaper grades of felt hats have a

large percentage of this substance in them. - As to carpets, it is well known into what vast proportions that trade has grown within the past fifteen years, and it needs no argument to prove the fact that millions of persons in moderate circumstances now use that article, whose immediate ancestors would have considered such luxury ruinous or impossible. The larger proportion of the medium grades of all ingrain carpets, having in them such colours as black, brown, ruby, and dark green, are composed of yarn containing not a fibre of pure wool, but wholly made from torn-up carpets, the original length of staple of the wool allowing the shoddy to be respun alone. A similar statement might be made with regard to other kinds of carpets. We should not have seen the parlours, dining-rooms, and bedrooms of the industrious working classes nicely carpeted as they now generally are, had the despised shoddy not come to the assistance of wool, and it is no unfair thing to claim that shoddy—though there may be abuses in its employment—should be assigned a place among those substances which in this generation have had a potent influence in improving the condition of the middle and poorer classes of society throughout the civilised world.

The cry of "Any old rags to sell?" may not be a very musical one, but it will be seen from what has been stated that the humble ragseller fulfils a very useful place in our social system.

THOMAS GREENWOOD.

## THE STORY OF THE WHITE FLAG.

THERE is a tract of country in Kirkcudbright called the Glenkens, from the River Ken, which traverses it. This secluded district, so justly celebrated for its wild and beautiful scenery, has inspired minstrel and poet; and for a native of the south-western province to admit that he has never visited it, is considered to be equivalent to a confession on his part that he has no love for the picturesque.

The stranger attracted thither by the fame of its pastoral charms has a fine view afforded him as he passes along the opposite bank of the silvery Ken, about two miles to the north-west of the straggling village of Dalry, of the fertile lands and ancient house of Earlston—the latter a tall square tower, having over its doorway the date 1655. It is entirely surrounded by sombre woods, which, combined with its time-worn turrets, deserted aspect, and the musical rush of "Earlston Linn," powerfully impress the spectator with melancholy, and recall to his thoughts times and scenes that have long since departed.

In former days this now ruined castle was the seat of Sir William Gordon of Earlston's ancestors, who figured prominently among the Covenanters, and won for themselves an honoured name for their patriotism and their unswerving devotion to the cause of the Covenant.

From an early period, we are told, the Gordons favoured the doctrines of Wycliffe, and having in their possession a New Testament in English, they used to read from it at their meetings held in the neighbouring woods of Airds.

During the lifetime of William Gordon, who was the first of the family who suffered for his religious opinions, Earlston Castle was converted into a garrison for Bannatyne and his troopers, and its persecuted master, being compelled to seek for safety elsewhere, constructed for himself a hiding-place in the depths of the forest, in which he and his son Alexander frequently found shelter when the dragoons were in the neighbourhood.

So skilfully was this retreat contrived, and so dense the brushwood surrounding it, that it remained undiscovered by the enemy in the persecuting times; and although its existence had been handed down by tradition among the inhabitants of the district, no one could tell of its whereabouts; and it was only discovered in long after years by an inhabitant of Dalry when searching the woods in the neighbourhood of the castle.

Evil days had fallen upon Scotland when the Gordons, father and son, had to flee for refuge to this humble asylum in the heart of the forest. The spirit of persecution was abroad during the reign of the second Charles, and led on by such

men as Claverhouse, Grierson of Lag, Dalryell, and Bruce, the merciless troopers, following the example of their leaders, wrought numberless deeds of cruelty, remembrance of which has not as yet faded away from the hearts of the Scottish peasantry. Numerous anecdotes of the "Killing-time" are still in circulation among the people of the moorland districts, especially in the south-west of Scotland, whose ancestors were of the number of those who suffered for their adhesion to Covenanting principles,

and "When mountain glens were tragedies,"

"They dared not in the face of day  
To worship God, nor even in the dead of night,  
Save when the mighty storm raged fierce;  
Then dauntlessly the scattered few would meet  
In some deep dell by rocks o'er-canopied,  
To hear the voice—their faithful pastor's voice."

It does not fall within the compass of this paper to discuss the broader principles involved in this struggle. The Covenanters, in common with the men of every party, had themselves much to learn of the true nature of religious liberty. But all are agreed that the annals of these so-styled "Slaughter Years" are indeed melancholy records of suffering and of crime. Nowhere throughout the length and breadth of Scotland did the fires of persecution rage with fiercer flame than in the south-western districts, which were at that stormy period of our national history hunted over by bands of wild and reckless soldiery, eager for the discovery and punishing of the men they called rebels, and utterly regardless for the most part of the amount of suffering they entailed on women and children left widowed and fatherless.

While poring over some of the numerous and deeply interesting books of Covenanting literature, how cheering it is, amidst the general gloom, to alight upon an incident telling of timely warning given by a friendly foe, or of faith loyally kept at all risks and under every circumstance.

The following story of the "White Flag" belongs to the latter class, and is here reproduced, as it affords a pleasing instance of a victory crowned by mercy, and of a promise given in the hour of defeat regarded as sacred.

On the evening of the 23rd of June, 1679, when the rays of the setting sun were falling on Bothwell Bridge, where but a few hours before the Covenanters had fought what was fated to be their last battle with their enemies, and had sustained a signal defeat, a tall, fine-looking young man might have been seen leaning against a neighbouring tree, with his hand on his horse's bridle, gazing mournfully on the scene around.

This was Alexander Gordon of Earlston, who, after having fought in the ranks of the Covenanters, had come to take a farewell look at the fatal field ere returning to his native county of Galloway.

Of those who had taken part in the morning's conflict only the dead remained—silent witnesses of the terrible nature of the struggle in which

they had so recently been engaged. The surviving Covenanters were everywhere seeking safety in flight, and the martial music of the conquering Royalists even yet sounded faintly in the distance.

While gazing sadly on the sun-lit faces of the slain who lay at his feet, young Gordon stooped and picked up a piece of linen which, blood-stained and torn, covered the breast of one of these. This on inspection proved to be a banner bearing the words—

"For the parish of Dalry,  
For Reformation of Church and State  
According to the word of God and  
Our Covenants."

Looking more intently than he had yet done on the face of the dead man, Mr. Gordon recognised in him the son of one of his father's tenants, who, like the rest of his family, was a devoted adherent of the cause for which he had yielded up his life.

With a deep sigh he secured the memento of a conflict shamefully lost through fiery misguided zeal and internal divisions, and, drawing his hat down over his eyes, remounted his horse and slowly quitted the spot now fraught with such bitter memories of treachery and defeat.

"Thank God," he said, in a broken whisper, "that my father was not here! This sight would have broken his heart had he escaped the foe-man's sword in the battle."

While making his way slowly along the yet crowded streets of Hamilton, the Covenanting leader felt the pressure of a man's hand on his arm. Looking round to make sure whether this was accidental or otherwise, much to his distress he found himself face to face with Robert Armstrong, the father of the youth whom he had just left lying stiff and stark on Bothwell Bridge.

"Stay, sir, stay, I beseech you!" said the man in a hurried whisper; "you ride up this street at the peril of your life. A party of Claver's dragoons are but a little way in advance of you, and Nisbet with a score or two of his bloodhounds are in the lane to your right searching all the houses for rebels, as they call us, poor misguided creatures that they are!"

"What must I do, then?" said Earlston; "situated as I am, it seems to me that escape is well-nigh impossible."

"Follow me, sir, and we'll cheat them yet."

"But what of my faithful Nancy? for she must not be allowed to become the property of some one of our enemies."

As he spoke young Gordon fondly patted the neck of his bonnie brown mare, that had borne him in safety from the field of battle.

"She will be well looked after," replied Armstrong, at the same time that he beckoned on a young man who stood some little distance off.

On the lad's approach, Earlston having dismounted, Armstrong gave him the bridle-reins and told him at once to take the mare to the Hamilton Arms, and tell the landlord to take every care of her for the sake of the good cause and of the young master of Earlston. "And now, sir, you come with me," and Armstrong darted up



a narrow close, and, opening the door of the first cottage that presented itself, admitted Mr. Gordon, who had followed closely on his steps.

In the small, low-roofed kitchen in which they speedily found themselves there stood a cradle, wherein lay a curly-headed infant, then being rocked to sleep by a young and comely matron, who rose to her feet and dropped a reverential curtsy on Gordon's entrance, for well she knew from his warlike garb and sorrowful air that he belonged to the party who were in arms in behalf of their liberties, and who had been smitten that day with a great and terrible slaughter.

At sight of the cradle and the buxom mother a happy thought suggested itself to Armstrong.

"Haste ye," he said to the woman, who was an old and intimate acquaintance of his own—"haste ye and dress Mr. Gordon of Earlston in some of your woman's gear, and let *him* be rocking the cradle when the troopers come and search your house as they are searching others farther doon the toon. Haste ye, I say, an' no stand staring there unless ye wish to see my master's son a corpse on your ain hearthstone!"

Thus adjured, the young gudewife, Mrs. Somerville by name, who had now somewhat recovered from the astonishment into which she had been thrown at sight of the handsome young man thus suddenly introduced into her presence, sped to a chest which stood in a corner, and, opening it, drew forth from its depths the necessary articles of feminine apparel.

Whilst taking off his coat in order that he might with the greater ease invest himself with the "short gown"—which formed then, as it does now, a portion of the upper dress of the women of Scotland—Earlston, forgetful for the moment of the linen banner which he had secreted beneath it, allowed it to fall on the floor at his feet. Armstrong naturally stooped to pick it up, for the purpose of restoring it to its owner. Suddenly he started, and gazed in heart-stricken silence on the blood-stained relic.

"For the parish of Dalry—" he had read thus far when a mist came over his eyes, and he staggered back against the wall, covering his face with his hands.

"My son! my son! Oh, sir, tell me, does he yet live?"

"Alas, no! like many another brave fellow, he lies dead on Bothwell Bridge," said Earlston, in tones of deep compassion; "and as his was the hand that bore this banner to the battle, and his the breast it covered when he fell beneath the side of the dragoon who lies beside him, I saved it for you; here, keep it in remembrance of your brave son, who nobly fought and died in defence of the Covenant."

Earlston placed the standard in the hands of the bereaved father, who, gazing on it with tearful eyes, gave utterance to a pious "God's will be done," and staggered out into the street and on towards the bridge, where lay his dead and much-loved son.

A little later on in the evening, when the triumphant Royalists, with ribald jests and clanging spurs, burst into Mrs. Somerville's cottage,

the sole inmates of the kitchen proved to be two women, one of whom, Mrs. Somerville, was seated near to the window engaged in knitting a stocking, while the other sat rocking a cradle in which a baby lay calmly asleep.

The scene, if a homely one, was suggestive of that peace and contentment which are not unfrequently the portion of Scotland's respectable poor, and happily the rough soldiery were sufficiently impressed by it to depart without instituting their wonted rigorous search.

At the expiry of a week spent by Earlston in the seclusion of Mrs. Somerville's humble cottage, Armstrong brought the welcome tidings to his now impatient young master that Hamilton and its neighbourhood were at length freed from the presence of the dragoons. They had for the most part betaken themselves to the south-western districts, there to continue their search after those of the fugitives from Bothwell who had once more sought the shelter of their distant moorland homes, or the yet greater security afforded them by the gloomy solitudes of Crichton Linn, and those deep and thickly-wooded ravines and glens so frequently to be met with in the parish of Closeburn and other wild and picturesque localities.

In spite of the warning given him by his faithful attendant as to the danger he incurred in returning to Galloway, young Gordon was not to be dissuaded from making the attempt, being desirous to rejoin his father, whom he had left in the previously mentioned retreat he had caused to be constructed for their mutual safety in the bonnie woods of Earlston. In compliance, however, with Armstrong's entreaties, he consented that his horse should for the present remain in its comfortable quarters at the Hamilton Arms, as by his making his return journey on foot he would be less likely to excite the observation he was above all things anxious to avoid.

Under the favouring cloud of night Earlston quitted the cottage which had afforded him shelter in the hour of his need, in company with Armstrong, who, added to his natural desire to rejoin his wife and family, was concerned for the safety of his young master, to whom he was much attached.

Arrived in Dumfriesshire, in obedience to a previously formed resolution, young Gordon at once made for the mansion house of Craigdarroch, situated in the parish of Glencairn, whose stout-hearted owner was not only an old family friend, but a warm partisan of the Covenanting party. Known to be such, he was a marked man, and one to whom his enemies were determined to show no quarter should he ever be fated to fall into their hands.

Such a misfortune had well-nigh befallen him, for when riding one fine summer's morning on a high-spirited and powerful steed at some distance from his own house, as he arrived at the opening of a stone dyke through which the road passed he suddenly found himself confronted by a party of dragoons who had been set to watch his movements.

The commander of the troopers, who seemed to have been acquainted with his person, cried out at sight of him, "Guard the gap!"

"I'll guard the gap!" shouted Craigdarroch, who at the same time turned his horse's head and rode off at a furious pace.

Away went the soldiers in pursuit of him, and Craigdarroch, perceiving that escape was impossible should he keep to the high road, dashed into the River Cairn, then in full flood through recent heavy rains.

When landed on the opposite bank two of the nine girths by which the saddle\* was secured were found to be ruptured by the bound with which his gallant steed placed him in safety. Perceiving this, the dragoons shouted, "Now you are our prisoner!"

"Not yet!" retorted the gallant Craigdarroch, with a laugh at his enemies' discomfort, "for although two of the bands are broken, there yet remain seven stout and firm, and now I dare you to the pursuit! Throw yourselves into that roaring tide and follow me!" an invitation of which the disappointed dragoons did not avail themselves.

Ferguson of Craigdarroch, as previously stated, always maintained a friendly attitude towards the Covenanters, and shielded them from the vengeance of their enemies whenever it lay in his power to do so. It is told of him that it was his wonted custom to ride almost daily to different parts of the district in which he resided, and to gather what information he could as to the present circumstances of the nonconformists and afford them the necessary protection. On these occasions he always rode armed, as was the custom of the times, in order that he might be prepared in case of emergency.

He was setting out on one of these friendly expeditions when Gordon of Earlston overtook him in the avenue not far from his house.

A shade crossed the laird's face at sight of him, and it was a sorrowful greeting he bestowed on the son of his old and highly esteemed friend.

"I would rather you were fifty miles on the other side of the border than see you here in this hornet's-nest. Ay, Alexander, lad, these are terrible times for you poor Whigs," were the words which accompanied the warm pressure of his hand.

"Then things have not improved during my absence?" said Earlston.

"Worse, worse! a hundred times worse since the Bothwell affair! Claverhouse, Lag, Dalzell of Glenae, and other leaders as wild and reckless as themselves, are scouring the country in all directions in search of members of your party, and thieving and shooting are the order of the day. And where are you going to, that I find you walking abroad thus boldly in these dangerous parts?"

In reply Earlston acquainted him with his intention to throw himself on his and his good lady's hospitality until he could ascertain by means of Armstrong whether his father yet re-

mained in his retreat in Earlston woods, where he had left him on his setting out for the Battle of Bothwell Bridge.

"Your father's son is heartily welcome to such entertainment as I can give you," said the kind-hearted laird, "and fain would I hope that Earlston has not ventured beyond the retreat you speak of, for Claverhouse and his dragoons are scouring Galloway in quest of 'malignants,' and many a poor fellow has been deprived of his life at their hands."

This last piece of intelligence made young Gordon painfully anxious as to his father's safety, and he at once dispatched Armstrong to apprise him of his being at Craigdarroch, and of his anxiety to rejoin him.

In less than a week Armstrong returned the bearer of terrible tidings. William Gordon of Earlston, the tender husband and father, the zealous and devoted Covenanter, had been killed—murdered by a party of English dragoons while they were scouring the country in quest of fugitives from Bothwell.

It was with a sorrowful heart that, immediately on receipt of the sad intelligence of his father's death, Alexander Gordon, now the head of the house of Earlston, and possessor of the broad lands which stretched for miles along the valley of the Ken, prepared to set out on foot for the castle which owned him for its lord. In vain his entertainer besought him to remain at Craigdarroch until it had been ascertained that he could prosecute his journey in safety; vainly his lady added her entreaties that he would not heedlessly endanger the life now rendered doubly valuable to his country and cause by reason of the terrible loss he had been called upon to sustain. No arguments of theirs, however forcibly urged, caused him to falter in his resolution at once to proceed to Earlston, in order by his presence to afford comfort and consolation to his afflicted relatives.

He had no fears for his safety, he said, when urged by his host and hostess at least to provide himself with a suitable escort in case of attack, and not thus to venture forth alone on his perilous enterprise; true, he should be alone, but "the farther from men the nearer to God," and he had placed himself in His keeping.

A tender farewell exchanged between the friends, and with a "God speed and protect you" bestowed on him by way of a parting benediction, Earlston set forth on his solitary expedition.

The day was oppressively warm, and ere he had proceeded many miles on his way he recognised the necessity there was for his taking some repose ere prosecuting his journey. The amount of fatigue he had undergone within the last few days, combined with the severe shock imparted to his system by the sad news of his father's terribly sudden fate, combined to create in him a sense of lassitude and depression painful in the extreme.

Dragging his weary limbs to the brink of a neighbouring burn, the exhausted Covenanter drank gratefully of its sparkling water, and then throwing himself on the turf by its side, sought a temporary oblivion in slumber from the rush of

\* This identical saddle is said to be preserved at Craigdarroch.

maddening thoughts which crowded fast upon his overwrought brain.

He slept he knew not how long, when he was awoke from his state of blissful forgetfulness by the smart touch of a whip on his face. To look up and then start hastily to his feet with the instinct of preservation strong upon him, was the work of an instant, for Earlston knew himself to be in the presence of a powerful and unscrupulous foe, no other than the dreaded Dalzell of Glenae, who, mounted on horseback, with a retainer behind him, was gazing down on him with stern eyes and frowning brows.

"And it is thus we meet, Alexander Gordon, I in the ranks of loyalty and order, while you—you, my friend of former days, have thought fit to ally yourself with a set of rebellious Whigs."

"Say rather the noblest of patriots, whose names will be held worthy of being recorded in the proudest page of our country's history; not so with those of the men with whom you, Glenae, have associated yourself, for they are bloodthirsty and cruel."

Here Dalzell waxed furious. Thrusting at Gordon with his sword, "Yield yourself my prisoner," he shouted, "and that without further parley."

"Never," said Gordon, in his turn grasping his weapon, and preparing to act on the defensive. "You enemy of all that is just and good, rather would I die a thousand deaths than yield myself prisoner to such as you."

"This, then, for thee, proud braggart," shouted Dalzell, and springing from his steed he advanced upon Earlston with his ponderous glaive, and sought to deal him a blow which for a certainty would have deprived him of his life. Stepping nimbly aside, Earlston parried the descending stroke, and ere his adversary could ward off his attack he sprang upon him, and, with a skilful movement striking the sword out of Dalzell's hand, bent forward, and raising the glittering blade, encountered him fiercely with his own weapon.

Finding himself thus unexpectedly at the mercy of his foe, Dalzell implored for mercy.

"I will spare you on one condition," said Gordon.

"You have only to name it," was the reply.

"It is a very simple one: merely this—that when in pursuit of the Covenanters, or when you come to surprise a conventicle, you see a white flag displayed on a staff, you cease from the pursuit and refuse to invade it."

In order to secure his personal safety, Dalzell at once agreed to the conditions, and proceeded sullenly on his way without further remark.

After having returned thanks to God for the victory he had obtained over the fierce Dalzell, and for the boon which had been granted him in regard to his friends, Earlston at once made for some of their hiding-places and acquainted them with the condition on which he had granted Dalzell his life.

As may well be imagined, the story of the encounter and of its results soon spread far and wide among the adherents of the Covenant, so

that any party when attacked in future by this persecuting commander might know to exhibit the flag and thus escape the threatened danger.

Frequently in his after expeditions was Dalzell frustrated in his designs by the white flag, which, now tied to the end of a shepherd's crook, or fastened to some solitary wanderer's staff, streamed in the breeze and recalled to his mind his promise made when menaced by instant death, and caused him to desist from his meditated charge and to prevent his men from trampling down and killing the people.

Much the fierce troopers must have chafed and wondered at this inexplicable clemency on the part of their formerly unscrupulous leader, for it is supposed that the secret of the conditions on which Earlston spared his life was carefully preserved by Dalzell, as the circumstances might have caused him to be regarded with contempt and suspicion. Be that as it may, so frequently was the token displayed when Glenae was out with his troopers, that this stern leader was, like his men, amazed and perplexed, for he fondly imagined that their encounter and agreement had also been confined to the breast of his opponent.

In spite, however, of his ill-concealed vexation on finding himself so often turned from his purpose by the white flag of peace, it is affirmed that in no one instance was Dalzell known to break his promise. Although a persecutor, and a very cruel one, yet gratitude to his opponent, whose victory over him had been tempered with mercy, caused him loyally to adhere to his word.

Thus many a poor peasant was saved from a sharp and sudden death, and numberless conventicles held on the lone heath and in solitary glen were allowed to remain unmolested at sight of the agreed upon signal of the "White Flag."\*

E. G.

## November.

It is the shadowy gloaming of the year,  
The furrowed fields lie empty in the cold,  
And heavy mists the silent woods enfold.  
Dark days—yet not all desolate and drear,  
A glow of crimson bramble lingers here,  
Slow-dropping elm-leaves fringe the lanes with gold;  
And, happier than his tiny heart can hold,  
The robin warbles strains of hope and cheer.  
The leaf may fall, but next year's buds live on,  
And flowers must wither, but the seed lies deep,  
And through the chilling mists sweet voices sigh,  
"Grieve not for summers that are past and gone,  
For life is here; it is not death but sleep,  
And there shall be glad waking by-and-by!"

MARY ROWLES.

\* After the battle of Bothwell Bridge, Alexander Gordon was the hero of many hair-breadth escapes, and continued in close confinement in various places till the Revolution set him free in company with his estimable lady, Janet Hamilton, a daughter of Sir Thomas Hamilton of Preston, who, we are told, shared his numberless vicissitudes, and whose religious meditations, when confined a prisoner with her husband in the dungeons of the Bass, have been republished under the title of "Lady Earlston's Soliloquies."





*Paris Salon of 1896*

NOVEMBER.

*After Arthur Gailard.*

## SKETCHES IN FINLAND.

### PART V.

EVERY Finlander who travels from his native place must carry a "priest-paper," certifying his good character, with him. A Russian is compelled by the law to announce his arrival to the police immediately on his entry into a town, and produce his pass. Should he neglect the one, or be unable to comply with the other requirement, he is locked up until his friends—the police of his district—are communicated with. The Russians mainly found in Finland are lazy, exacting, drunken, thievish, and everywhere suspected. On putting in an appearance at a farm or post-house it is remarkable to notice the celerity with which any portable articles are looked after, and how rapidly pockets are buttoned up! Alas! of little avail; for the accomplished light-fingered being generally succeeds in "lifting" something to retain as a memento of his visit. A penalty is enforced against such as employ, or even shelter, a Russian unprovided with a pass. Ignorance of this law cost the writer of this thirty marks (25s.), as he had engaged two Russians to take loads of bar-iron from the works to Uleaborg. On their arrival at the latter place they drove into the yard of our agent, and, leaving their sledges, entered the "pertie," a large room usually built in every yard for the accommodation of peasants so employed. No sooner were they comfortably seated than the police, who had noticed their entry into the town, pounced upon them for their papers; not having these they were locked up, and the agent and myself were summoned and both fined, he for permitting them to remain in the yard, and I for giving such uncertificated "loafers" employment.

In their summer dress the Fins differ little from our own people; but their winter costumes, especially for travelling, are of necessity adapted to the climate. A gentleman's overcoat (called a "pels") is usually of cloth, very capacious, thickly wadded inside, and lined with fur—seal, beaver, otter, wolf, or dogskin, the latter being considered the warmest. Some wear long sealskin coats reaching almost to the ground. All the overcoats have a large fur collar, which, being raised, protects the neck from the severity of the weather. A knitted scarf some six or seven yards long, generally the handiwork of sweetheart or wife, is passed round the outside of the raised collar, keeping it in its place, and then crossed over the breast and tied in a broad band round the waist, keeping the "pels" tightly wrapped round the body. The caps principally worn are of otter or seal skin, these being most impervious to wet. Large knitted or fur gloves are made, in which the thumb only is allotted the dignity of a separate division, the fingers having to rest content with fraternising in a more commodious compartment, where they are very comfortable.

The traveller's equipment is completed by well-greased and snow-proof over-boots reaching up to the knee, and in many cases much above, made of reindeer-skin and lined with flannel, or manufactured of soft felt made sufficiently large to draw over the ordinary boot. Goloshes are a great institution in walking, as they not only keep the feet dry and the boots free from snow, but are readily removed on making a call. The peasant's dress differs little from the above save in being of coarser homespun material, and as a rule lined with sheepskin.

In the towns ladies dress just as English ladies do, and quite as well. Paris has as firm a grip on the fair sex there in the way of fashion as it has here, and the larger towns have first-class milliners and dressmakers. The winter dress differs from our own only in the greater profusion of fur cloaks and hats, and that over the latter is worn a large cashmere kerchief, usually white or black, folded shawl-fashion, crossed under the chin and tied at the back. The peasant women wear such head-gear without bonnets, both summer and winter. Ladies are so muffled up that it is difficult to recognise them, and this is rather awkward, as it is customary for the gentleman to move first to any lady of his acquaintance he may meet.

The ruddy appearance produced by the intense cold, and the muffling up, make them all very much alike in the streets; so, to obviate making any mistake by slighting lady friends, the writer discreetly took off his hat to all the ladies he met. On one occasion, when in company with a friend, I met one of the fair sex, and, as usual, off went my hat, and my salutation was gracefully returned. My companion was fairly choking with laughter at this, for he dared not give vent to his merriment until we were out of sight and sound. Then he said, "Do you know who you moved to then?" "I really do not," I replied. "Why, that's our washerwoman's daughter," he cried. "Very well," said I; "*she* won't have to complain of any incivility on my part."

In the northern and eastern parts of Finland the winter is intensely cold and of long duration, while the temperature of the southernmost portions of the country is comparatively mild. To be frostbitten is a serious matter; the frost will appear in white patches as though paper were stuck upon the skin. The remedy is to apply snow, but if you venture into a warm room with one of these spots upon your face its colour becomes livid and an open sore ensues. The northern winter lasts from October to May, and passes, by a spring of only one month's duration, immediately into a dry, hot summer. In the south the longest day is eighteen and a half hours; in the north it may be said to last for two months, as—during June and July—there is no darkness,

everything being as plainly visible at midnight as at noon.

Northern Finland possessing little more than two seasons, summer and winter, it is more than ever essential that hay should be made while the sun shines. It frequently happens that the crops are scarcely cleared, and there remains little time for ploughing or other work, before winter takes the farms into its keeping.

A bad summer season brings about the almost regularly recurring famines that afflict Finland. In 1811 forty persons died of hunger; and from 1866 to 1868 the population diminished by 7,500 through the hard times. The roads have since been improved, and aid can be carried with greater speed to the suffering people. Government grain stores have also been established to meet emergencies, and in case of failure in the crops farmers are now assisted by loans of seed from the State. Notwithstanding this the poor still suffer severely from the rigour of the climate, and in some years are reduced to such extremity as to eat bread made of a marsh root, and of the second bark of the birch. The poor describe a well-to-do man as one who "eats corn bread the whole year round." Now, comparatively few die of starvation, but there is yet much sickness and abiding disease left in the rear of the famine.

There is fair pasturage in the summer, but in winter-time the cattle are sometimes fed on straw and even less nutritious food; and rye and chopped straw are regularly made into cakes for the horses, thus saving room in the carriage of fodder. Cows cannot, under the circumstances, be expected to give very rich milk, yet Finland contrived to hold a not unimportant position in the butter-making department of the last Paris Exposition.

The hay season commences and ends with the month of July. The fields have not an English look—weeds, wild flowers, and even the willow being commonly interspersed with the stunted grass. Women are frequently to be seen mowing this, which, when ready, is stacked as with us, or stowed in rude wooden huts built in the fields. Those placed on the morasses or by the banks of rivers are apt to change places and float away, much to the chagrin of the owners.

Wheat is rarely seen growing in the north—barley, rye, and the Russian black oats being the customary crops. Various kinds of game are in great abundance, as capercaillies, blackcock, partridges, grouse, and ptarmigan, as well as hares, which, like most of the birds, change their brown coats for perfectly white ones in the winter. Fish are also plentiful, but in severe weather the ice has to be broken for the fisherman to drop his line through. The ice is so clear, however, that he can see his hoped-for victims swimming in their native element below his feet; and such is the intensity of the frost, that his only way of keeping the hole in the ice open is by continually stirring the water with a stick.

In the late autumn and winter the principal employments of the peasantry are tar-making, cutting and storing ice, felling timber for the saw-mills, and conveying it to the river-side ready for

floating in the spring; or in making charcoal, the ironworks of the country being entirely dependent upon this for fuel. The wood is cut in equal lengths and piled up in large round heaps during the summer. These are covered over with sand and clay so as to exclude the air, burnt later on, and the charcoal taken away over the snow roads.

PART VI.

**A** PASSING glance at the history of Finland may be permitted before entering upon its present laws and constitution. Like most tribal races, the Fins were originally torn by contending factions; and being without any organised system of government, they soon found it impossible to resist the attacks of Russia on the one hand and of Sweden on the other. Finland fell to the latter power and became an archduchy in the year 1157, when the Swedish saint-king, Eric, at the instigation of the Pope, made his first crusade against its pagan inhabitants.

The Fins soon accepted Christianity; but it was not until one hundred years later, and after many a sanguinary struggle, that Birger Jarl finally riveted the Swedish yoke on the reluctant shoulders of the Finlanders and formed their country into a colony for his son.

Finland was now for a long time the shuttlecock between Russia and Sweden, until, in the latter part of 1809, after a series of desperate conflicts, it became a Russian dependency, together with other Swedish possessions in the Gulf of Finland, by the Treaty of Frederickshamm (*i.e.*, Fredericks-haven). While Finland remained under the domination of the Swedes theirs became the official language of the country and the native tongue was gradually losing ground. Under Russia, however, a great change has taken place, for, to wean the Fins from the affection in which they had come to hold their indulgent conquerors, the Swedes, the Russians have revived the original and almost dead language of the people, and it is to-day taught in the schools and used in the churches and the courts of law. At least three-fourths of the people avail themselves of it in their ordinary conversation. Amongst the well-to-do classes, however, Swedish is still the medium for social intercourse, Finnish being only used when addressing their servants or tradespeople. It is calculated that not more than five thousand persons speak the Russian language in Finland.

The Emperor of Russia is Grand Duke of Finland, but it has been allowed almost entire independence, its administration being in accordance with the Finnish constitution of 1772. Still, it has to furnish a portion of the Russian army, and a contingent from Finland behaved gallantly in the late Russo-Turkish war; while the splendid devotion of the Finland guard at the Winter Palace, on the occasion of the explosion therein, by which the life of the emperor was threatened, is a later exemplification of their excellent qualities as soldiers.

The Fins generally feel no affection for their latest conquerors, however, and are particularly tenacious of their separate rights and privileges.



Only recently the "Helsingfors Dagblad" mentioned that Nihilism being supposed to exist in Finland, or it being suspected that Nihilists had sought refuge there, the Russian authorities were desirous of establishing more summary proceedings for domiciliary visits and for imprisonment than the Finnish laws permit, a move promptly repelled by the local government. Since this the Panslavists have sought to deprive Finland of the constitution granted to it by the Emperor Alexander I. The Diet is not to be summoned, the administration is to be put into the hands of Russian officials; instead of their own naval and military systems, the Fins must serve in the Imperial army and navy; customs are to be abolished, and Russian paper money forced upon the country. Such Panslavic and revolutionary views have led to the publication at Paris of a pamphlet entitled, "*La Finlande Indépendante et Neutre*," advocating the complete independence of the province. The author, Colonel Becker, is a native of Finland who was formerly in the Russian army, and has since served in Mexico, Egypt, Servia, and Greece.

The Constitution, as proposed by Alexander I to the members of the States of Finland, includes the "*Hofrätt*"—the Senate, or superior court of justice—which commenced its executive power on October 2nd, 1809. It is a thoroughly Finnish institution, its members being drawn from sons of the soil. It is the executor of the country's civil administration, as also a court of justice in the last instance, save in cases appertaining to the Emperor's special jurisdiction. The authority of the Senate is limited by the prescriptions which the law contains, with no right to abrogate or annul; nor can it of its own authority impose other taxes or tributes, or pass any kind of charges beyond those contained in the allowance for every year. It is divided into two departments, those of Justice and Economy, the latter being subdivided into six sections, viz., Civil, Financial, Exchequer, Military, Ecclesiastical, and Agricultural. The Governor-General is president of the whole body, and each department has a vice-president and from eight to ten senators as members. Altogether the Senate numbers two hundred. Perhaps its most important member is the Procurator, whose duty it is to see that the laws are strictly administered by all the courts and officers of justice; his power even dominates that of the Governor-General, the vice-presidents, and the whole body of senators, in that he may review their work and, if need be, report thereon to the Committee for the Affairs of Finland, sitting at St. Petersburg. The Senate formerly held its meetings at Abo, but since 1819 they have been held at Helsingfors.

In this same city at least once in every five years, and for about four months, that most important Finnish institution, the *Landtdag*, meets. This is an assembly composed of representatives of the nobility, clergy, citizens, and peasantry, by

which all new laws are made or old ones abolished. It also fixes the taxation and the military conscription. The knighthood and nobles are represented by over one hundred, the clergy by some forty members. The Order of Citizens has about a like number with the clergy, and its representatives are elected by the towns, each six thousand of population giving a member. Towns with fewer than this number of inhabitants send one representative, save those that go below one thousand five hundred, which latter are grouped with others to make up the required total.

Of the peasantry one is elected for each jurisdiction (of which there are fifty-six), and universal suffrage is practically in vogue, every man who has reached the age of twenty-five and who professes a Christian religion being entitled to a vote. In this quiet, out-of-the-way state, the fierce war of politics is unknown, and men are elected for their personal qualifications rather than as partisans or with reference to which side of the chamber they may sit.

The people of Finland are not heavily taxed, nor are the demands for the Crown at all oppressive. The income-tax has travelled to this remote corner of the earth, however, and, if not more inquisitorial than in our "tight little island," less secrecy, at least, is observed, as one's income is posted up in the magistrate's court for everybody to scan!

Paupers are supported in a very primitive fashion, these "poor relations" being billeted upon you according to the extent and value of your property. They must be fed and lodged, and if able to work are compelled by law to do so; but if, as often occurs, a weak woman with two or three little children are cast as your lot, the *work* goes to a vanishing point! Better that than have a blind man, or some poor bedridden soul that one of the servants upon your farm may have to tend, or possibly, in your absence, neglect. The system, though far from a good one for anybody, works much better than one who has not visited the country could imagine.

In the towns the merchants and others to whom it might be a serious inconvenience to house these poor folk, will either contract with the commune to relieve them of the paupers by payment of an annual sum, or make similar arrangements with some neighbouring farmer, as there are no poor-houses provided for their reception.

Such are some of the social characteristics of a Russian dependency which, though conquered, has yet contrived to retain more freedom than her nominal governors possess, and which seems in no mood to part with any of the privileges that her heroic conduct and stubborn defence in the past have saved from the wreck of her liberties.

W. F. SONGEY.

ERRATA.—Page 612, line 29, for "Hippulites" read "Hihhulites"; page 613, line 30, for "Kirkonwaki" read "Kyrkvakt."

## GLEANINGS FROM THE OLD STORYTELLERS.

ADAPTED FROM THE EARLY ENGLISH VERSIONS OF THE "GESTA ROMANORUM."

BY G. LATHOM BROWNE.

### VII.—THE RING, THE BROOCH, AND ROYAL CARPET.

ONCE upon a time there lived in Rome a wise emperor, who had three sons, whom he loved greatly. On his death-bed, calling to him his eldest son, he said, "Dear son, the heritage that my father left and bequeathed to me, I leave to thee." After that, sending for his second son, he said, "Dear son, I have certain possessions in lands and houses which I have purchased; all these I leave to thee." And when the third son came at his call, "Dear son," he said "no lands, or houses, or goods have I to leave to thee, only three jewels—a precious ring, a gay brooch, and a royal carpet. Now the virtue of the ring is this, that whosoever wear it, he shall enjoy the love of all men. The virtue of the brooch is this, that whosoever wear it upon his breast, let him think of what he would wish for, and he shall have it. And the virtue of the royal carpet is this, that only let a man sit upon it, and wish, and he shall find himself in that part of the world whither he would go. These three I give to thee, and I charge thee that thou go on with thy studies, for, by the help of these three jewels, thou shalt have enough."

Then the good emperor turned his face to the wall and died, and his wife and children reverently buried him, and great lamentation and mourning were made for him. Anon the eldest son took his heritage, and the second the lands and houses he had purchased. And the empress said to the youngest,

"Thy father gave to thee the ring and the brooch and the royal carpet. Here now I give to thee the ring, that thou mayest go to school and gain knowledge; and if thou do well, thou shalt be my own dear heart."

The son, whose name was Jonathas, having received the ring, went to the university, and became a learned man. As, however, one day he walked in the city he met a fair damsel, and when he saw her he loved her greatly, and she obtained much power over him. By the power of the ring he won the love of all his fellow-students, to whom he gave many feasts, for he lacked nothing. The woman who had beguiled him wondered at his liberality, for she never saw a penny in his purse wherewithal to furnish these feasts. So one evening when he was with her, "Sir," she said, "you know how much I love you, and have given up my life to you; tell me, I pray, how it is that, though you have no money that I can see, you make these great feasts for your friends, and get all these goods that are in your chamber?"

"Were I to tell you," replied the young man, "and reveal my secret, I fear that you would disclose it."

"Nay, God forbid that I ever should prove a traitor."

"My father," said the luckless youth, "left to me this ring which I wear, and as long as any one wears this he shall have the love of all men, and all shall love him so much that whatsoever he may ask of them they will give it to him."

"Why didst thou not tell me this before, for the danger that might happen?"

"What danger?"

"Ofttimes thou goest into the town, and by some accident thou mightest lose it. How great would be the harm and the trouble did that happen. Dear Bird, therefore," said she, caressing him, "give me the ring to keep for you, and I will treasure it as my life."

Believing her fair words, Jonathas gave the woman the ring, and forthwith he lost the love of every one, and no one would give him aught as they had before done. Seeing, then, in what trouble he was from not wearing it, he asked the woman for it. Then did she rise and go to her chamber, and pretended that she had lost it. "Alas, alas!" she cried, with many tears, "my jewel-box has been broken and rifled, and the ring taken."

"Woe be to the hour that I saw thee," said Jonathas.

But she wept more and more, and feigned such great sorrow, that he believed her and pitied her, and his love for her returned. "Weep not," he said, "all will yet be well; God will help me."

Then went he back to his mother, and told her how he had given the ring to the woman, and that she had lost it.

"Oh, my son," said the empress, "how often have I warned thee to beware of such women's company. Come, take now the brooch, and have a care that thou lose not this also."

So Jonathas took the brooch, and returned to his studies, promising that he would not see the woman again; but when he saw her all his promises were naught, and the woman again had power over him. And when she saw him again giving sumptuous feasts, for by the virtue of the brooch he had only to wish to obtain all that he wanted, she prayed him night and day to tell her how it was that he fared so well, and yet had no money wherewithal to buy with. But Jonathas for a long time would not tell her. Then wept she, and cried, "Alas, alas! thou lovest me not, thou dost not trust me. If thou wouldest but tell me the truth I would lose my life ere I lost thy jewel."

And again Jonathas believed her, and told her the secret of the brooch, and when she heard it she wept.

"Why weepst thou thus?" said he.

"I dread that ye should lose your brooch."

"What would you advise me to do with it?"

"Give it to me to keep for you," replied the artful woman.

"I fear that you would lose it, as you did the ring."

"I swear to thee," said the woman, "that death shall take my soul and my body ere I lose the brooch."

Then the weak fool gave her the jewel, and as soon as he had so done his means of living failed him, and he ran to her to get it back. Again, as with the ring, she cried the brooch was lost, and pretended to go and stab herself, but Jonathas ran and tore the dagger from her hand, and bade her weep no more, for he again believed and forgave her.

Ashamed and downcast, Jonathas returned to his mother, and when she saw him, "Oh, my son," said the empress, "where is the brooch? hast thou lost this as thou didst the ring?"

"Mother! mother!" cried the youth, "the woman that had the ring hath had the brooch, and I know not where they are, or what she hath done with them."

"Son," said his mother, distressed and angry at his wicked weakness, "there remains but one of your father's gifts, the magic carpet; it is thine. Choose thou, then, whether thou wilt keep or lose it like the ring and the brooch; how oft am I to warn thee of the wiles of wicked women?"

"Mother! mother!" replied the youth, with tears, "if I lose this I will never see thy face again."

So he took the carpet and returned to his studies and to his wicked love, who received him with manysmiles and caresses. At his inn he spread out his carpet and sat on it, and bade her sit beside him, and she took bread and wine with him. She knew not the virtue of the carpet; and when she had sat down Jonathas wished that they both were in a forest in the farthest part of the earth, and it was so; for the carpet rose and carried them they knew not whither, until they found themselves in a thick wood infested with wild beasts.

"Woman," said Jonathas, with anger in his looks, "I here leave thee to the wild beasts, for thou keepest from me the ring and the brooch."

"Oh, sir!" cried the woman, "have mercy on me; bring me back to the city and I will give thee the ring and the brooch. If I do not this, put me to the most cruel of deaths."

Believing this third time, "Beware," said the youth, "that thou trespass not against me again; if thou dost, thou diest."

"Nay, sir, never again will I do aught of wrong to thee; but tell me, I pray, how came we here."

"By virtue of this carpet; whoso sitteth on this and wisheth, shall find himself in whatever part of the world he would be. But, come, I would sleep; spread out thy skirt, and let me rest thereon and sleep awhile. Then she spread out her skirt, and he laid him down, with his head in her lap, and fell asleep. But whilst he did so, the wily woman carefully drew away the carpet from under him, and said to herself, "Would to God that I were in the place whence I came;" and it was so. She was

spirited away, and Jonathas left sleeping in the forest. When he awoke, and found neither the carpet, nor the woman, nor the food, he wept bitterly.

"These three times has she deceived me; well do I deserve it, for I told her all my secrets."

As he gazed about he saw no man. Wild beasts in troops ran by him in the forests, and birds flew over him in flocks, but there was no one to help him. Wandering on by a narrow path, he knew not whither, he came at last to a river, and had to wade through it. So hot was its water that had he stood in it it would have burnt the flesh from his legs, for all that it touched it withered. When Jonathas saw this he filled the flask that he had with the water, and stepped on till he came to a tree full of fruit, and when he ate thereof he became a leper white as snow.

"Cursed be the day that I was born," cried the miserable man.

But he gathered some of the fruit, and went on until he came to a second river, and as he stepped into this, lo! his flesh came again on his legs. By this river grew another tree full of fair fruit, of which he took some to eat, for he was sore hungered, and as he ate, lo! his flesh became fair and white again as the flesh of a little child. Finding a flask by the side of this stream, he filled it with its healing waters, and took with him some of the medicine fruit, and fared well on them, and went on in the strength of this food till he came to a fair castle, strewn about which were many men's heads. Here there came to him two armed squires, who said to him, "Friend, who art thou, and whence comest thou?"

"Sirs," he replied, "I am a famous doctor, and come from a far country."

Then saith the squires, "The king of this castle lieth sorely diseased with leprosy, which no doctor can cure. Many have assayed this, and for their failing have lost these heads which thou seest on the ground. If thou wilt try, beware of their fate if thou failest."

"Sirs," rejoined Jonathas, "I will risk the penalty if I heal him not."

So they took him to the king, and when he had given him of the water of the second river, and the fruit of the second tree, the king was healed of his leprosy, and was made whole again. Then the king gave Jonathas rich robes, and money, and jewels, and promised more if he would only abide with him; but he would not, and went daily to the seaside, which was near the castle, if so be that he might find a ship to take him back to his own country.

After a long time came a fleet of ships, and he inquired of the captains of them if any came from the land where he lived. One at last he found that was returning to the city where he had studied. Right glad of this was Jonathas; and when he agreed with the captain for his passage, he went to the king to take leave, and when, much sorrowing, the king gave it him, he embarked on the ship, and after many days came to the haven where he would be. But no man knew him; they thought that he had been devoured by wild beasts, as the woman on return had told. So Jonathas



put the marvellous fruit and water to good use, and healed all the sick that were brought to him.

Now the woman that had beguiled him, by virtue of the ring, the brooch, and the carpet, had become the richest woman in the city, but she was a leper. When, then, they told her of the sable doctor who had come there, and healed all diseases, she sent presents unto him, and prayed him to come and heal her, for she was so sorely diseased that no one would come to her by reason of her sickness. Then Jonathas went to her. She was in bed, and knew him not.

"Dear lady," said Jonathas, when he had felt her pulse and looked at her tongue, "you have a disease but little known, which can be healed only in one way."

"Sir, I will do whatsoever thou sayest, if so doing I may be whole."

"Dear lady," replied Jonathas, "you must openly confess, and if you have done any wrong to any man or taken anything from him, you must give it to him again, and then you shall be whole, if my medicine fail not."

Then the woman, in her sore distress, confessed how she had beguiled Jonathas, the emperor's son, and left him in the forest to be devoured of wild beasts.

"Where," asked Jonathas, "where be the three jewels of which thou didst beguile him?"

"In the chest at my bed's foot," wailed the woman. "Open it, and see that I lie not."

Jonathas did so, and found there much treasure; but he cared for nothing but the jewels, which he took out, and put the ring on his finger, the brooch on his breast, and the carpet under his arm. Then gave he the water of the first river to drink and the fruit of the first tree to eat, and the woman's leprosy so increased that she died in great pain. When he saw that she was dead, Jonathas unfolded the carpet, and sitting on it, wished himself at his own home. And so it was; and he repented him of his wickedness and folly and ended his life in peace.

#### THE MORAL.

"Dear friends," saith the preacher, "the emperor's three sons are the angels, the patriarchs and prophets, and Christian men. After Lucifer from pride fell from heaven, God gave the angels such strength and grace to those that fell not with him, that they cleaved fast to God's service. To the prophets and the patriarchs gave he the Old Law, which was moveable, and was changed by Christ. To Christian men he gave the ring of faith, the brooch of the Holy Spirit, and the carpet of perfect charity. By the ring of faith we have the love of God and angels, and, as it is said, 'If ye have faith like a grain of mustard, ye shall move the hills,' so he that keepeth the ring shall have all things that he wish for. 'The Holy Spirit,' as He said to His apostles, 'shall teach us all that He had said.' So if the Christian man keep the brooch he shall have all that is profitable for him. The third jewel is the carpet of perfect charity, which our Lord showed us in that He died for us on the cross, that He might lead us where we would desire to be, that is, to heaven. Whoso-

ever, therefore, rested on the carpet of perfect charity, without doubt shall be carried wheresoever he willeth. Jonathas is a Christian fallen into sin, whom the flesh draweth, and so he loseth the ring of faith, the brooch of the Spirit, and the carpet of charity, and is left without help amid the temptations of the devil, the world, and the flesh, to his great sorrow." In like strain the preacher pursues the parable to the end, according to the theology and ideas of his time.

This fiction had probably an Eastern origin, as traces of it can be found in the "Arabian Nights," and it also presents one of the oldest forms of the story of Fortunatus. A version of the tale by Occleve was published in 1614 in the "Shepherd's Pipe" of William Browne. The present version is adapted from the two MSS. in the Harleian collection.

#### VIII.—THE EMPEROR AND HIS COOK.

IN days past there was an emperor in Rome who had a forest, which he planted with vines and valuable trees, over which he placed a steward, whom he charged, under heavy penalties, to take care that no man or beast should enter and injure it. Right well did the steward guard it, until one day a boar rushed through the fence, tore down the young plants, and rooted up the newly-planted trees. When the keeper saw this he attacked the boar and cut off its tail, and, with many a savage grunt, the beast ran out of the plantation. A second time the steward found the boar in the forest, at the same mischief, so he caught him and cut off his left ear, and drove him out. Yet a third time came the beast, so the steward cut off this time his right ear, and let him go. When a fourth time the boar returned, and, before he could be stopped, did a greater amount of damage, the steward, out of all patience, took a spear and thrust him through and through till he died, and sent the carcass to the emperor's cook, who served it up next day at a great feast which his master made. Now the emperor loved the boar's heart better than all the rest of its meat, and when he found it not in its body, he bade his servants ask the cook for it.

"Go and tell the emperor," replied the cook, "the boar had not a heart," for, tempted with its fatness, he had eaten it himself.

"Nonsense," said the emperor; "on pain of death bid the cook send it up at once; he knows that I like it better than all the rest of the boar's flesh."

When the servants told the cook, with great coolness he replied,

"My service to the great master; tell him that if I do not prove by clear reasons that the boar had not a heart, willingly I submit me to his will."

So, when the cook was brought before the emperor, with a bold voice he said,

"Great king, this is the first reason why I prove that the boar had no heart. Every thought cometh from the heart; every man and beast, therefore, feeleth good or evil, for the heart thinketh."

"That is the truth," said the emperor.

"Then thus I show that the boar had no heart. When first he broke into the forest the steward cut off his tail. If he had had a heart he would have thought about his loss, but he did not, and breaking in again, lost his left ear. Still he came again, and the steward cut off his other ear. Had he had a heart he would have thought how he had lost his tail and his ears, and would never have gone there again where he had suffered so many evils. But he broke in again, and was killed. Here then, you see, great lord, that I have shown that the boar had no heart."

The emperor smiled at his craftiness, and so the cook escaped, and went back and finished the boar's heart.

#### MORAL.

"Dear friends," saith the preacher, "the emperor is our Lord, the forest is holy church, the plants and trees the holy sacraments and God's commandments. The boar is a sinful man who despiseth the sacraments and doth not keep the commandments. This God sees, and bids the steward—that is death—first slay his kinsman and his dearest friend—that is his tail. Then if he again sin, death striketh down his brother and his sister—his left ear—to warn him to amend his life. If he do not do this, death taketh away his children and his wife. If the sinful man abide in sin and is incurable, by God's command death kills him also, and delivers him to the devil, who devoureth his heart in eternal punishment. But when the day of doom cometh, and God sitteth in judgment, and would have the sinner's heart—for He loveth one soul more than all the world—our adversary the devil shall stand up against him, and allege that he had no heart. 'He was obedient unto me,' shall the evil one say, 'and disobedient unto God, therefore I claim his doom; for many a time Thou hast scourged him that he should obey Thy commandments, but he would not, but obeyed me.' Then shall our adversary prevail and the sinner be doomed. Woe, woe shall be to him that shall be so found in the judgment day. Therefore, dear friends, study we so to lead our lives that we may come to everlasting bliss."

#### IX.—THE UNGRATEFUL CITIZENS; OR, OF TWO EVILS CHOOSE THE LEAST.

WHEN the Emperor Titus reigned in Rome he made a law that every knight who died should be buried in his armour and with his weapons, and that if any one were so hardy as to spoil him of them after his burial, he should die despite of any excuse. Now it happened within a few years after that a certain city in the empire was besieged by the enemies of the emperor, and so hardly pressed that it was on the point of being lost, for there was no man within it that could defend it; great, therefore, was the sorrow and weeping in its streets. Whilst the citizens were in such straits there came to the city a knight, fair and young. When the citizens saw him, thinking him to be a doughty man, they

cried to him and prayed him to help them against their enemies in their great trouble.

"Sirs," said the knight, 'ye see that I have neither armour nor weapons, else would I defend you willingly."

Hearing these words, a man of mark in the city said, privily, "Here beside thee lieth a dead knight, and on his body is good armour and with him good weapons, as long as he lieth in earth, as our law orders, and therefore, sir knight, if so you will you can take them and defend us."

Thereupon the knight took the armour and the weapons of the dead knight and fought with the enemy and got a great victory; and when he had so delivered the city he replaced them in the sepulchre, and the good men of the city gave him great thanks.

There were, however, false traitors in the city who envied the good knight his victory, and went and accused him to the judge.

"The emperor," said they, "has made a law that if any man spoil the dead he should die. This knight has taken the armour and weapons of the dead knight, with which he clothed himself and defended the city. We pray you, therefore, to proceed against him, as ought to be done against any one that breaketh the law of the emperor."

Then the judge caused the knight to be seized and brought before his judgment seat, and reproved him for his trespass on the dead.

"Sir," said the knight, "it is written 'of two evils choose the least.' It is well known to you that had not I taken this knight's armour and weapons I could not have delivered this city, nor you neither. Therefore I think that I ought rather to have much honour and thanks for my deeds than this accusation, for which I am brought hither as a thief to be hanged. Again, there is another reason in my favour. Whoso take anything to steal it doth not intend to return it. It was not so with me; for though I took, as borrowing, the dead knight's armour and weapons to deliver your city, so soon as I had the victory I returned them to his sepulchre."

"I put this case," replied the judge. "If a thief make a hole in the wall of a house to take goods from it, and after that bring them back again, I pray thee, sir knight, whether he did well or ill?"

"Sir," quoth the knight, "sometimes such breaking-in is good, and not wicked; as if one were to make a hole in a weak wall of a badly-built house, so that its owner might be forced to make it stronger against thieves, so that they cannot get in so easily when they come."

"Sir knight," replied the judge, "though such making of a hole is good, and done in order that the wall may be made stronger and thicker, yet is violence done to its owner. And so with thee, for though thou didst good with the armour and weapons of the knight, yet thou didst violence to the dead in that thou didst take them away."

"Sir," he replied, "I said before that if two evils were commanded the less one was to be chosen, and that evil by the doing of which

cometh good and profit should not be called an evil, but a good deed that was like to an evil one, as thus: If I were in a house in your city on fire, and beginning to be burnt, were it better to pull down the house that stands next to it, or to let it take fire also, and so perhaps all the city be burnt? And, sir, with the armour: if I had not taken out for a time the armour of the dead knight, the city and you too would have been destroyed."

Then the judge, hearing the good reasons of the knight, would not give judgment against him. But the false traitors that accused him set upon him and slew him, to the great grief of all the good citizens, who buried his body among their worthies in a new sepulchre.

#### THE MORAL.

Saith the preacher—making the most of his imperfect allegory—the city is the world, which is besieged by the hosts of the Evil one, and all

that were in the world were in danger of being lost before the coming of Christ, and could not save themselves. To save man, He, the Christian Knight, took on Himself the armour of the dead knight—that is, the form of man—and laid it not by until He was laid in the tomb. The evil citizens be the Jews and pagans, who, though Christ came to save them, for envy delivered Him to Pilate, and alleged against Him that He had broken Caesar's laws, saying, "If thou release Him and slay Him not, thou art not Caesar's friend, for after that law He ought to die." But Pilate could not give the doom himself that they asked, but committed Him unto them again, and then they slew Him and murdered Him, and the third day He rose from the dead, and after ascended up to glory, to which may He, with the Father and the Holy Spirit, lead us.

In the printed Latin edition Seneca is quoted as the authority for this story, where the relater did not say.

### WHAT'S IN A SURNAME?

IF instead of a name every child on entering the world were assigned a number, the plan would have many features to recommend it. Directories would be simplified; there would be no chance of confusion with twenty-four Mrs. Joneses all in one place, and to address a letter you would have nothing to do but write on the envelope, say, "No. 9,243,769, Esq."

But with these manifest advantages there would be considerable loss. When Juliet said "What's in a name?" she talked as lovers often do, at random. Her speech to Romeo Montague is beautiful, but it is not logic. She was indeed, as any one with a critical eye can see, in the strangest confusion about the difference between a Christian and a surname. That Romeo did not correct her on the instant can only be accounted for by the fact that he himself was not in a fit state of mind for playing the instructor.

There is a great deal in surnames. What glimpses of old life they sometimes give us: they are little bits of history; revelations of human interest; scraps of poetry and humour; notes of affection, ridicule, sarcasm, and impertinence; often stories condensed into a single word. It is not surprising that they go to form a subject possessing a peculiar fascination, and that some people on their way through the world keep their eyes on signboards and their fingers turning over directories.

Last month we gave a collection of English surnames arranged in groups—the work of an enthusiast—and to that collection the following remarks may be taken as supplementary. The topic is a tolerably extensive one. In England alone there are about forty thousand surnames

at present existing, or about one to every six hundred people.

It is a common error to suppose that *surname* is a corruption of *sirename*, and only another way of saying *father's name*. The word either means *over-name*—a name given over and above the Christian name—or had its origin in the fact that at first the family name was written over (*sur*) the other name, as

"de Cobbeham  
John."

Names, certainly, go back to Adam, but the origin of surnames is nothing like so remote. They cannot be traced much farther back than the latter part of the tenth century. They were first employed in France, and particularly in Normandy, and at the Conquest were brought into England.

According to Mr. Lower the practice of making the second name stationary and transmitting it to descendants came gradually into common use during the eleventh and three following centuries. It was not, however, established on anything like its present footing till the time of the Reformation. The introduction of parish registers may have materially contributed to encourage the practice.

Till the twelfth century surnames were little used in Scotland, and for a long time they were very variable. The fashion was set in Scotland, and, indeed, everywhere else, by the noble families, the common people being slow to follow it.

In most cases surnames can be classified without much difficulty. On the meaning of a few, however, a good deal of ingenuity has been expended,



and the result is sometimes mere guesswork. The classification adopted in the collection we have given conveys a good idea of the extensive field from which surnames have been drawn, and the divisions into which they naturally fall.

A large number of surnames consist of the father's name with the addition of "son," or an equivalent for son, like Mac or Fitz. "Names of this sort often fluctuate from generation to generation. Alan Waterson, for example, had a son Walter, who called himself Walter Alanson."

Other names are purely local in origin, names such as Dale, Brook, Marsh, Land, Wood, and Heath. Amongst local names we may also include Kent, Cornish, Wiltshire, Devonish, Ireland, Welsh, and such like.

Granville may be classed among local names. It is told that Lord Lyttelton once disputed with the head of the Granvilles which was of the older family. He at last settled the question beyond dispute, asserting his own to be the more ancient, inasmuch as the *little town* must necessarily have existed before the *grande-ville*.

Offices, occupation, and condition gave rise to other names. Thus we have Smith, Cook, Shepherd, Plowman, Knight, Corner (Coroner), Archer, Slinger, Justice, Provost, Dresser, Chapman, Barbour, and a host more. The surnames of occupation form a wonderful guide to the industries of our forefathers.

Those who kept shops or inns got surnames from their signs, a practice which accounts for many surnames of a fanciful order. John at the Bell became John Bell; Thomas at the Rose became Thomas Rose; Oliver at the Thorne became Oliver Thorne; and Nicholas at the Sparrow was shortened to Nicholas Sparrow.

A large class of names is devoted to the description of personal appearance, manner, and character. We find outward peculiarities indicated in an immense number, such as Longman, Shortman, Smallman, Big, Little, Thick, Thin, Shorter, Stronger, Black, White, and Brown. Mental characteristics have given rise to such surnames as Good, Patient, Wise, Gay, Sage, Blythe, Merry, Makepeace, Grave, Sweet, Proud, Meek, Humble, and Jolly. People who reminded their neighbours of birds, beasts, fish, and insects have transmitted to their descendants many surnames, of which examples may be seen in our collection. At the same time it should be remarked that these surnames may often have had their origin in signs as mentioned in the preceding paragraph.

Not a few names illustrating personal appearance and character have evidently been originally nicknames; Cruikshank, Glutton, Pennyfather (or miser), for example. Occasionally, as in the case of Swindler, the name has the air of "giving a piece of one's mind."

Partnerships sometimes bring about peculiar conjunctions of names. There are well-authenticated instances of Sparrow and Nightingale, Birch and Schooling, Able and Willing, and several others equally appropriate. Catchem and Cheet-ham for a legal firm is, however, probably an invention, and so with Pen, Quill, and Driver. The

best that can be said of these is that they are quite possible; so are Coy and Shy, Quarrel and Millachap, Bagwell and Sackit, Rushforth and Hastaway, Blinks and Winks, Bacon and Mutton, Child and Littleboy, Trip and Golightly, Found and Pickup, Gabble and Chataway, Gaze and Stare, Breeze and Blow, Charity and Scattergood, Strongfellow and Slenderman, Angler and Fish, Mouser and Cat, Day and Knight.

The frequency with which particular names are met with varies with the locality. "I once," says a friend, "thought myself the sole survivor of my name in the universe, but on visiting an obscure country town there it was over a dozen shop doors."

In Scotland the locality of some names is particularly well-defined. We have MacDonald, MacKenzie, Robertson, and Stewart in the north; Scott, Kerr, Elliot, Johnston, and Maxwell in the south; Gordon, Forbes, Grant, and Ogilvie in the east; and Campbell, Cameron, MacLean, and Kennedy in the west. "This arises from the clansmen having made a practice of taking the name of their chiefs and considering themselves members of their family by adoption if not otherwise."

There are some names met with in England which appear never to have crossed the Border. Amongst those of which England may thus claim to have a monopoly, we find Churchyard, Deadman, Scamp, Swindler, Gotobed, Slaughter, Startup, Twentyman, Allbones, Littleproud, Fudge, Puddle, and Wildblood.

The most prevalent surnames in Scotland, according to Mr. George Seton, are Smith—the name of one person in every sixty-nine, MacDonald—one in seventy-eight, Brown—one in eighty-nine, Robertson—one in ninety-one, Campbell—one in ninety-two, Thompson—one in ninety-five, and Stewart—one in ninety-eight. "One person in every twelve in Scotland," says Mr. Seton, "will answer to one or other of these seven names."

The Smiths in England and Wales are calculated to be about one in every seventy-three of the population. If we take the three common names of Smith, Jones, and Williams, one person in every twenty-eight will answer to one or other of them.

Life with a good number is a struggle at the best, and the success that attends us is influenced more than people sometimes think by the names we bear. Even the sound of a name is of consequence. "Harsh names," says Isaac Disraeli, "will have, in spite of all our philosophy, a painful and ludicrous effect on our ears and our associations. It is vexatious that the softness of delicious vowels or the ruggedness of inexorable consonants should at all be connected with a man's happiness, or even have an influence on his fortune."

Some names, indeed, are almost fatal to success, they simply suggest jokes and encourage familiarity. A man has no hesitation in proving "by thumps upon your back how he esteems your merit" if you are called Twigger, or Tapp, or Trundle, or Littleboy, but he would hardly venture

on it were you a more aristocratic Montgomery or a Gascoigne.

For a man to inherit an absurd or insignificant name is to have a stone tied round his neck in childhood to keep him all his life in the depths of obscurity. It would be difficult to find a famous character in literature, art, or anything else, with a surname the least approaching in character to, say, Toothaches, or Bang, or Baby. Who could fancy a Squib, or a Gabble visited at any time by the inspirations of genius?

John Wilkes expressed this idea once in conversation with Dr. Johnson. They were speaking of Elkanah Settle, the last of the City Poets. "There is something in names," said Wilkes, "which one cannot help feeling. Now Elkanah Settle sounds so queer; who can expect much from that name? We should have no hesitation to give it for John Dryden in preference to Elkanah Settle from the names only, without knowing their different merits."

Considerations such as these—not to speak of testamentary injunctions and conditions attached to deeds of entail—have induced people from time to time to change their names. The world being as it is, and man's instinct leading him to fasten on and worry the ridiculous, it is often a sensible proceeding. Cuthbert is made to take the place of Cuddy; McAlpine of Halfpenny, Belcombe of Bullock, De Winton of Wilkins, and Ephraim Bug is transformed into the aristocratic Norfolk Howard.

It seems to be the established law both of England and Scotland that one can take a surname or change it at pleasure without any royal, parliamentary, or judicial authority whatever. No permission is needed; the only difficulty is to get other people to recognise the change. The ordinary method, however, is to obtain a royal licence, the chief use of which appears to be in proving identity, should that ever be necessary.

Changes on a small scale—well calculated, however, to "turn the vulgar into the genteel"—are occasionally made by the alteration of a letter or the addition of an "e." For example, Smyth, Smythe, Tayleur, Tayleure, Browne, and Fysshe.

There is no doubt that a man may sometimes have too fine a name. To be called something illustrious is to come into the world sentenced to personal insignificance. Better indeed be called Toothaches than Shakespeare, and Bang than Milton.

"It is no trifling misfortune in life," says Disraeli, "to bear an illustrious name, and in an author it is peculiarly severe. A history now by a Mr. Hume or a poem by a Mr. Pope would be examined with different eyes than had they borne any other name. The relative of a great author should endeavour not to be an author."

In connection with short names, a pleasant anecdote is quoted by Disraeli from Fuller: "An

opulent citizen of the name of John Cuts (what name can be more unluckily short?) was ordered by Elizabeth to receive the Spanish ambassador, but the latter complained grievously, and thought he was disparaged by the shortness of the name. He imagined that a man bearing a monosyllabic name could never, in the great alphabet of civil life, have performed anything great or honourable; but when he found that honest John Cuts displayed a hospitality which had nothing monosyllabic in it, he groaned only at the utterance of the name of his host."

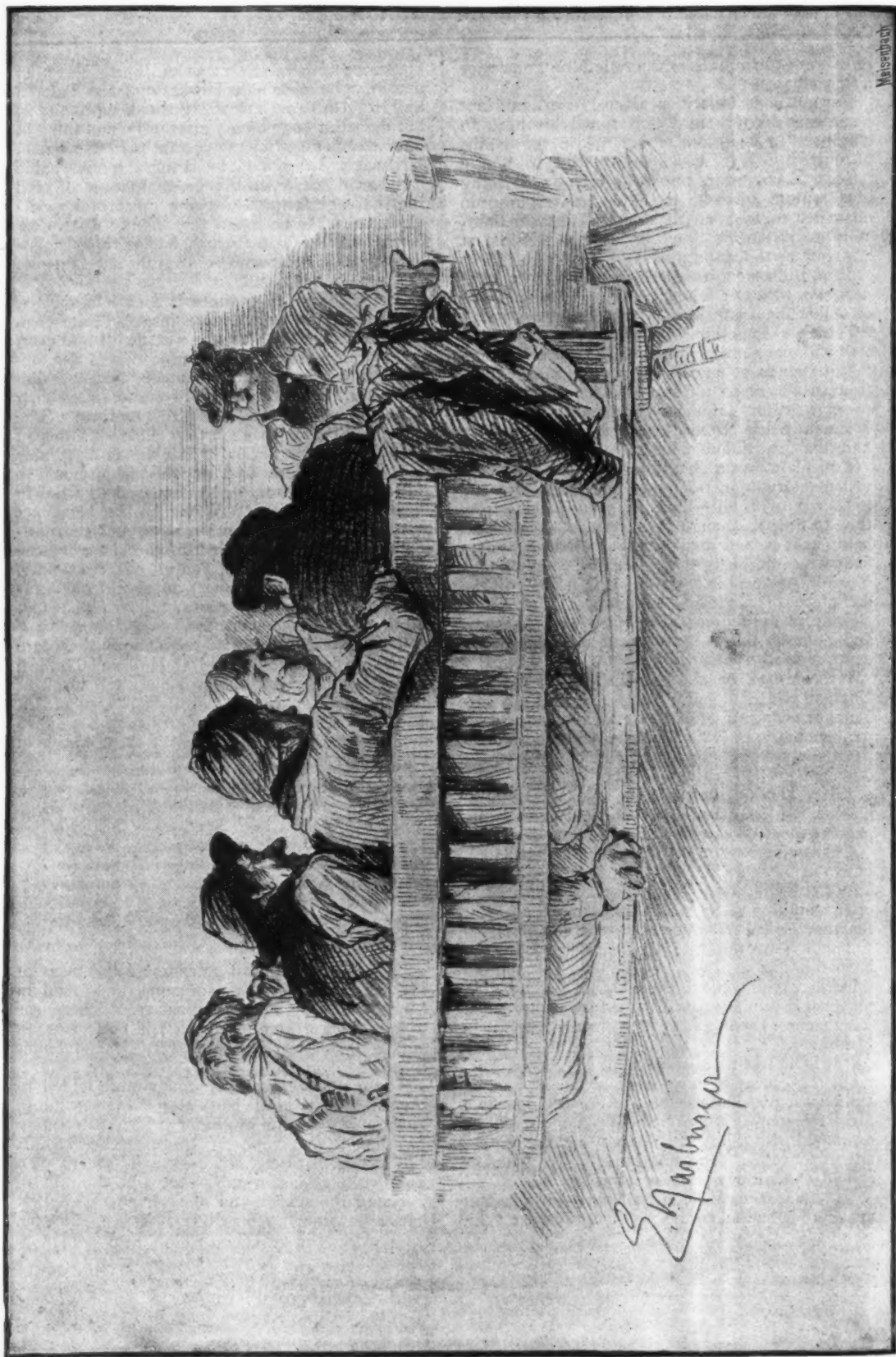
The spelling of surnames is a curious subject. When spelling was in a more unsettled state than now every man did what was right in his own eyes, and indulged in variations from day to day, according to his taste and humour. Thus we find Leicester, Queen Elizabeth's favourite, subscribing his name no fewer than eight different ways. The name Villiers assumes fourteen different forms in the deeds of that family. "The simple dissyllabic but illustrious name of Percy the bishop found in family documents they had contrived to write in fifteen different ways." Waynflete has been met with spelt at least seventeen ways, and the antiquary Dugdale, in investigating the history of the family of Mainwaring, of Peover, county Chester, fell in with the extraordinary number of one hundred and thirty-one variations of that single name, all in authorised documents.

The various spellings of the name Shakespeare have been collected by Mr. J. O. Halliwell-Phillips, and the following list, which gives the result of his researches, "is very instructive," says Mr. A. J. Ellis, "as to the capabilities of the English language to indulge the tastes of those who hold that variety is charming."

Chacsper	Shackspeare	Shakispere	Shaxkspere
Saxpere	Shackspere	Shakspeare	Shakyspere
Saxspere	Shackspire	Shakspere	Shakysper
Schackspere	Shagspere	Shaksper	Shaxper
Schakespeare	Shakesepere	Shakspeyr	Shaxpere
Schakespeire	Shakespear	Shakuspeare	Shaxspere
Schakespere	Shakespeere	Shaxeper	Shaxsper
Schakspere	Shakespere	Shaxkespere	Shaxpeare
Shakspare	Shakespeyre		

In Scotland the most remarkable instances of the various spelling of surnames are found in Lindsay, Stirling, and Montgomery, which appear to have been written respectively in no fewer than eighty-eight, sixty-four, and forty-four different forms.

These notes might have many more added to them. Hundreds of particular surnames might be quoted, on the origin of which interesting light has been thrown by the researches of Mr. Lower, Mr. Bardsley, Mr. Seton, and others. To these writers we now refer every one desirous of pursuing the subject and of seeing to its fullest extent how much, after all, there is in a surname.



VILLAGE POLITICIANS.

Maisbach



## ARTISTIC LIFE IN LOW LEVELS.

Do the masses care for art in any shape or form? That is, the English masses. Is there any taste for music, literature, or pictures; any educated taste (which with discernment can appreciate the good in art and seek to shun the bad) being developed amongst our poorer population either in town or country?

All can read now. The scavenger may be seen leaning against his cartwheel reading; or the ploughboy or birdkeeper may sometimes be seen with a scrap of reading before him.

But what is the literature of the masses? To far too large an extent blood and murder stories and newspapers which deal principally with sensational and worse incidents.

In our cities we may sometimes see tramcar men and boys, and factory girls and barmaids, devouring the latest "shilling thriller," but seldom anything elevating. Even the sixpenny or threepenny editions of Dickens or Scott are very rarely in their hands; and Carlyle or Shakespeare, although to be had at the same price, are never seen.

Our free libraries tell a similar story. In England would one think of conversing with even a lower middle-class person upon the works of such men as Ruskin, or Froude, or Carlyle, still less upon the works of foreign writers—Goethe, or Dante, or Molière? But in Germany this is quite possible, and frequently the writer has been astonished to find the knowledge which some poor shopkeeper, or waiter, or porter has had of our English writers; of Shakespeare, and Dickens, and Byron, together with a deep and loving knowledge of their own authors.

In music we have the same lack of the true love of the beautiful. Listen to our holiday-makers in their summer haunts, and there seems no mean between the vulgar music-hall song and the religious ditty, which, shouted without reverence, is as much out of place.

To sing a good glee or a good part-song without books is out of the power, it appears, even of all classes of men in England, in spite of our numerous glee parties, our philharmonics, and other choirs. How sweetly would rise the tones of some choice part-song amidst the wooded lanes of rural England, or upon the packed steamboats of crowded Thames. Such sounds are often heard in the public gardens of Germany, both in town and country. No books are laid before the singers, they love their art and know it from the heart.

Such a power lends a sweetness and a pleasure to life, even if life has to be spent amidst poor surroundings. It lends beauty and harmony to enhance the enjoyment of life to the possessor of the power, and to all with whom he comes in contact.

The beauties of nature and of sound are universal property, all can freely enjoy them; but in England how few understand their beauty, and

how many ignore and lose these great charms of existence.

In many other parts of Europe this is not so. The poorest classes, even amidst the most wretched surroundings, love music; and we have often heard the beauties of nature, of tree and cloud, spoken of appreciatively even in the flat plain around Berlin, where there is so little to admire. There is a story given in Max Ring's "Berliner Leben" that well illustrates how this love of the beautiful in music and art descends to even the poorest in many parts of Germany. The tale is descriptive of a celebrated Berlin "furniture lifter," who for a consideration will get the furniture of any unfortunate or swindling room-renter whose rent is unpaid out into the streets and into another lodging.

In the story in question the rooms of a *budiker* (little shopkeeper) lead out by the cellar onto the Spree's dark waters. The landlord lives in the same house, and keeps strict watch upon the front street-door day and night, the law in Berlin being that so long as the furniture is in the house the landlord retains his right upon it for his rent; but once out of the house, even in the street, and he cannot touch it.

The wife of the *budiker* knows this, and employs the burly Father Brendel to remove the furniture at night into a boat through the cellar. This is done by six stalwart and silent lads, under the direction of Father Brendel; the landlord sits above in his rooms, watching and listening. At last all is done, the order to get in the boat with the furniture is given, but Frau *Budiker* must go back for something—she has left her guitar behind. They beg her to leave it, the police may turn up; but madame is firm, she could not live without her guitar—or "juitar," as she pronounces it; and why not serenade their landlord? The furniture is safe, the old lifter seizes the joke, bows to "Madame Lucca," gets her guitar, and, seated on their piles of furniture in the black night, Frau *Budiker* chants forth her song. The husband joins in upon an accordeon, and the six stalwarts form the chorus. The landlord's window flies open, and he shouts to his wife, "The shop-people are off! Don't you hear the 'spectacle'?" (a Berlin word for any species of sight or entertainment). Both rush to the cellar half dressed, but safe on the water floats the furniture; Frau *Budiker*, seated high on a chest, strikes up an operatic air, the refrain of which is taken up by the chorus.

This scene, with its misery and poverty combined with the artistic touches of wit and song, is peculiarly illustrative of the under-current of art that pervades the poorest classes of Berlin; even the six furniture lifters probably took their part in the chorus in good style. It would be difficult to get into a lower strata of society than this, and yet a stranger passing along the street at the moment might have imagined himself at Venice

with a serenade proceeding from a gondola rather than in Berlin with some surreptitiously-taken furniture piled upon a barge floating upon the black foetid bosom of the Spree, with some furniture lifters for a chorus, and a poor wretched little stall-keeper as prima donna.

But far-fetched as this scene appears, it is no uncommon thing to hear men but little higher in the social scale sing glees with intense enthusiasm and appreciation and without books.

The love of good pictures is slowly being implanted in our poorer classes by the wide-spreading of the cheap reproductions of great works by great artists.

The red, blue, and yellow prints of Joseph's Dream, or Robinson finding Friday, are slowly being supplanted on our cottage walls by fairly good copies of the Old Masters, or still better by photographs of world-famed works. The almanack of bygone days, with its rudely-drawn hieroglyphics of wondrous portent, is replaced by a pretty work of some homely taking subject that is bright and offends not the eye either in form or colour, although the latter might oftentimes be more subdued and natural; but even the cottager or poor artisan who has had these cheap art productions upon his walls would scarcely tolerate the old red, blues, and yellows by their side.

But the true love of art, and the right appreciation of form, colour, and composition, is yet almost unknown amongst our poorest people.

We have picture galleries throughout England upon a poor scale certainly, but yet picture galleries; but how many artisans and labourers can be found in these galleries, in any town, carefully examining the works hung upon the walls? It is a bygone plea of exculpation that they have no time. Many labourers leave their work at half-past five in the summer (masons and carpenters, to wit), but how many of them drop into a picture gallery on their road home. All working men now have their Saturday afternoons, but we do not find our picture galleries crowded with artisans upon these days, even though these galleries be free, or at the most free upon payment of a sixpence.

Yet in many foreign towns, as witnessed in Havre, in Milan, in Berlin, in Leipzig, in Stockholm, it is no uncommon thing to see many a poor artisan or bloused labourer studying well the pictures and the sculpture in the galleries, and hence comes it that so many of the artistic productions we see upon our walls and in our houses are of foreign design.

We have now the remedy for this general lack of appreciation of the beautiful in music, literature, and art in low levels in our hands, if we but use it. All now pass through our National and Board schools; it is there they should learn that to read good literature is of a higher and a deeper and a more absorbing interest than to read flaming or filthy works; that the pleasure after reading a work by such an author as Scott or Carlisle, or Kingsley or Dickens, is lasting; that the tickling of the mind by a "shilling thriller" is evanescent, unless it be that it leaves a dangerous taste in the mouth.

Music is taught in these schools, but there must be something deficient in the teaching when the love for music induced is so slight that the National school boy when released from school and become a workman, can yell in horrid discordancy the most senseless airs regardless of harmony or time. If the love for music and "the concord of sweet sounds" had been made clear to his ears and his mind, he would soon imbue his fellows with a love for good part-singing; and the howlings now heard everywhere in our streets would give place to this same "concord of sweet sounds," a consummation devoutly to be wished.

And so with art, or the love of beauty in form and colour. Not necessarily the teaching of drawing or perspective, but the unconscious training of the eye by the presence of the beautiful. If good copies be placed within the sight of children, and they be taught to appreciate the beauty that is around them in nature, the form in trees, their beauty in full leaf and delicate tracery in winter, the colour and form in landscape and sky, or in the buildings that they see in their daily lives, and if they be taken through the picture galleries and be induced to look into and examine the works there, this would probably give a greater love for art than even the teaching of perspective. Many a lad who otherwise would sink into a low level of life without perception, might be raised to the appreciation and the power of enjoyment of the highest art.\*

JAMES BAKER.

### The River of Tears.

Oh! wall of mist, so cold and grey,  
Oh! pine-trees dim in the dying day,  
Your sun and mine have passed away.

Where have you gone to, my only one?  
Where have you hidden your light, my sun?  
Dead ere the day was well begun.

Cold from the glacier blows a breeze,  
Coldly it sighs among the trees:  
There is a river no cold can freeze.

Where do you come from, oh, sullen stream?  
Why have your waters that ruddy gleam,  
As you glide along in a strange sad dream?

Is it the sunset that stains you red?  
Is it the heart's blood of those long dead?  
Or the faint reflection of rapture fled?

For me, oh! river, you took your rise  
In the dark sweet smile of two dark sweet eyes,  
And in dreams of an earthly paradise.

For the River of Tears floweth thick and fast  
From the mountains of many a golden Past,  
Till it reaches the River of Death at last.

B. T. A. W.

\* There are compensating features in our English popular life which redeem it from that entire vulgarity which the absence of these artistic tastes might be supposed to imply; but not the less does the contrast drawn by our contributor point to the need of a great reform.—ED. L. H.

## NOTES ON CURRENT SCIENCE, INVENTION, AND DISCOVERY.

### SIR WILLIAM DAWSON'S ADDRESS TO THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

THE Birmingham meeting of the British Association was inaugurated by a presidential address of more interest to a general audience than is usual on these occasions. Sir William gave to his subject the attractive title, "The Origin, History, and Future of the Atlantic Ocean." In treating it he confined himself mainly to the grander processes in cosmogony or earth-making and physical geography. The subject, especially in such hands, compelled an opening reference to the earlier and more astronomical stages of our earth's history; and the hearers were necessarily taken back to the time when our planet was still in a molten or fluid condition, and the dry land had not as yet appeared. Sir William treated this, the astronomical part of his subject, with much graphic detail in these pages some years since,\* and his presidential address at Birmingham may be looked upon as a valuable continuation of the same theme brought down to the terraqueous stages of the earth's history.

The president showed that science has moved away from the old "egg-shell theory" of the structure of the earth, which has long ceased to be tenable. Instead of a fluid interior with a thin crust, he pictured the earth of more recent statics. The crust on which we live must be supported on a plastic or partially liquid mass of heated rock, but beneath this the earth is practically solid, and of great density and hardness. The compatibility of such an interior economy with the dynamics incident to a partially cooling earth was then considered. The conclusions arrived at were then applied to the formation of the first exterior terrestrial crust, and thus to the origin of the floor of the Atlantic Ocean, which was described as a flattening rather than a depression of the earth's crust.

So far from believing that land and sea have everywhere at some time or other changed places, Sir William Dawson contends for the fixity of the earth's larger physical features. He does not hold with the poet Beattie that "Where the Atlantic rolls wide continents have bloomed." There has been a permanence of position of the continents and oceans throughout geological time, but with many oscillations of these areas, producing marginal changes.

With regard to climate and its extreme variations in the same latitude at different periods, it is not necessary to invoke special astronomical causes, even for a Glacial period. So far from the fixity of the earth's polar inclination, involving six months of continuous darkness in the Arctic circle, being incompatible with the growth of the profuse vegetable forms which are now found fossil there, the president holds that it might on

the contrary be favourable to vegetation, involving as it does the correlative of six months' continuous sunlight—an intermittent stimulus which, with a different arrangement of polar land and sea, may well have resulted in the rich plant-growth in question. Sir Charles Lyell, rather than Mr. Croll, is to be followed in the question of climate.

In this, and also in the question as to the amount of time required for great terraqueous changes, the distance of time of the Pleistocene period, and the duration of the last submergence and re-elevation of the British Isles, Sir William Dawson repeated views which distinguish and at the same time isolate him from the great majority of British and American geologists, but which he has always consistently maintained.

The period and events just referred to, including the Glacial interlude, are in his view separated from the present time by only a few thousand years, instead of the 250,000 years assigned by the astronomical theory associated with the name of Mr. Croll.

### THE AGE OF THE SUN AND THE EARTH.

Professor G. H. Darwin, son of the great naturalist, presided in the section for Mathematical and Physical Science, and dwelt upon the geological unit of time which had been touched upon by Sir William Dawson. He was very critical of all attempts made to assess the age of the earth, either from geological agencies as construed by Alfred Tylor, Croll, and others, or from "tidal friction" and the gradual cooling of the earth as held by Sir William Thomson.

In geology we have no fundamental unit on which to base a calculation, and this affects the profoundest questions of biology, physics, and cosmogony. The fact that the sun is himself a finite and perishing body, endowed with a limited amount of energy at the first, and only able to illumine the earth for a certain number of years, necessarily limits the age and duration of the earth, a fact on which Sir William Thomson has based certain calculations expressed in years.

Professor Darwin viewed these calculations with a certain negative reserve, declining to come to closer terms than those conveyed in the very wide statement, that "the existing state of things on the earth, life on the earth, all geological history showing continuity of life, must be limited within some such period of past time as 100,000,000 years." He was decidedly sceptical as to the argument from tidal friction, and there were elements of uncertainty surrounding the other two, but they undoubtedly constituted a contribution of the first importance to physical geology.

### ALLEGED PRE-GLACIAL MAN IN NORTH WALES.

Dr Henry Hicks, F.R.S., a geologist of con-

\* "Leisure Hour," 1871, "The Igneous Genesis of the Earth."



siderable reputation in connection with researches in the Silurian and Cambrian systems, read a paper on the above subject, in which he described the conditions under which a number of flint implements were discovered during the researches carried on by Mr. E. B. Luxmore and himself in the Ffymion Beuno and Cae Gwyn Caves, in the Vale of Clwydd, in the years 1884-86. He had found a worked flint flake in a deposit of bone-earth eighteen inches below the lowest glacial bed in the Cae Gwyn Cave. Professor Boyd Dawkins at the conclusion of the paper said he had approached the question indicated with all the powers of criticism which were in him, and he fully accepted the conclusions which Dr. Hicks had laid before them. He could see no other explanation of the discovery of the little splinter of flint which had been shown to them in such a place. It was as good evidence of the previous existence of man as if Dr. Hicks had found a watch. He fully believed that these were glacial deposits *in situ*. Professor McKenny Hughes remained unconvinced by Dr. Hicks's evidence as to the age of the deposits.

#### EARTHQUAKES.

Tidings of the great earthquake in North America were received during the sitting of the British Association at Birmingham. A despatch from Major Powell, director of the United States Geological Survey, gave the main facts of the disturbance. On the second day of the meeting there came a full account of the Charleston upheaval, the incidents of which were so remarkable as to evoke the following conclusion from Sir William Dawson: "The phenomena of the present earthquake convulsions in America and elsewhere, but especially in America, are extremely puzzling, and completely upset some of the conclusions set forth in the address I read last evening." An important point in Major Powell's despatch was the rapid transmission of the main earthquake wave, which travelled over 990,000 square miles at a velocity, in the case of the harder rocks, of 140 miles per minute. The land area affected was one-third of the total area of the United States. Mr. William Topley, F.G.S., contributed a critical paper on earthquake movements in North America, in which he traced the coincidence of these earth-movements with old lines of weakness, which have previously formed earthquake paths. So far, the evidence of the Charleston earthquake points to an origin of a mechanical rather than an explosive or volcanic kind. In a recent paper in these pages\* the origin of earthquakes through the mere drying and contraction of rocks over a wide area, leading to a slipping and sliding of the mass, was pointed out. Subterranean denudation by water undermines rocks, contractions take place through cooling and chemical action. A tract of land thus deprived all at once of its insecure props settles down to a lower level. In large areas north of the United States the extraction of vast

volumes of petroleum and natural gas from the wells sunk in the bowels of the earth illustrate this kind of honeycombing of the interior which in time affects the stability of the surface. "The snap after prolonged strain, the shifting and twisting of rocks, the slipping and wrenching and grinding of tormented strata in the effort to satisfy the stresses put upon them, all result in earthquake action of the mechanical kind." These may be, and often are, entirely distinct from earthquakes of the volcanic or explosive class, although the two may coalesce. In the case of apparently "mechanical" earthquakes there may be deep-seated explosive action so remote as to be translated at the surface into mere vibrations and slippings of the rocks. The more recent study of earthquake movements decidedly tends to enlarge the class of those which may properly be called "mechanical."

Professor Bonney, one of our leading petrologists, read a paper entitled "Microscopical Analysis in Physical Geography," the keynote of which was conveyed in the opening sentence, "The application of microscopic analysis to the physical geography of bygone ages." Sir William Dawson, in moving a vote of thanks to the author, said his method and field of observation had given to the world ideas quite new in regard to the origin of rocks. The microscopical examination of rocks was really a grand new development of geological science—at present only in its infancy.

Professor Rücker, an old favourite with popular scientific audiences in the midland and northern towns, gave a lecture in the Town Hall on Soap Bubbles, and the part they have played since Newton's time in teaching the true theory of light. The lecture contained some remarkable units of micro-measurement, the thickest part of the film of a soap-bubble being found not to exceed the twenty-five-millionth part of an inch. The lime-light lantern illustrations of the subject on the screen were very helpful to the audience. Lord Rayleigh, perhaps our greatest authority on the physics of optics, gave a paper on colour vision.

Mr. W. Carruthers, the eminent botanist, presided in the biological section, and read a paper tending to show the fixity of vegetable species. Referring to the plant remains found in Glacial deposits on the eastern coast of England, he said the various physical conditions which affected these species in their diffusion over such large areas of the earth's surface in the course of 250,000 years should have led to the production of many varieties, but the uniform testimony of the remains of this considerable pre-Glacial flora, as far as the materials admit of a comparison, was that no appreciable change had taken place.

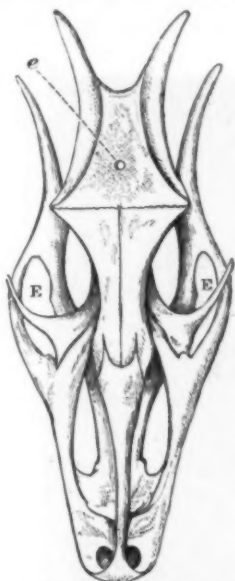
#### THREE-EYED LIZARDS.

The Colonial and Indian Exhibition of the year 1886 at South Kensington will be henceforth associated with one of the most interesting of zoological discoveries. In the New Zealand department of the Exhibition, and among the curious animals there exhibited, nothing has attracted more attention than the group of large

\* See "Leisure Hour" for April, page 279.

lizards. One of these animals is seen at the entrance of its burrow, which is also occupied by a sea-bird known as Cook's Petrel, the lizard and the bird living together in perfect amity. The natives call the lizard "Tuatera," but it is known to science as *Hatteria*, and sometimes by a later name—*Sphenodon*.

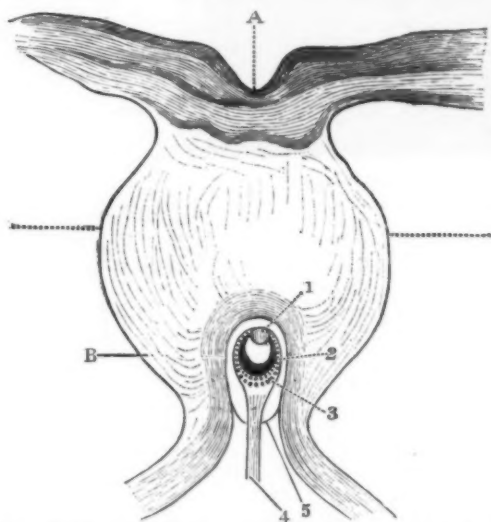
During the present year the remarkable discovery has been made of the existence of a third eye in the skull of *Hatteria*. In April last Mr. W.



Skull of a Three-eyed Lizard (upper surface).

E E, Orbits of the two side eyes; e, Site of the third eye in the parietal bone.

Baldwin Spencer, of the Oxford University Museum, was making a *post-mortem* examination of



Enlarged view, showing position of the third eye in the living animal.

A, Depression in the skin of the head over the buried eye.  
B, The buried eye. 1, Lens of the eye. 2, Visual rods. 3, Nuclei.  
4, Optic nerve. 5, Blood-vessel.

one of these animals, when he came across a buried organ situate below a depression in the crown of the head. The mysterious structure lay completely below the skin and subjacent tissue, and sunk in a small orifice of the skull-bone known as the parietal bone. Careful examination showed it to be a true eye, though of a grade inferior in structure to the two paired eyes which the animal now uses. This extra optical organ, in its present buried condition, is of course completely shut off from the light, being situate far below the skin and enveloped in addition with a capsule of dense tissue. But it would seem originally to have been at the surface, that is, at the crown of the head, looking up at the sky, and serving its purpose as an organ of vision. In that case, and judging by facts presently to be mentioned, it appears to have long since dropped out of use, the functions of vision being performed by the two side eyes of higher structure which it possesses in common with other lizards. The organ under consideration is a true eye, although related in structure rather to the invertebrate division of the animal kingdom than to the vertebrate, in which we here find it. It has (see Fig. 2) a lens for forming a picture of objects, the familiar layer of rods (embedded in pigment) and rows of nuclei which the physiologist naturally looks for, and lastly the nerve which connects all this minute and delicate apparatus with the brain itself, into which the sensations of sight are ultimately transferred.

It becomes necessary to ask whether this curious discovery is an isolated case, and therefore of doubtful morphological value; or, secondly, whether it is paralleled in the structure of other animals. These questions have been anticipated. This buried eye has been found not only in other animals of the same species, but in all other lizards that have been examined. It is present in the common British blindworm and in the chameleon. It is found in different stages of uselessness; in some being quite isolated from the brain, as in the blindworm, whilst in *Hatteria* (see Fig. 1) a distinct nerve (4) and blood-vessel (5) still remain.

Mr. Spencer's discovery has given a stimulus to the examination of all species of lizards that can be found, both living and fossil, and some very interesting results have already transpired. In the *Hatteria* there is no external trace of the buried eye, the slight depression in the skin exactly over the spot giving no trace whatever of its existence. But in the museum of King's College in the Strand, two smooth-skinned individuals of another genus of lizards (preserved in spirits) offer a very remarkable spectacle, a circular spot with a lens or film being actually present at the surface, as if this third eye had been functional down to a comparatively recent period. Again, in the British Museum of Natural History at South Kensington, all the huge lizards of geological antiquity—such as *Dicynodon*, *Ichthyosaurus*, and *Plesiosaurus*, and even the gigantic frog-like *Labyrinthodon*—are found to have the same provision for a third or parietal eye which we find in the skull of the *Hatteria* at South Kensington.

## A PHOTOGRAPH OF A FLASH OF LIGHTNING.

The application of photography to thunderstorms is not an absolute novelty in science, but the success achieved is greatly on the increase. We give a copy of a photograph of one of the most recent and successful efforts to photograph a flash of an electric atmospheric discharge. In the laboratory, where an electric spark from three to four feet in length can be produced at will, the photographer's task is an easy one, but to get a good copy of the natural flash during a thunder-

laboratory has the same gently sinuous character, but when the motes are removed by heating the air, resistance in that particular form ceases; the spark then progresses in a smooth unwaved line.

The faint illumination of the thundercloud itself by the flash may also be perceived in the engraving. Another photograph of a lightning flash taken in May last at Tours, in France, by M. Schleusner, is also before us, and shows the same diffused light. Altogether these photographs, which so completely undeceive us as to the real form of progression of a lightning flash, illustrate afresh



A Flash of Lightning (from a Photograph taken during a Storm).

storm is by no means so easy. The flash shown in the wood engraving was taken at night by Mr. Auty, photographer, Tynemouth. It quite upsets the conventional idea of the zigzag character of a lightning flash as familiarised to us in paintings and poetry. Instead of the acutely angular progression commonly attributed to forked lightning, the whole length of the flash is seen to be gently and minutely sinuous, like a river as depicted on a map, and with ramifications of the same meandering character. This mode of progression admits of a very probable explanation. Professor Tait says it indicates the resistance offered in the air by motes and other combustible materials. The path of an electric spark produced in the

the difference between the human eye and the photographic film. A flash of lightning, according to Wheatstone's experiments (endorsed by Tait), really takes place in less than a millionth of a second. Its vividness and rapidity simply daze the human retina, and leave behind an impression which lasts comparatively long after the flash has ceased. Not so with that artificial retina the photographic film, which registers with unerring accuracy the almost instantaneous event. But the fact that we possess an organ of vision which can take any cognisance at all of a spectacle which does not last for the millionth of a second is indeed something to wonder at.

Another feat still remains for the photographer



of the lightning flash. We have at present no photograph of the globular lightning known as "fireball." Globular or ball lightning cannot be produced by our electrical machines; we know nothing of its origin, and the lightning-rod is powerless to prevent it from destroying buildings. A photograph of a fireball, which would show us something of its structure and behaviour, is much wanted, but is of course very difficult to obtain.

#### IMPROVEMENTS IN ELECTRIC SAFETY-LAMPS.

Mr. J. W. Swan, M.A., read a paper at the British Association on his new electric safety-lamp. The battery consists of four cells. The weight for a lantern capable of giving the light of from one to one and a quarter candle for ten hours is 6½ lb. The outer case is formed of a cylinder of teak. The lamp may be fixed on the top of this, or on the side of the wood cylinder. The cover, when fastened down, makes the cells of the battery liquid-tight, and allows the lamp to be used in any position. There is a handle across the top of the cylinder. A novel feature is the combination with the lamp of a fire-damp indicator. By turning a switch the current from the battery can be sent through a fine platinum wire contained in a small glass tube. The presence of fire-damp is indicated by the heated wire becoming abnormally bright in one case, and in another by the rise of liquid in a gauge-tube (communicating with the hot wire tube) after the cooling of the hot wire. The president, speaking of the importance of Mr. Swan's inventions, said they would remember the intense sensation which was caused by the introduction of the Davy lamp. The miner, however, had been working for many years with a very imperfect lamp; every one must know how imperfect the instrument had been. They could not attach too much importance to the invention of Mr. Swan. There was now every prospect of a perfect lamp being produced, and thus thousands of lives saved.

#### WATER-CARTRIDGE FOR FIRING COLLIERIES.

In a former issue\* we gave particulars of a new water-cartridge intended for use in firing mines. The



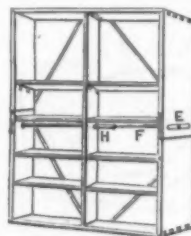
Water-Cartridge.

gunpowder in the charge is completely surrounded by water, and in some preliminary experiments in the North Staffordshire collieries the coal was successfully blasted without any flame being visible. This result gave promise of the future avoidance of the sad fatalities which have so often accompanied blasting in mines through the ignition of choke-damp and combustible dust. It has since been used in many of the fiery seams in North Staffordshire, South Yorkshire, Lancashire, Durham, and South Wales, and everywhere and

always its use is unaccompanied by flame or smoke. It has been submitted to the most crucial tests before mining engineers, and has been placed in the centre of barrels of gunpowder, gas chambers, and magazines covered over with shavings, paraffin oil, etc., but never once has flame been seen. It is fired by electricity, the explosive used being Nobel's gelatine dynamite. We now give a figure of the cartridge. It will be seen by the engraving that the cartridge is completely surrounded by water in any position. It is held central in the case by a tin disc or pins, so that the water has connection throughout, and the cartridge is kept from the top and bottom by a wire fastened thereon, as shown. It is adapted for blasting in coal mines or any mineral, but its chief use is to render coals down with absolute safety. The inventor is Mr. Miles Settle.

#### AN EXTENSION BOOK-CASE.

The top pieces and the bottom pieces are cut so as to intermesh, and are held together by a

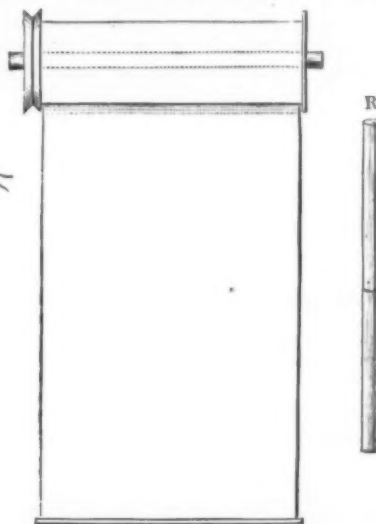


An Extension Book-Case.

central upright piece which fits into them horizontally by a dovetail. The clamping-piece E, the rod F, and the intermeshing top and bottom pieces give the clue to the whole structure.

#### A NEW WINDOW-BLIND ROLLER.

The roller (R) is made of tin and is telescopic in



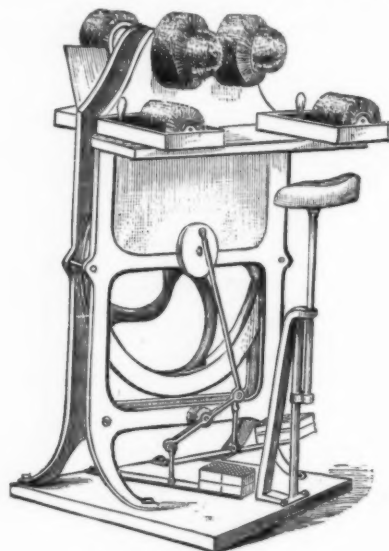
Window-blind Roller.

\* See "Leisure Hour" for April, 1886, page 281.

structure so as to suit any width of window, its end fittings are of any pattern and are soldered on. Each of the tubes has a slit through the entire length. A rod is put in the hem of the blind, and then put inside the tubes, the blind hanging through the slits. Thus there is no nailing of the blind to the roller. The inventor is Mr. Bean, Wellingborough, Northants.

#### A BOOT-CLEANING MACHINE.

The new boot-cleaning machine is at present chiefly found in large hotels. The construction is shown in the engraving. Two parallel shafts



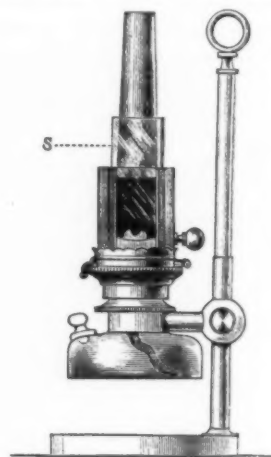
Boot-cleaning Machine.

carrying brushes of the form shown are rotated rapidly by bands attached to the fly-wheel shown above. The wheel is driven by treadles, the operator occupying the seat mounted on a shaft to the right. One of the bands is crossed so that the brushes revolve over and inward, throwing the

dirt from the cleaning brushes into a box on the frame below. The box also carries the blacking bottles. The machine has been patented by Mr. T. Bradford of Salford.

#### A HIGH-POWER MICROSCOPE LAMP.

This is a lamp recently introduced for high-power work without the use of the bull's-eye condenser. Its chief advantages are that the flame can be used much nearer the table than in the



High-power Microscope Lamp.

ordinary microscope lamps, while the dark-chamber metal chimney is arranged to receive a three by one inch slip (S), which can be of white, blue, or ground glass. The blue glass, so much preferred for high-power examinations as against the objectionable yellow light of the unfiltered rays, can be had of all densities. Brass plates with various sized slots for regulating the amount of light can also be inserted in front of the glass slip. The broad and heavy circular brass foot of the lamp, which gives unusual stability, is much in its favour. The makers are Messrs. C. Baker and Co., 244, High Holborn.

## Varieties.

**Sir William Dawson on the Atlantic Ocean.**—The President of the British Association made the bed of the Atlantic Ocean, "which unites rather than separates" the two worlds, the main topic of his inaugural address. The terrible tidings of volcanic disturbance and destructive earthquakes in North America, occurring almost while he was speaking, gave strange illustration of some of Sir William's statements. The address thus concluded:—

"Has the Atlantic achieved its destiny and finished its course, or are there other changes in store for it in the future? The earth's crust is now thicker and stronger than ever before, and its great ribs of crushed and folded rock are more firm and rigid than in any previous period. The stupendous volcanic phenomena manifested in Mesozoic and early Ter-

tiary times along the borders of the Atlantic have apparently died out. These facts are in so far guarantees of permanence. On the other hand, it is known that movements of elevation along with local depression are in progress in the Arctic regions, and a great weight of new sediment is being deposited along the borders of the Atlantic, especially on its western side, and this is not improbably connected with the earthquake shocks and slight movements of depression which have occurred in North America. It is possible that these slow and secular movements may go on uninterruptedly until considerable changes are produced; but it is quite as likely that they may be retarded or reversed.

"It is possible that after the long period of quiescence which has elapsed there may be a new settlement of the

ocean-bed, accompanied with foldings of the crust, especially on the western side of the Atlantic, and possibly with renewed volcanic activity on its eastern margin. In either case a long time relatively to our limited human chronology may intervene before the occurrence of any marked change. On the whole the experience of the past would lead us to expect movements and eruptive discharges in the Pacific rather than in the Atlantic area. It is therefore not unlikely that the Atlantic may remain undisturbed, unless secondarily and indirectly, until after the Pacific area shall have attained to a greater degree of quiescence than at present. But this subject is one too much involved in uncertainty to warrant us in following it further.

"In the meantime the Atlantic is to us a practically permanent ocean, varying only in its tides, its currents, and its winds, which science has already reduced to definite laws, so that we can use if we cannot regulate them. It is ours to take advantage of this precious time of quietude, and to extend the blessings of science and of our Christian civilisation from shore to shore until there shall be no more sea, not in the sense of that final drying-up of old ocean to which some physicists look forward, but in the higher sense of its ceasing to be the emblem of unrest and disturbance, and the cause of isolation.

"I must now close this address with a short statement of the general objects which I have had in view in directing your attention to the geological development of the Atlantic. We cannot, I think, consider the topics to which I have referred without perceiving that the history of ocean and continent is an example of progressive design, quite as much as that of living beings. Nor can we fail to see that, while in some important directions we have penetrated the great secret of Nature, in reference to the general plan and structure of the earth and its waters, and the changes through which they have passed, we have still very much to learn, and perhaps quite as much to unlearn, and that the future holds out to us and to our successors higher, grander, and clearer conceptions than those to which we have yet attained. The vastness and the might of ocean and the manner in which it cherishes the feeblest and most fragile beings, alike speak to us of Him who holds it in the hollow of His hand, and gave to it of old its boundaries and its laws; but its teaching ascends to a higher tone when we consider its origin and history, and the manner in which it has been made to build up continents and mountain-chains, and at the same time to nourish and sustain the teeming life of sea and land."

**Social and Economic Science.**—The Social Science Association, of which Lord Brougham was one of the most conspicuous presidents, has ceased to exist, and the annual meetings are held no more. Fortunately, the British Association for the Advancement of Science has of late years devoted larger attention to social and economic questions. After being known for twenty-one years as the "Statistical Section," it adopted the name of the "Economic Section" in 1855, and has since held regular meetings under very distinguished presidents. There is less cause for regret at the disappearance of the kindred association and its meetings. Among illustrious men who have presided are Henry Hallam, W. E. Forster, Earl Derby, Sir Stafford Northcote, Henry Fawcett, and many others who, in their public life, have proved that "political economy" is not the fruitless and dubious science which the students of physical science sometimes consider it. Except in absence of mathematical help, the principles of investigation in social science are the same as in all inductive sciences. The collection and generalisation of facts in history and in life can give results as certain as any of the other sciences to which special sections are allotted. There is a memorable passage in "Hume's Essays" worth recalling. "The earth, air, water, described by Aristotle and Hippocrates, are not more like to those now under observation, than are the men described by Polybius and Tacitus to those who now govern the world." The study of moral facts is more difficult than of physical phenomena, because in mind there are more elements of disturbance, but the principle of study is the same.

**The Soudan.**—Dr. Schweinfurt, the celebrated African traveller, at a meeting of German scientists at Berlin, in September, delivered an address on "Europe's Tasks and Prospects in Tropical Africa." The following reference to

the condition of the Soudan, in consequence of the abandonment of General Gordon by the British Government, and the fall of Khartoum, was warmly responded to by the meeting: "How can I speak of Europe's tasks and prospects without referring to the abandonment of the Soudan? Who will blame me if in this place I seek to give vent to the sorrow and join in the lamentation of all friends of humanity? The region where once peaceful paths led towards a hopeful future of progress and development is now given over to barbarism of the worst sort. We must go back to the times of Attila and Tamerlane to get an idea of the progress of destruction which has seized on incipient civilisation in yonder clime. The senile and shameful policy practised by a noble nation—otherwise the vanguard of European civilisation in distant lands—has struck at the sixty years' civilising work of Mehemet Ali, and done incalculable damage to the general cause of mankind. In comparison with all this harm done by her, the great services performed by England to the general cause of mankind by the suppression of the slave-trade seem of no account."

**Game in Windsor Forest.**—A correspondent of the "Daily News," writing from Windsor Forest, says: "Mr. Labouchere is hardly correct when he hints that Prince Christian is the only gentleman for whose gratification game is reared in Windsor Forest. While the Prince and his friends are lurching up here, the keepers refresh themselves in a snug corner under the oaks below. The landlady of the Squirrel tells us that on shooting days, when the party is on this side of the Forest, she cooks a couple of substantial joints, three or four dozen suet dumplings, a bushel or two of potatoes, and sends all as hot as can be (with due accompaniment of good ale) up to the Forest. In the evening the keepers go down to the Squirrel to smoke their pipes, drink their ale, and sing jolly choruses. About 4,000 head of game are shot, we are told, during the season. Up near Cranbourne Tower we catch sight of the famous herd of white deer—the first couple of which, we believe, were presents to the Queen from her Majesty of Denmark. 'Them's our barometer,' says the housekeeper. 'When it's going to be stormy weather the white hart comes up here; when it's fine they keep down in the paddock below. Sometimes we don't see them here for a week or two at a time.'"

**The Late Admiral Sir William King-Hall, K.C.B.**—There disappears this year from the Navy List the name of an officer not only highly distinguished in the service, but with greater honour as a philanthropist and a benefactor of sailors. Admiral King-Hall entered the Navy in 1829, and served with distinction in many contests and on many seas. On the coast of Spain, of Syria, on the North American station, in South Africa, with Sir C. Napier in the Baltic, in the Russian War, when he carried the admiral's flag at the capture of Bomarsund, and with Sir Michael Seymour in the Chinese War, he gained his promotions and honours. In 1869 he was made rear-admiral, having been appointed superintendent of Sheerness Dockyard three years previously, and in November, 1871, Admiral Superintendent of Devonport Dockyard, where he remained until 1875. He was gazetted a vice admiral in 1877, admiral in August, 1879, and was placed on the retired list in 1881. As a reward for his services he was made a C.B. in 1855, and K.C.B. in 1871. For many years he has been known as a temperance advocate, being led to adopt these principles by his observation of the terrible effects of drink on his crews. He was the pioneer of this movement amongst sailors, taking the pledge himself with several of his ship's company. The incident is best recorded in his own words, which we take from one of his speeches. He said: "When in command of H.M.S. Russell, at Falmouth, there was a great deal of drunkenness in the ship, and in consequence a great deal of crime and punishment. This arose from the numerous temptations which abound in that port, Falmouth being a port of call where ships touch for orders, and on one occasion I counted as many as four hundred sail at anchor at one time. The place was filled with public-houses and beershops, and the inducements to temptation caused much leave-breaking. At the commencement of my second year in command, the day after New Year's Day, I turned the hands up, and, with the defaulters' book in my hand, read the punishments of the



past year, including many committals to Bodmin Gaol, cells, etc. More than two-thirds arose from drink. This surprised the men very much. I then said, 'I know nothing about temperance, but you see all this disgrace and punishment and misery to some of your families is due to drink. If we give up the drink this cannot happen. If you consent to give up your allowance of grog, and avoid all public-houses and beer-shops, and drink nothing but water for the next three months, and sign your names and bring the list up to me, I will agree to give up my wine and head the list with you. Take forty-eight hours to consider it; but when you've made up your minds, stick to it!' In a few hours forty-six of those men who had been most often under punishment signed the list, and we started our teetotal party. The publicans were surprised when the men landed to see some of their best customers pass by their doors, and much to my delight, I was a witness of it. At the end of three months I again turned the hands up on the quarter-deck, and said, 'I have kept my pledge; now how many of you have broken yours? You all know each other well, so there can be no deception about it.' To my great satisfaction they said one and all that none had broken it, and thirty more men came across, saying, 'I'll join your party too.' The admiral's zeal in this cause never flagged, and by his influence and by his addresses he promoted temperance on shore, among the Dockyard labourers, as he had done when afloat among the sailors. His closing years he spent at Sutton Bonington, in Leicestershire, where he started a temperance society and built a hall and coffee-house, which was opened in 1883. He died in July of the present year.

**Penetration of Light in Water.**—Experiments have been made by MM. Fol and Sarasin to determine the depth to which light penetrates the water of lakes and seas. Their method of observing consisted in placing gelatinobromide photographic plates at different depths under the water, the plates being lowered by a sounding lead, and protected from the action of the sea water by a varnish. Experiments were made about 1,300 to 1,400 metres off the Cape of Mount Boron, at Villefranche, in the Gulf of Nice, and in water about 550 metres deep. During April the limit of penetration of the daylight about midday during fine weather was found to be about 400 metres; an observation which confirms the previous conclusions of the authors as given in our columns. Other observations showed that there is a penetration of 300 metres all the time the sun is above the horizon, and of 350 metres during eight hours of the day. According to experiments of Bunsen and Rosco the active intensity of blue sky on April 21 at Vienna was 33 at 8.30 a.m., 38 at noon, and 14 at 6 p.m., while that of the sky and sun together was 75 at 8.30 a.m., 133 at noon, and 15 at 6 p.m.—*Engineering*.

**The Earthquakes of September, 1886.**—At one of the meetings of the British Association at Birmingham, the president of the geological section read a telegraphic despatch from Major Powell, Director of the United States Geological Survey. Mr. Topley, who read a paper on the subject, gave a brief account of the earthquakes in Eastern Europe of August 27, which seem to have travelled eastwards from Malta to the south of Italy. It was, he said, a curious coincidence that the first important indication of disturbance in the United States took place on that date when the first moderately severe shock at Charleston occurred. The principal shock was on Tuesday night, the 31st ult. This was the one which had done most damage, and which was felt over a wider area than any previously recorded in North America. It had, however, been succeeded by shocks, fortunately of less intensity, which had been felt over a still wider area. The later shocks of Thursday and Friday were felt in Nevada and California. The despatch which Major Powell had kindly forwarded at the author's request was as follows: "Earthquake most severe on record in United States, and affected greatest area. Origin along line post-Quaternary dislocation on eastern flanks of Appalachian, especially where it crosses central Carolina; slight premonitory shocks in the Carolinas for several days; moderately severe shocks occurring near Charleston, Aug. 27, 28; the principal shock, causing great destruction in Charleston, originated in central North Carolina, Aug. 31, 7.50 p.m.,

75th meridian time. Thence the shock spread with great rapidity in all directions, with a velocity varying from twenty-five to sixty-five miles a minute, over area of 900,000 square miles, one quarter of United States, and over whole of Mexico to Great Lakes and Southern New England, and from Atlantic seaboard to Central Mississippi Valley. In the Carolinas they were accompanied by landslides, crevasses, and great destruction of property. Half of Charleston in ruins. About forty lives lost. No sea wave yet reported. A second moderately severe shock at Charleston 8.25 a.m., Sept. 1. Minor shocks followed at increasing intervals. The principal shock was felt over this vast area in intervals of fifteen minutes, and recorded at some principal points on scale of intensity of five, as follows: Raleigh, 4.9.50 p.m.; Charleston, 5.9.54; Cedar Keys, Florida, 2.10.05; Knoxville, 3.9.55; Memphis, 4.9.55; St. Louis, 1.2.10; Milwaukee, 3.10.06; Pittsburg, 4.10; Albany, 2.10; Springfield, Mass., 1.10; New York, 2.9.53." After analysing the accounts given from all sources, Mr. Topley said that all the evidence so far published tended to show that the earthquake was a true seismic disturbance, which was probably transmitted along certain lines of rock masses or lines of weakness.

**American Invasion of Canada.**—Who the "Knights of Pythias" are we do not know, but suppose them to be a society of "Oddfellows" or teetotalers. In a Canadian paper we find the following extraordinary paragraph: "The visit of thirty-five thousand Americans to Toronto will long be remembered by the community. Never was there such a demonstration representing almost every State in the Union, and never was there such general and mutual satisfaction. The day for the procession was all that could be desired, and the city was decked in its gayest attire. The enthusiasm was unbounded, and the oldest inhabitant never remembered such a display. Everything was done by the reception committee to contribute to the comfort of the Knights and their friends, and we believe a most favourable impression was produced. Many were surprised at the size and splendour of the buildings and beautiful suburbs of the Queen City. Some lingered behind and promised to pass next summer here. Such a visit did good substantially to Toronto by the outlay of about half a million of dollars on the part of the visitors, and by the pleasure afforded to our friends, who had no idea that such a treat was in store for them. The marching of the men, their precise movements and admirable drill, with the inspiring music of the bands, called forth frequent and hearty plaudits from the spectators."

**Goethe, Mendelssohn, and Beethoven.**—In 1830 Felix Mendelssohn paid a long visit to Goethe at Weimar. In the letters, edited by Lady Wallace, he gives many interesting details of his intercourse with the author of "Faust." The following reference to Beethoven's music is curious: "Goethe is so friendly and kind that I do not know how to thank him sufficiently, or what to do to deserve his favour. In the forenoon he likes me to play to him the compositions of the great masters, in chronological order, for an hour. He sits in a dark corner, like a Jupiter Tonans, his old eyes flashing on me. He did not wish to hear anything of Beethoven, but I told him that I would not let him off, and I played the first part of the Symphony in C Minor. It seemed to have a singular effect on him. At first he said, 'This causes no emotion, nothing but astonishment; it is only *grandiose*.' He continued grumbling in this way, and after a long pause he began again: 'It is very noble, very wild; it makes one fear that the house is about to tumble down; and what must it be when played by a number of men together!'"

**Tin-plate Manufacture.**—At the last meeting of the Iron and Steel Institute Mr. Philip W. Flower, of Neath Tin-plate Works, read a paper on the origin and progress of the manufacture of tin-plates, and gave an account of the industry from the earliest times. Since 1860, he said, there had been a very large increase in production, attributable to the large demand for packing purposes, especially in the United States trade in canned provisions and petroleum oil. If it were true that at the present time about three-fourths of the production was employed for canister purposes, three million "boxes" of tin-plates would produce 875 millions of one-

pound canisters. By means of those canisters Europe received beef from the Western prairies, salmon (in shiploads) from Oregon, mutton from the plains of Australia, fruit of all sorts from California, lobsters from Boston and Nova Scotia, oysters and peaches from Baltimore, sardines and green peas from France, pineapples from Mauritius, apricots from Lisbon, milk from Switzerland, jams from Tasmania, and many other products of foreign soil. The whole of this important trade could have no existence if it were not for the protection which a tin canister afforded. Then there was a valuable export trade which had been created by these packages, which enabled England to send her perishable products in good condition to every part of the world. The employment of the Siemens steel bars as a substitute for charcoal bars now marked a memorable period in the history of the tin-plate trade, and it strangely happened that concurrently with the production of steel came the general adaptation of stamping machinery from New York, which enabled the tinsmiths to produce seamless covers and boxes at one blow.

**The Parson and the Ratcatcher.**—A certain country clergyman used to tell a good story of his going to a new parish and asking a parishioner what his occupation was. "I am the village ratcatcher," the man replied; "and what are you?" The clergyman answered that he was the village parson, whereupon the ratcatcher was good enough to observe that he supposed "we must all get a living somehow." Mr. Spurgeon told this anecdote to his students, and commented on it to this effect: "If a man's one object is to get a living, let him by all means take to ratcatching rather than to preaching. It is probably legitimate to kill vermin to earn your bread; but it would be a prostitution of the sacred ministry to pursue it with that design. It is to be feared that not a few look upon the work in that light; and in their cases it is to the loss of the church that they did not buy a ferret and a couple of dogs and seek small game under the floors of barns and stables. They would then have cleared men's houses of pests; but as it is, they are themselves the pests of the house of the Lord. Preach with a single eye to the glory of God or else hold your tongue."

**The Duke of Wellington and General Alava.**—In the Life of General Sir George Napier, K.C.B., by his son General W. C. E. Napier, some facts are recorded which are most honourable both to the Duke of Wellington and to "the gallant and noble-minded Spaniard," as Napier calls General Alava. Having taken part in the Revolution in Spain in 1820, the General was obliged to live in exile, his property confiscated, and his health broken down by hard service, and by witnessing the oppression of his country under King Ferdinand. The moment that the Duke of Wellington heard that the General had escaped in safety to Gibraltar, he wrote offering apartments in Apsley House, and said that he should never feel the loss of his property, so far as the Duke could provide for his wants; he also gave him a small house in the park of Strathfieldsaye. The General was deeply touched by this generosity, and knew that the Duke would be disappointed if he did not to some extent avail himself of the offer. He came to England, but after a winter he found the climate so trying that he had to return to the Continent, and he lived in retirement at Tours, in France. He had a small income, under £200 a year, the interest of money which fortunately he had invested in the British Funds when he was ambassador at Brussels and Paris. He refused to accept any addition to this modest income, although offered both by the English and French Government.

**Post Office Annual Report.**—The thirty-second annual report of the Postmaster-General shows continued progress. Lord Wolverton, who was in office when the report was compiled, says that the year has been characterised by the completion of many changes and improvements. These include the acceleration of the mails in England, Ireland, and Scotland, the reduction of the rate for inland telegrams, the extension of the parcel post to foreign countries and colonies in the Postal Union, the arrangements for the introduction of a revised scale of rates and weights for inland parcels, a scheme for the insurance of parcels, and compensation for damage and loss. During the twelve months ended March

31st, it is computed that 1,403,547,900 letters were delivered in the United Kingdom, an increase of 3·2 per cent., and an average of 38·6 to each person. There were 171,290,000 postcards, an increase of 6·9 per cent.; 342,207,400 book-packets and circulars, an increase of 6·8 per cent.; and 147,721,100 newspapers, an increase of 2·8 per cent. delivered. These, with 26,417,422 parcels, an increase of 15·3 per cent., make a grand total of 2,091,183,822. Of the total number of deliveries, 84 per cent. were in England and Wales—27·4 being in the London district alone—9·6 in Scotland, and 6·4 in Ireland. New post-offices have been opened in 371 places in the United Kingdom. The total number of officers on the permanent establishment is about 51,000, of whom 3,456 are women. Besides these there are 45,000 occasional assistants. The arguments for a universal penny colonial ocean postage are unanswerable. A large revenue would be obtained, and even if it were small in amount, the benefits would be incalculable. The cost of ocean carriage is comparatively small, and no increase of agency would be required.

**Sunflowers.**—So much has been said about sunflowers in their æsthetic aspect, that many have forgotten the economic uses of the plant. In some countries it is largely cultivated for the seeds, which are fattening food for fowls. In Russia, and in some of the Western States of America, they are cultivated for supplying fuel. In Russia they have for centuries been grown for this purpose. In Dakota, U.S., they are planted like corn (maize). They are harvested in two parts, the seed-heads being cut off and put away in a corn crib and the stalks piled in a shed. When cut in the right time the stalks, when dry, are hard as oak, and make a good hot fire, while the seed-heads with the seed in make a better fire than the best hard coal. The seed, being very rich in oil, will burn better and longer, bushel for bushel, than hard coal. This is worth trying in country districts where coal is dear, and where peat is not used as fuel. The sunflower is hardy, and easily cultivated.

**Relic of Clement's Inn.**—The Honourable Society of the Inner Temple has just had presented to it an old relic of Clement's Inn in the shape of the figure of the Black Boy which for many years past occupied a prominent position in the gardens of this now defunct Inn of Court. This figure, which is represented as kneeling and with uplifted arms supporting a sun-dial upon its head, is considered to possess great merit as a work of art. It is stated to have been brought over from Italy about the beginning of the eighteenth century by the then Lord Clare, and was presented by him to the Society of Clement's Inn. This Inn is mentioned by Shakespeare in the second part of his play of Henry IV, and is also said to have been the residence of law students as early as the reign of Edward IV. The figure of the Black Boy has been placed in the Inner Temple Gardens, on the terrace facing the Thames Embankment, and a few yards only from the structure where the annual show of chrysanthemums is held. The sun-dial is in an excellent state of preservation, and bears the date 1731.

**Jews in Different Countries of Europe.**—While the Jews are subjected to every indignity in Russia, and in most of the lands of Central and South-Eastern Europe, they are treated with the utmost consideration in other countries, especially in England and France. In England there are Jewish legislators, judges, peers, and they attain to eminence in every profession and calling. It was Cromwell who first showed marked friendliness to the ancient people; and in France, as in England, the greatest of the rulers favoured them, Napoleon having been like Cromwell in this matter. In France the advancement of the Jew to the control of the financial and political interests of the nation has been more remarkable than in any other country. It was in France the race first gained political independence, having been admitted to all the rights of citizenship as long ago as 1791. The first Napoleon was friendly to them and showed them many favours. The advantage gained at that time the Jews have never lost. Quietly but steadily and firmly they have advanced until at present they hold the actual balance of power in the Republic. Nearly all the great journals of Paris, such as the "Débats" and the "Figaro,"

are edited by Jews or men of Jewish descent. The chief places in the Government are filled by men of Israelitish blood. Ex-Premier Jules Simon is a Jew, and so are several members of the present French Cabinet. The Rothschilds hold the purse of the nation; they control its banks and railways, and they and their co-religionists lead in the world of society and fashion. It is conceded here even by their antagonists that the Jews owe their success and present pre-eminence to their patience, industry, and shrewdness. It cannot be shown that they have abused the power which has come into their hands, or administered their trusts in any other way than wisely and well.

**Liberian Coffee.**—The appointment of the honest and eloquent ex-M.P. for Newcastle, Mr. Joseph Cowen, to the post of Consul for Liberia, caused much surprise; but Mr. Cowen represents a young republic with great prospects for the future, and even now with many interesting conditions. The University of Monrovia, in Liberia, with able and learned professors, is spreading knowledge and civilisation far and wide among the coloured people of Africa. Here is a commercial hint for Mr. Cowen. An American editor says, "I have lately tried some excellent coffee from Liberia, produced by Mr. Edward S. Morris, Consul for Liberia at Philadelphia, and formerly Commissioner to Liberia. Mr. Morris has done much towards the development of Liberia. The coffee is certainly most excellent."

**Charity Organisation Society of New York.**—In America, Charity Organisation Societies have long been in operation, with success unknown in those of our English cities. That of New York professes to be "a clearing house of registration for all the city charities." It aims to elevate the poor physically, socially, and morally; suppresses professional mendicancy and prevents the waste and abuse of charity. Our English societies could learn much from the action of those of Boston and New York.

**Glass Rails.**—Friedrich Siemens, of Dresden, has succeeded in casting glass in the same way as metal is cast, and obtaining an article corresponding to cast metal. This cast glass is hard, not dearer in production than cast iron, and has the advantage of transparency, so that all flaws can be detected before it is applied to practical use. It will be much less exposed to injury from atmospheric influences than iron. The process of production is not difficult, the chief feature being rapid cooling. The hardness and resisting power of this cast glass are so great that experiments are being just now carried out at the Siemens Glass Foundry at Dresden with the purpose of ascertaining whether the material could be employed for rails on railways.

**Coffee-making.**—A plain Britannia coffee-pot, with solid copper bottom, can be used for boiling coffee, and is perfectly presentable at the table, if kept bright and clean, as it can easily be. Two (or four) pounds of coffee—half Java and half Mocha equally mixed—browned but not ground, can be kept in a stone crock, covered. Grind the coffee just before using. Rinse the coffee-pot with boiling water, throw out the water, and put in a cup of ground coffee, cover it with cold water, and let it boil, then put in the quantity you wish of boiling water, and let it boil slowly, covered closely. When ready for the table pour out about half a small teacupful of coffee and pour back into the coffee-pot; it settles the coffee without an egg.

**Birmingham Exhibitions.**—In 1839 an exhibition of the local industries of Birmingham was made in the rooms of King Edward's School, New Street. In 1849 an exhibition on a larger scale was made, in a special building, during the second visit of the British Association to the capital of the Midland Counties. This was visited by H.R.H. the Prince Consort, and proved useful to him in carrying out the idea of the first International Exhibition of 1851. In 1865, on the third visit of the British Association, there was a similar display; and again, in 1886, in Bingley Hall, it was seen how great had been the progress in various branches of art and manufactures. The exhibition was not confined to the ordinary industries of the town and district. Many objects of historical and antiquarian interest were exhibited, including

a collection of old plans and maps of the town, rare and curious topographical works, and portraits and relics of James Watt, Boulton, Priestly, and other distinguished men of other times. A splendid collection of the works published by Baskerville, the celebrated Birmingham printer and type-founder, attracted much attention. The first model of a steam-engine, made by James Watt, and many plans and sketches from his pen, were among the relics of historic interest. Mr. Sam Timmins, to whom the town is mainly indebted for the unique Shakespeare collection in the Free Library, contributed to the success of the Bingley Hall exhibition; and also Mr. William Downing, an enthusiastic dealer in old books, who has a splendid collection of "Baskervilles."

**A New Submarine Tunnel.**—A tunnel under the Sound, between Sweden and Denmark, from Malmö to Copenhagen, is projected. M. A. de Rothe is the engineer, and his plans have been submitted to the two Governments. The tunnel would be twelve kilometres in length (about seven miles and a half), in two divisions, of which one, of three kilometres, would be between the island of Amak and the island of Satholm; and nine kilometres (five and a half miles) to the coast of Sweden. M. Rothe has for some years been engineer of the works of the Panama Canal.

**Their own Skins.**—A furrier, wishing to inform his customers that he recast their old furs into fashionable styles, wound up his advertisement as follows: "N.B.—Capotes, victorines, etc., made up for ladies, in fashionable styles, out of their own skins."

**Mr. Ruskin's Father and Mother.**—Thus run the inscriptions on the ponderous stone placed by Mr. Ruskin over the grave of his parents in the pretty little churchyard of Shirley, not far from the Archbishop of Canterbury's residence at Addington: "Here rests from days' well-sustained burden, John Thos. Ruskin, born in Edinburgh, May 10, 1785. He died in his home in London, March 3, 1864. He was an entirely honest merchant, and his memory is to all who keep it dear and helpful. His son whom he loved to the uttermost, and taught to speak truth, says this of him." "Here, beside my father's body, I have laid my mother's. Nor was dearer earth ever returned to earth, nor purer life recorded in heaven. She died December 5th, 1871, aged 90."

**Mr. Bright's Eloquence.**—The famous passage in Mr. Bright's speech on the Crimean War is often referred to, but frequently incorrectly quoted. The words were these: "The Angel of Death has been abroad throughout the land; you may almost hear the beating of his wings. There is no one, as when the first-born were slain of old, to sprinkle with blood the lintel and the two side-posts of our doors that he may spare and pass on; he takes his victims from the castle of the noble, the mansion of the wealthy, and the cottage of the poor and lowly, and it is on behalf of all these classes that I make this solemn appeal."

**Pyrro Park, an old Historical Estate.**—There has lately been sold by private contract the historical estate of Pyrro Park, near Havering-atte-Bower, Essex. The estate embraces not quite 700 acres, but its principal feature is the magnificent mansion, which was built in 1852 by Messrs. Cubitt from the designs of an eminent architect, and enlarged and beautified ten years later under the superintendence of Mr. E. M. Barry, R.A., the residence alone costing upwards of £60,000. There are upon the property the ruins of an ancient palace which is known to have existed in A.D. 1226, being at that time in the custody of Philippe Forrester. It seems to have been originally the house of the Queen Consort, and to have formed part of her jointure. Eleanor, the Queen of Edward I, and Anne, Queen of Richard II, held it in dower; Joan, widow of Henry IV, died there in 1437. Rather more than a century later, in 1559, it passed to Sir John Grey, and afterwards to Sir John Cheke, in whose family it remained until by marriage it became the property of Lord Archer of Umbersdale, whose wife died there in 1774. Since that time there have been many changes of ownership.



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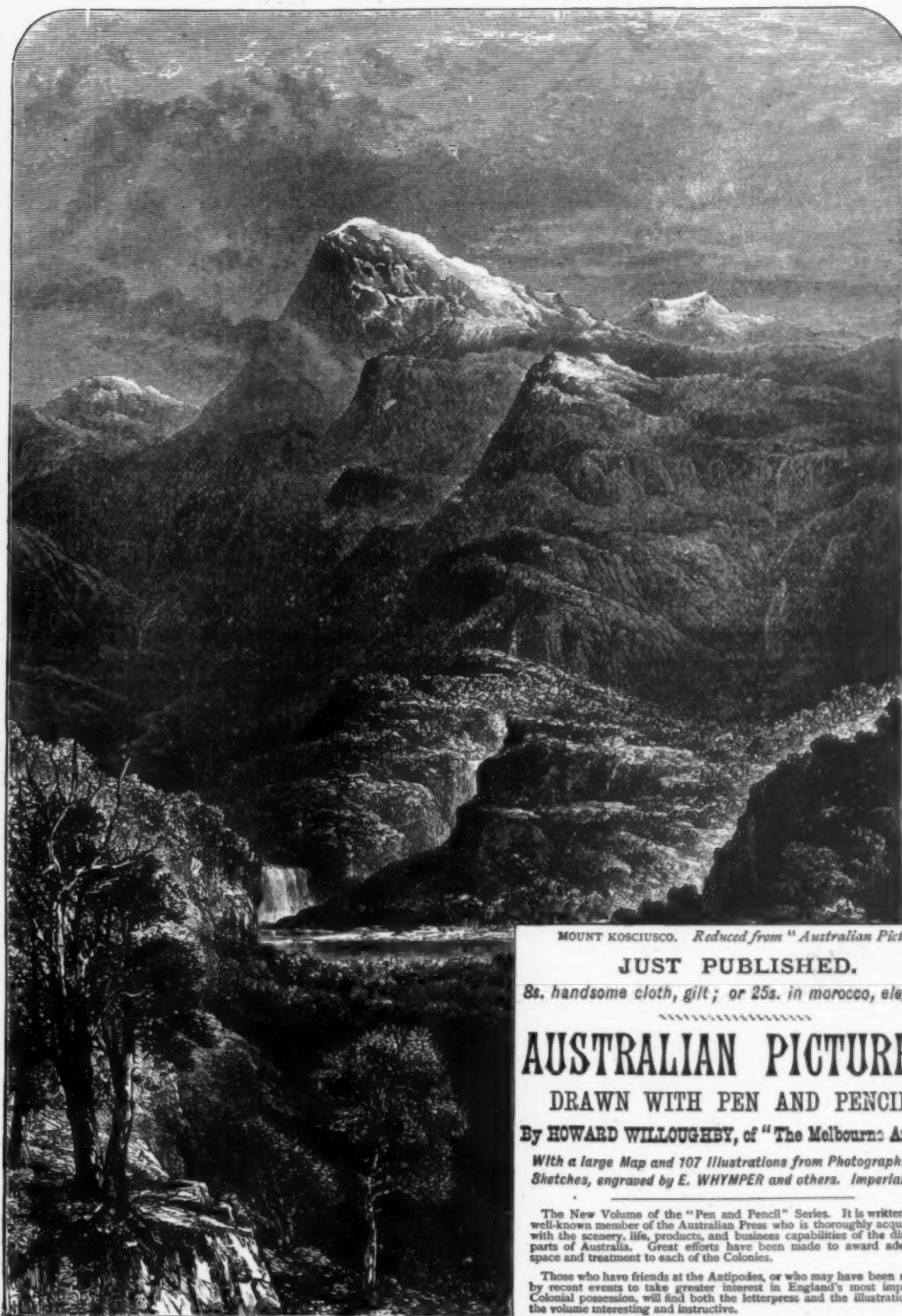
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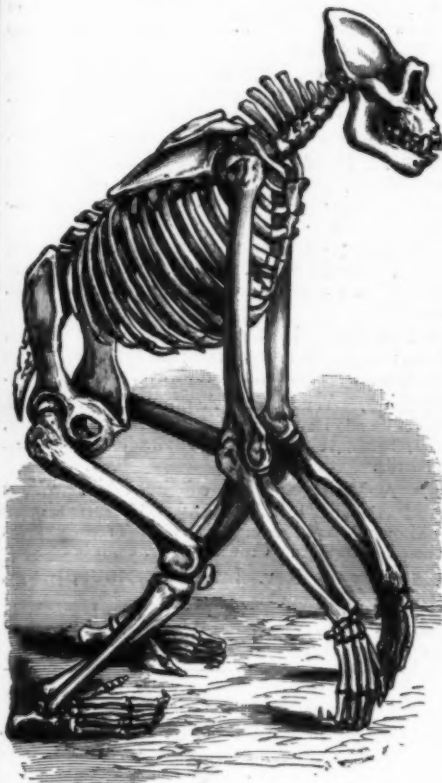
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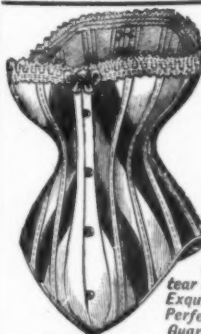
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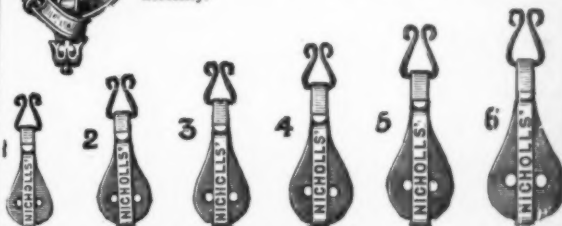
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